THE

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

ENGLAND.

THE

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

ENGLAND.

THE "CHANDOS CLASSICS."

THE

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

1

ENGLAND.

2

BY

HENRY NEELE.

With Illustrations by T. Landseer.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY
OF NEW YORK.

M310272

LONDON AND NEW YORK
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.
1889

LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

PREFACE.

THE Romance of the History of England was the first of a series of historical Tales, including France, Italy, Spain, India, &c., which obtained great popularity when issued.

The copyright having passed to the present publishers, they have considered that they will add to the literary pleasure of another generation by reproducing them in a compact form, and each complete in a single volume, with the original illustrations.

The text of the narratives has been left intact, but where modern historical research has shown that the Fiction varies too palpably from the Fact, notes have been added.

CONTENTS.

THE NORMAN LINE.

	PAGE
WULSTAN OF WORCESTER	3
THE RED KING'S DREAM	19
THE CONQUEST OF NORMANDY; OR, THE MONK'S THREE VISITS	33
THE LORD OF GREECE	48
THE PORTRAIT	60

THE SAXON LINE RESTORED.

RYD PENCARN	76
THE THREE PALMERS	88
THE KNIGHT OF THE SILVER SHIELD	105
EARL RANULPH AND HIS PAGE	125
THE LITTLE BATTLE OF CHALONS	141
THE SPECTRE'S VOYAGE	161
THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS	172
THE STARRY TOWER	182
THE SPANIARD'S RANSOM	199
THE PENNON OF ST. GEORGE	231

THE LINE OF LANCASTER.

THE ABBOT'S PLOT	245
A LEGEND OF AGINCOURT	274
THE WITCH OF EYE	303
THE PROPHECY	320

THE LINE OF YORK.

PAGE
THE WOOING AT GRAFTON 338
RICHMOND'S THREE PERILS 357

THE FAMILIES UNITED.

THE WHITE ROSE OF ENGLAND 406
THE RINGS; A TALE OF THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD 441
THE OAK OF REFORMATION 488
NUPTIALS AT SARK 510
CATHERINE GRAY 529

THE UNION OF THE TWO CROWNS.

THE CAPTIVES 545
GOODRICH CASTLE 562
A LEGEND OF PONTEFRACT 575

MERCANTILE LIBRARY
OF NEW YORK.

THE NORMAN LINE.

Behold
The hand of God! From that dark day of blood
When vengeance triumph'd and the curfew knoll'd,
England, thy proud majestic policy
Slowly arose; through centuries of shade
The pile august of British liberty
Tower'd, till, behold it stand in clearer light,
Illustrious. At its base, fell Tyranny
Gnashes his teeth and drops the broken sword;
While Freedom, Justice, to the cloudless skies,
Uplift their radiant forms, and Fame aloft
Sounds o'er the subject seas, from East to West,
From North to South, her trumpet.—England live,
And rule, till waves and worlds shall be no more.

BOWLES.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

WILLIAM THE FIRST.

WILLIAM Duke of Normandy, after the defeat and death of Harold at Hastings, marched to Dover and from thence to London, where the divided counsels of the Saxons prevented the further resistance that might have been made to him. The clergy were in his favour, and the Saxon heir, Edgar Atheling, submitted to him. He was consequently crowned king of England, in London, on Christmas-day, 1066.

He built Battle Abbey, near Hastings, to perpetuate his victory, under the pretence of praying for the souls of those who were slain in the action. He likewise built castles in different parts of England, which he filled with Norman soldiers.

The King then went over to Normandy, (leaving Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and William Fitzosborne, Regents in his absence,) where he stayed several months, till accounts were received by him that the English were revolting in all parts, on which he repaired to England, and quelled the insurrection.

1068.—A new rebellion broke out, which William likewise subdued; but the cruelties he committed on the English were excessive. Edgar Atheling,

the last heir of the Saxon line, fled to Scotland with Cospatrick, Earl of Northumberland, taking with him his sisters Margaret and Christina, the former of whom was subsequently married to Malcolm king of Scotland.

William introduced the Feudal Law into England, and divided the whole kingdom amongst his most powerful barons.

He disarmed the English, and ordered that no light should be seen in their houses after eight o'clock; for which purpose a bell should ring at that hour, when they were to cover all their fires. This bell was called the Curfew.

William ordered all the children of England to be taught French, and all law proceedings to be transacted in that language.

Edgar Atheling returned from Scotland and submitted himself to William, who received him very favourably.

1077.—The King's son, Robert, rebelled, and had nearly made himself master of Normandy, when the King went over there with an army of English; and in an action Robert wounded his father without knowing him, but the discovery of what he had done had such an effect on him that he immediately submitted.

William chastised the Welsh for their incursions into England. He afterwards built the Tower of London to keep the city in awe.

He ordered an exact survey to be taken of every person's estate in the kingdom, the register of which was called Doomsday Book.

1079.—The King depopulated a part of Hampshire above thirty-six miles in compass, now called the New Forest.

1087.—William went over to Normandy, and carried on a bloody war with the King of France. He was injured by his horse stumbling over the red hot ashes of the town of Mantes, was carried back to Rouen, and died the 9th of September, 1087, at Hermentrude, a country house near Rouen. He left Normandy to his son Robert; England to William; and a large sum of money to Henry.

Wulstan of Worcester.

The Bishop, he could lift his hand
And bless the kneeling crowd:
The Bishop, he could grasp a brand,
And chase the barons proud.

OLD BALLAD.

IT is in vain—it is in vain, my children! This unhappy kingdom is now experiencing the tender mercies of the Conqueror: our liberties are trampled under foot; our religion insulted and despised; and our reverend prelates selected one by one as lambs for the slaughter. The noble Primate Stigand is deposed and imprisoned; the Bishops of Selesey and Elmham have shared his fate, and my Lord of Durham has fled the kingdom. I, doubtless, am marked out as the next victim! To have had the mitre placed upon my brows by holy King Edward, is a crime which by this ingrate Norman will never be forgiven."

The speaker was a man of a stately figure and Herculean proportions. The thin white locks upon his head, and the deep furrows on his cheek, proclaimed his advanced age; but indicated neither mental decay, nor bodily infirmity. His large bright blue eye gleamed with all the fire and vivacity of youth; and his step, as he paced the apartment, was firm and bold, although hurried and irregular. His features were agitated with an expression of mingled scorn and sorrow; and his hand, which bore a silver staff crooked at the top, seemed quite as well fitted to grasp the sword as the crosier.

"Nay, my good Lord!" said a young man, to whom clung a terrified maiden, and both of whom seemed deeply interested in

the old man's emotions, "do not believe that the Conqueror, haughty and tyrannical as he is, will venture so far to outrage the feelings and opinions of his subjects as to strip your lordship of those dignities which you have worn so honourably. My father, too, stands high in the favour of his sovereign, and will not fail to exert his influence in behalf of our friend: a friend," he added, looking with a smile towards the maiden, who blushed deeply, "to whom we shall shortly be united by ties of a tenderer and yet stronger nature."

"Walter Fitzwalter," said the prelate, "I doubt not your father's honour or his friendship; but I know the blind feudal obedience which your Norman laws exact from a subject towards his sovereign. I know that friendship, and duty, and filial, and parental, and conjugal love, have often been sacrificed by the vassal at the command of his liege lord. Thou, Walter, nevertheless, hast Saxon blood in thy veins, and a Saxon heart in thy bosom: and the sun, which will most gladden these old eyes, will be that which brightens the morning of thy nuptials with my fair child."

The maiden blushed again, and the youth pressed her more closely to his bosom. She appeared to be two or three years younger than her suitor, that is to say, she had perhaps seen some eighteen or nineteen summers. Her form was tall and stately like her father's; and although youth and bloom were upon her cheek, and her long auburn tresses fell in rich ringlets down her neck, while his locks were blanched with age, and his broad expansive brow was furrowed with deep wrinkles, still their features bore a remarkable resemblance. She was wonderfully fair; perhaps, at the period to which this narrative refers, she might be called pale; for sorrow and suffering had intruded even into the high places of England, and left its traces on her once joyous countenance. Of her kindred, some had fallen in the field, some on the scaffold, and some were exiles in a foreign land: while her father, who had borne the episcopal staff for several years, with honour to himself and benefit to his spiritual flock, was now waiting in expectation of the command of the Conqueror to resign it to some minion of his own. Her eyes were of a deep blue, and sparkled brightly

even beneath the tears which now streamed plenteously from them.

"Dearest father!" she exclaimed, "doubt not that we shall yet be happy. King William, although a Norman, knows how to respect your virtues and your years; you swore allegiance to him, as soon as you perceived that resistance to his authority would only prolong the civil dissensions of the kingdom without benefiting the Saxon cause, and have ever since maintained tranquillity and obedience in your diocese."

"And did not Stigand, and Agelric, and Agelmare the same," answered the Bishop; "and what is their reward? And have I not been spared thus long, only because this head has been sometimes known to doff the mitre for the helmet, and this bosom has changed the tunic for the corslet of mail; and these arms have occasionally been clad in steel instead of lawn?—but, hark! some one demands admittance."

A bugle was heard sounding at the gate of the episcopal palace, and presently an armed man, mounted on a stately white charger, was admitted into the court-yard. He was not long in dismounting, and was soon ushered into the presence of the Bishop, where having unbarred his vizor, he exhibited features which were well known to all. The prelate extended his hand, the maiden made a lowly reverence, and the young man, sinking on his knee, exclaimed, "Your blessing, my noble father—your blessing!"

"My Lord Fitzwalter," said the Bishop, "peace be with you!"

"Wulstan of Worcester," returned the other, "I greet you well."

"Ha!" said the prelate, "so blunt! It is long since I have heard myself styled plain Wulstan, and I did not expect that, the first time that name again greeted my ears, it should be from the lips of the Baron Fitzwalter."

"I dare not," said the Baron, "call you my Lord of Worcester, for I am the bearer of the King's command to inform you that you are no longer Bishop of this diocese."

"Is it even so?" said Wulstan; and then turning to the young people, "was I not gifted with the spirit of prophecy? And pray, my Lord, may I crave to know of what crime poor Wulstan

of Worcester has been guilty, that his hand, which has borne this pastoral staff so long, may not retain it for the few years which yet remain of his mortal pilgrimage?"

"No crime is imputed to you, my Lord; but the King's conscience is troubled by his allowing you to retain the episcopal dignity which was conferred upon you by a usurper. You received your pall from Benedict IX. who was deposed for simony and intrusion into the papacy."

The features of Wulstan had as yet betokened only wounded pride and mortified dignity, but his lip now writhed with an expression of unutterable scorn. "Death!" he cried, forgetting his sacerdotal character, "the King's conscience was not troubled when he forgot his coronation oath, whereby he swore to protect the Church, to administer justice, to repress violence, and to govern the Normans and the Saxons by equal laws."

"Pardon me, my Lord," said Fitzwalter, "if I say that I must not listen to these injurious accusations of my sovereign. I come not here to reason with you upon his commands, but to communicate them to you. A more reluctant messenger he could not have selected: but as he has entrusted me with this commission, I have no choice but to inform you that you are commanded to appear before our Lord the King, at the Abbey of Westminster, at the Synod to be holden there on Monday next by our gracious Sovereign, assisted by the most Reverend Primate Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury; where you are to resign your ring and pastoral staff, the King having deposed you from the see of Worcester, and appointed Robert of Orleans in your stead."

"Oh! my father!" said Walter Fitzwalter, "surely the King knows not what he is doing, or how generally and deservedly the good Wulstan is beloved. A word, a breath from thee——"

"Peace, inconsiderate boy!" said the Baron, interrupting him. "His Grace of Canterbury, to whom such an office more properly belongs, tells me that he has endeavoured to act the mediator between the King and my Lord Wulstan, but without effect. His purpose is fixed and unalterable."

"Then, my sweet Edith," said Walter, turning to his fair companion, "although I may not wed the heiress of Worcester's

dignified prelate, yet the fair and virtuous daughter of good Wulstan shall still rule the heart of Walter Fitzwalter."

A cloud gathered on the Baron's brow, and his breast seemed agitated by a variety of contending emotions. "My son," he said, "banish these idle feelings from your bosom. When I gave my consent to your union with this fair damsel, her father had not fallen under the displeasure of the King. It would ill become a Fitzwalter to espouse the daughter of a man who has been degraded from his dignities by his sovereign."

"My Lord Fitzwalter," exclaimed the deprived Bishop, "Wulstan of Worcester, the descendant of a long line of illustrious Saxon ancestors, whose brows were honoured with the mitre by the sacred hands of holy King Edward, was never degraded till this moment, when a Norman adventurer, a baron, the creation of a Duke whose fathers were themselves Norwegian marauders, has dared to consider an union with his family a disgrace. Fare you well, my Lord; I shall meet the King at Westminster, and trust me, that neither Edith nor I shall in future give you reason to apprehend that your family honour may be tarnished by an union with us."

As the Bishop spake, his eye flashed fire, and his outstretched arm and haughty brow fully confirmed the truth of his assertion, that the steel gauntlet would fit his wrist as well as the lawn sleeve. The Baron seemed startled, and had instinctively grasped his sword; but as he remembered the years, and the sacred character of the person with whom he conversed, and with whom he had been on the point of being so nearly allied, it dropped again into its scabbard. Edith clung to her father with a grasp of mingled fear and affection, and Walter stood half-advanced between the angry speakers, for whom he felt an equal veneration, yet was eager and ready to repress the violence of either. The Baron seized his son's arm, and was withdrawing him from the apartment, when Edith exclaimed, "Walter, dear Walter! leave me not thus."

The youth sprang towards her and would have clasped her in his arms, but the fathers of both were on the alert to prevent their embraces.

"Edith! child!" said Wulstan, "load not my grey head with

the only dishonour which can fall upon it. Let not my daughter cling to the proud Normans who spurn her!"

"Walter!" said the Baron, "are thy father's and thy King's displeasure alike contemned? It were better for thee that thou wert in thy grave, than wedded to the daughter of a man disgraced."

Wulstan's fury would at this speech have proceeded to violence, had not the Baron hastily retreated from the apartment followed by his son, who hoped that a more favourable opportunity would occur for reconciling these unhappy differences.

When Edith retired to her chamber that evening, her bosom heaved with a thousand painful reflections. For Walter Fitzwalter she entertained the tenderest and most ardent affection. He was the son of a Norman nobleman of the highest rank and reputation, who had married a Saxon lady, and with whom, until the period of the invasion of England by Duke William, Bishop Wulstan had been upon terms of intimacy and friendship. The addresses of Walter were encouraged both by Edith and her father, and appeared certain of being crowned with success, until the period when the Duke of Normandy preferred his claim to the English crown. That event put an end to all intercourse between Saxons and Normans; and Walter left the island, to return to it in a short time accompanied by his father, in the army which afterwards achieved the victory of Hastings. The rapid successes of the Conqueror, and the unqualified submission of all England to his sway, induced Wulstan to take the oath of fealty to the man against whom he had not only preached and declaimed, but had, notwithstanding his age and clerical character, actually borne arms on the fatal day which made him lord of the destinies of England. He then began to remember that Walter had Saxon blood in his veins—that he sincerely loved and was beloved by Edith—and would sometimes even go so far as to argue that the Normans and the Saxons had one common Northern origin, and that the short sojourn of the former in Neustria was not of itself sufficient to cut asunder the bond of consanguinity and amity. The Baron Fitzwalter and his son soon afterwards became once more welcome visitors at the episcopal palace of Worcester, and the youth and the maiden were again formally betrothed to each other.

Edith sat at her casement-window, ruminating painfully on the events which had just occurred. The world, politics, the claims of contending families to the English crown, were nought to her; and she could not understand why things like these should stand in the way of the love which she and Walter entertained for each other. She gazed upon the broad and rapid Severn, whose waters almost washed the walls of her father's palace, while the stately spires and columns of the cathedral rose on its opposite bank, and the majestic summits of Malvern towered in the distance. She thought how often, on such a night as this, when the tops of those stately hills, the spires of that venerable pile, and the waters of that translucent stream, glittered in the pale bright moonbeams, she had wandered with her lover, entranced in admiration of the enchanting scenery; while Walter, who was a professor of "the gay science," of no mean reputation, would touch his lute, and raise his voice in celebration of her beauty and his passion. She thought too (and wept) how, like a dream, all that bliss had passed away in an instant, and left nothing but the sorrowful realities of life to fill its place. Tears streamed down her lids, and she had just closed the casement, for the purpose of retiring to her pillow, when a familiar sound met her ear. Surely it was Walter's lute, and it was Walter's hand that touched it. A low sweet prelude was played; they were the very notes with which, but a few minutes before, her thoughts had been occupied; and then a voice, in whose tones she could not be mistaken, warbled the following well remembered lines:

"Love! * thou hast done me wrong to wage
Thy war within my heart,
Ne'er bringing Mercy * to assuage
The rankling of thy dart.
Where Mercy is not, Love is found
A tyrant haught and proud;
Love, let thy knee salute the ground,
At Mercy's footstool bow'd.

* Love and Mercy were supplicated as divinities among the Troubadours. These lines are actual specimens of Provençal poetry, the first two stanzas being imitated from Folquet de Marseilles, and the third from Geoffrey Rudel

Surely the greatest of the great,
The best among the good,
May bid those powers together mate,—
Oh! lady, calm their feud.
That thou canst blend in union meek
Things more opposed than they,
The white and red upon thy cheek
In love's own language say.

Once on my lip (my bliss to seal)
Thine own a kiss impress'd,
And ever since that time I feel
Love's pangs within my breast.
Give me again that kiss so dear,
Which my heart's peace betray'd,
That kiss which, like Achilles' spear,
Can heal the wound it made."

Edith again unclosed the casement. A light skiff was on the river: the moonbeams fell directly upon it, and she had no difficulty in recognising Walter, who stood up in the boat, and held a bow and arrow in his hand. He waved his hand towards her, and pointed his arrow at the casement. She immediately stepped aside, and presently the arrow was shot into the apartment. A little scroll was bound to the shaft, which she opened and read.

"To-morrow, dearest Edith, an hour before noon, your father will depart from the palace, in obedience to the King's summons, to attend the Synod at Westminster. My father will leave his castle about the same time for the same purpose. Within an hour after his departure I will be at the palace gates. The Seneschal knows my plot, and will conduct you to me. I have steeds fleet as the wind, which will bear us speedily to the Abbey of St. Anne. The Abbot is my friend, and will unite us in those bonds which neither Kings nor Synods can dissolve. Kiss but thy hand to me, in token that thou consentest to seal the happiness of

WALTER."

The scroll was no sooner read than the maiden re-appeared at the window, and gave her lover the testimony which he required. Walter kissed his hand in return, and then the boat was seen rapidly gliding down the stream, while the youth's lute uttered a few low soft notes of gratitude and benediction.

The next morning was gay and joyous, and all the roads leading to the metropolis were full of life and bustle, occasioned by the throng of persons hastening to the Synod. The good Wulstan had been cordially and affectionately greeted by the multitude, as he and his retinue passed. Some rent the air with their acclamations, others knelt by the roadside and implored his blessing, and not a few breathed curses "not loud but deep," upon the Conqueror and his Normans. The Baron Fitzwalter and his train, as they rode by, were received with respectful silence, unmixed, however, with any demonstration of attachment. Other great peers and prelates had also an opportunity of learning the sentiments which the multitude entertained towards them. The popular murmurs, however, were most loudly expressed, as, late in the day, and at a hurried pace, Robert of Orleans, the destined successor of Wulstan, rode through the city of Worcester, escorted by a band of Norman knights. "Wulstan for ever!"—"Hallowed be the memory of holy King Edward!"—"God defend the good Saxon Bishop!" were the exclamations which rang in his ears as he traversed the metropolis of his intended diocese. "Death!" he cried, "these Saxon varlets are anxious for another field of Hastings." He proceeded as rapidly as he could over the bridge, and through the city gates, and emerged into the open plain. "Raymond de Caen," he said to the knight who rode next him, and pointing to two equestrians who were a short distance in advance of them, and who seemed to be urging their steeds to increase that distance as speedily as possible, "what read'st thou yonder?"—"'Tis a stately knight and a gentle maiden, who, methinks, seem to have but marvellous small desire for a more intimate acquaintance with us."—"Spur ye—spur ye, my good friends," said the Bishop-elect, "I would fain understand more of this matter." The Normans urged their steeds to the full extent of their mettle; but would not have been able to overtake the fugitives, had not the maiden evidently been unable to support the fury of the chase. Once, as the pursuers approached, the youth turned round, and with an expression of menace on his countenance, shook his spear at them! "By the holy Virgin!" said Raymond, "'tis the son of

the Baron Fitzwalter; and I would stake my noblest falcon against the vilest coystril in England, that his companion is Edith of Worcester, Wulstan's fair daughter, with whom, during the absence of his father, he would steal into the bonds of matrimony." —"Say you so?" said Robert of Orleans: "but I must not have Fitzwalter and Wulstan too nearly allied, or my head may yet ache long for the mitre which I thought was already encircling it. Seize them, and, should they resist, cleave them to the ground."

"Save ye, good master Walter," said Raymond, as he and his companions surrounded the youth, and wrenched his weapon from his hand. "I little thought to have the honour of your company on the road to Westminster."

"I travel not to Westminster," said the youth, "but am escorting this lady to the Abbey of St. Anne, within whose sacred walls she is going to reside as the safest asylum for her during the absence of her father at the Synod."

"'Tis a trim story, master Walter, and well worthy the inventive genius of a Provençal poet of thy fame—but of a surety, although versed in 'la gaie science,' thou hast no skill in prophecy, for 'tis to Westminster that thou must travel, and not to the Abbey of St. Anne."

"Guard them well," said Robert of Orleans, who at that moment came up. "'Tis a case which the King himself must hear and decide. My Lord Fitzwalter, who will be present at the Synod, will also be anxious, although not much gratified, to learn how his son comports himself in his absence."

Resistance was vain, and Walter Fitzwalter was not one who, when his arm was shackled, could ease his heart in words. In sullen silence, therefore, he submitted to the dictates of his captors, and rode on in the same direction with them. The terrified maiden, mute and pale, followed the example of her lover. "'Twas well, my Lord," said Raymond, "that accident detained you beyond your appointed hour. The springald had timed his plot bravely; and had we been two hours advanced on the road to Westminster, the holy Abbot of St. Anne's had rendered unnecessary the pains which we are now taking."

On the day on which the Synod was held, the whole population of Westminster, and (notwithstanding the distance between the two cities) of London also, seemed to be assembled in the vicinity of the Abbey. The rumour that Wulstan of Worcester had been summoned to resign his pastoral staff to a Norman, had spread far and wide, and had created an extraordinary sensation. The Bishop was almost idolized among the Saxons. His virtues were numerous, his liberality of an extent correspondent to the princely revenues with which he was endowed; and, although he was reputed to be an indifferent scholar, his eloquence was overwhelmingly powerful. He had, moreover, enjoyed the especial favour of the late King, Edward the Confessor; who, although slighted and neglected in his lifetime, was after his death remembered with the utmost affection and veneration by his people, and even canonized by the Pope As the Bishop moved through the crowds collected outside the Abbey, clad in his episcopal robes, and bearing his silver staff in his hand, the multitude knelt down reverently before him, and bowed their heads to receive his blessing. The soldiers who guarded the entrance to the Abbey, received him very differently. Although they bowed their heads and crossed themselves when a Norman prelate passed, they remained as immovable as statues when any one of the few Saxons, who still retained that dignity, entered the sacred edifice. Wulstan, however, only grasped his staff more resolutely, and trod with a firmer step as he moved between these irreverent sentinels. An expression of applause which burst from the multitude as he entered the Abbey, was instantly silenced by the uplifted spears of the soldiers; and then a tumult of anxious and half-suppressed whispering pervaded the dense and rapidly increasing crowd.

Before the high altar, and near the tomb of Edward the Confessor, was erected a throne of great splendour and magnificence, under a superb canopy of state. On it sat a man apparently about five-and-thirty years of age, holding a sceptre in his hand, with the diadem of England on his head, and surrounded with all the insignia of royalty. Without these extrinsic symbols of his rank, however, the lightning glance of his keen blue eye, the haughty but majestic

loftiness of his brow, and the imperious smile with which his lip was curled, sufficiently indicated William the Conqueror. At his right hand, on a seat somewhat lower, sat Lanfranc, a Milanese monk, who had been recently elevated to the primacy, and who, by virtue of his distinguished station, presided over the Synod. Several bishops, abbots, and other dignified ecclesiastics, including Robert of Orleans, sat around him. The Baron Fitzwalter, and other Norman lords, stood on the left hand of the monarch, who, as Wulstan entered, and bowed before the royal presence, stooped down and conversed for a few seconds with the primate.

"Wulstan, sometime Bishop of Worcester," said Lanfranc, "I am commanded by our Sovereign Lord King William, to inform you that he has been pleased to remove you from the station which you have so long unworthily occupied, seeing that you are an unlearned and foolish person, ignorant of the French language, and wholly incapable either to instruct the Church or to counsel the King. I therefore call upon you to deliver up your pastoral ring and staff, that I may give them to him whom the King has been pleased to nominate as your successor."

Wulstan drew himself up proudly to reply, and his tall form and sinewy limbs seemed to expand to colossal dimensions as he spake: "I know, my Lord Archbishop," he said, "that I am entirely unfit and unworthy of so high a station, being undeserving of the honour, and unequal to the task; and yet I think it unreasonable that you should demand that staff of me which I never received from you. However, in some measure, I submit to your sentence, and will resign that staff; but I consider it just to make that resignation to none other than King Edward the Holy Confessor, who conferred it on me."

Thus ending, he rose, and crossed the church towards King Edward's tomb. "Bold traitor!" said the King, "art thou mad? or whither would thy insolence lead thee?" Wulstan heeded not, and seemed not even to hear the indignant exclamation of the monarch; but approaching the tomb, he knelt down before it, and said: "Thou knowest, O holy King! that with much unwillingness, and even by force, was I constrained to take this office upon

me: for neither the desire of the prelates, the petitions of the monks, nor the voice of the nobility prevailed, till thy commands were laid upon me. But now, behold, there are a new King and new Lords; and a new Bishop pronounces a new sentence. Thee they accuse of fondness for making me a bishop, and me of assurance for consenting to become one. Nevertheless, not unto them, but unto thee, will I resign my staff."

Thus saying, he rose, and striking his staff with extraordinary force and violence on the tomb, it penetrated above an inch into the solid stone, and remained there fixed. The King, who had risen from his throne, on perceiving the impassioned gestures of Wulstan, sunk back into it again, with a smile of contempt, when he saw that his passion had ended in a display so impotent. "If," he said, "the wounded vanity of the old dotard can be thus alleviated, be it even so.—My good Lord Robert of Orleans, pluck, I pray thee, that episcopal staff away, and keep it for thy pains."

The Norman monk descended from his seat, and proceeded with alacrity to seize upon the symbol of his new honours; but he might as easily with his single arm have uprooted the oak from its firm foundations, as have removed the staff from the place in which the hand of Wulstan had planted it. "Death!" cried the King, foaming with passion, "have our Norman prelates such girlish muscles, that they cannot unseat the planting of that old driveller's arm.—My Lord Archbishop, bring me the staff!"

Lanfranc, a man apparently of superior strength to Wulstan, and of fewer years, then approached the tomb; but his efforts were as unavailing as those of his brother monk. The King, with a mixture of wonder and contempt in his countenance, derided their imbecile efforts; and, at length, to punish their effeminacy, promised to confer the bishopric upon him alone of the ecclesiastics, who could remove the staff. The reverend fathers, one and all, laboured painfully, and, no doubt, with hearty good will, but all were at length obliged to abandon the task in despair.

The King, incensed almost to madness, leaped from his throne, and approaching the tomb, seized the silver staff in his own Her-

culean grasp. It shook in his sinewy hand; but to remove it from its place seemed impossible. The big drops started from his brow, and he gasped for breath with the violence of his exertions, before he relinquished his hold.

Wulstan, who had resumed his seat, now again approached the tomb of King Edward, and taking the staff into his hand, removed it as easily as Samson broke his manacles.* The whole assembly seemed panic struck—for a moment they gazed on, in breathless silence, and then, "A miracle! a miracle!" was shouted out by every one present. Some of the populace, who had pressed into the aisles of the Abbey, cried, "Blessed be the memory of good King Edward—honour to his servant Wulstan!" and the cry was caught and echoed by the assembled crowd without, until the arches of the Abbey rang with its reverberations.

"The will of Heaven be done!" said the Conqueror, approaching Wulstan. "Keep, my Lord of Worcester, the pastoral staff which your hand has borne so long with honour, and may God pardon us for having listened to evil counsellors who were plotting the destruction of one of his most faithful servants.—But, Robert," he said, turning to the disappointed candidate for the episcopacy, "was there not a charge against some persons in your custody to which you would crave our attention?"

"Truly, my liege," said the monk, who entertained some hope that he might still remove Wulstan from the monarch's favour; "such a charge have I to prefer, and it grieves me much to say hat it is a charge in which my Lord of Worcester is implicated."

"Give it utterance then, reverend father," said the King, resuming his seat upon the throne, "and we will listen to it attentively."

Robert of Orleans then motioned to some of his attendants, who immediately disappeared, and shortly afterwards returned, leading the lovers, to whom the reader has already been introduced, into the Royal presence.

"My liege," said the monk, "I charge my Lord of Worcester with the practice of magic, witchcraft, and other diabolical arts

---

* Hollinshed.

I charge him that, by means similar to those by which he has this day, I fear, deceived you and this reverend Synod, he has seduced this youth from his allegiance to his King, and his duty to his father, and fixed his affections upon this damsel, his daughter."

"Nay," said the King, smiling, "'tis a comely youth, and a most sweet maiden, and methinks that it needed not much magic to fix the stripling's affections in the place to which they have wandered.—But what says my Lord Fitzwalter?—doth this match meet with his disapprobation?"

"My liege," said the Baron, "I have to crave this reverend prelate's pardon for my late unworthy carriage towards him, and to supplicate his consent to the marriage of his fair daughter with my son."

"Freely, freely, is that pardon granted and that offence forgotten," said Wulstan, delighted at being able to seal the happiness of two persons to whom he was ardently attached.

"Then," said the King, "the first duty which my Lord of Worcester shall now perform on the restoration of his functions, shall be the union of this lovely pair in the bonds of matrimony.—Proceed, my Lord, in your holy office; and as the damsel will want some one to perform the duty of a parent on this occasion, perhaps she will not refuse the services of William of Normandy."

A shout, which seemed to rend the roof of the venerable pile under which they were assembled, burst from the multitude. Wulstan pronounced the marriage rites, the King gave away the blushing bride, and a day which had been ushered in with so many lamentations and ominous forebodings, closed amidst expressions of general satisfaction and delight.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

WILLIAM THE SECOND.

WILLIAM II. set off for England whilst his father was expiring, his brother Robert being at that time in Germany; and having got possession of his father's treasures, and being aided by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, he conquered all difficulties, and was crowned on the 27th September, 1087.

1088.—William was, if possible, more avaricious than his father; his exactions on the English were insupportable; he even kept the benefices vacant for years, and retained the income of them for himself.

1090.—William invaded Robert's patrimony of Normandy; but in a short time the brothers were reconciled, and entered into an agreement, that if either of them should die without heirs, the survivor should succeed to his dominions.

1093.—Malcolm, King of Scotland, invaded England, but was killed in an action near Alnwick.

1094.—The King again quarrelled with his brother Robert, and not only instigated his barons, by bribes, to declare against him, but prevailed on the King of France to withdraw his protection. But whilst he was thus successfully employed in Normandy, he was obliged to return to England to repel an incursion of the Welsh, which he soon did without much difficulty.

1096.—Every smaller warfare was swallowed up this year by the Crusade to the Holy Land for the recovery of Jerusalem out of the hands of the Mahometans. This war was recommended by the Pope, and preached up everywhere by Peter the Hermit. Among those who embarked in this enterprise was Robert, the King's brother, who mortgaged Normandy to William for a sum sufficient to enable him to join the Crusaders.

1089.—William rebuilt London Bridge, surrounded the Tower of London with a thick wall, and built Westminster Hall.

This year the Crusaders took Jerusalem, putting forty thousand Saracens to the sword. Duke Robert was offered the sovereignty, but on his refusal it was given to Godfrey of Boulogne.

1100.—The Earl of Poitiers mortgaged his dominions of Guienne and Poitou to William, to enable him to go to the Holy War.

The King entered into contests with the clergy, particularly with Anselm Archbishop of Canterbury.

As William was one day hunting in the New Forest, he had with him one Walter Tyrrel, a Frenchman, who, to show his dexterity, aimed an arrow at a stag, which, glancing against a tree, shot the King through the heart. On which accident Tyrrel immediately rode to the sea-side and embarked for Normandy. The King's body was found by the country people, and his servants carried it in a cart to Winchester, where it was privately interred.

William Rufus died unmarried.

The Red King's Dream.

Gautier Tirel, un chevalier
Qui en la cort esteit mult chier,
Une saiete del reis pris
Dont il l'occist si com l'en dist.
WACE.

IS not the morrow Lammas-day?" said King William, (who was surnamed Rufus, or the Red, from the colour of his hair,) as he sat in his banqueting-hall in the Castle of Winchester, surrounded by his peers and courtiers.

"Even so, my liege," said the Abbot of Westminster; "and it is a day which our Church has commanded all her children to keep peculiarly holy."

"Say you so, reverend father?" rejoined the King; "then Holy Mother Church shall, for once, own that I am a pious and obedient son: for I mean to keep that day most religiously, by chasing the dappled deer in the New Forest from sunrise to sunset."

"Heaven forefend, my liege!" said the Abbot, shuddering and crossing himself, "that by indulging in any profane sports on so solemn a day, you should draw down the vengeance of Heaven upon you; a vengeance of which you have had so many warnings."

"Now, by the face of St. Luke! father," said the King, "thou maddest me. How and wherefore have I incurred the vengeance of Heaven? For not letting a doting old Bishop at Rome give away all the mitres and fat livings in my kingdom; and for not praying to St. Peter and St. Paul to intercede for me with Our Lord,—the first of which I hold to be as bad in politics, as the latter is in religion."

"Dost thou not constantly," resumed the Abbot, "even as

thou hast done just now, scoff and rail at our holy religion? Dost thou not plunder the religious houses of their treasure? Hast thou not torn the offerings from the altars, and robbed the chapelries of their holy reliques? Dost thou not, at thy wild wassailings, quaff out of sacramental cups; and are not thy lewd lemans decked with ornaments that were sacred to the holy Virgin?"

"Guilty, most reverend father,—guilty, guilty!" said the King: "I will but have the morrow's chase in the New Forest; and then for that, and all other bygone sins, thou shalt shrive me; and the rest of the Red King's days shall be spent in piety and penitence. Come what come may, I *must* hunt to-morrow."

A shout of applause and delight burst from the King's retainers. "God pardon you!" said the Abbot, and crossed himself.

"Amen! amen!" responded several other ecclesiastics who were seated at the royal table; and the King rising to retire to rest, the revel closed, and the banqueting-hall was deserted by the gay and motley group.

"Rouse me to-morrow by daybreak, Walter Tyrrel," said the King: "I will not lose this chase for all the peevish priests in Christendom."

"I will not fail, my liege," said Tyrrel, "to be with you betimes; but yonder comes the Lord of Mans, to urge his suit before you retire to your chamber."

"By the face of St. Luke!" replied the King, "the priests have persuaded the dull dotard that he can only save his soul by enlisting under the banners of Peter the Hermit; and that I, forsooth, must hold his broad Barony in Normandy as inviolate, when he and his bold knights are on their fool's errand in the Holy Land, as when their spears were planted, in defiance of the invader, before the gates of his paternal city."

"All health and happiness betide my liege!" said the Baron, approaching the King, and bending his knee before him. "I am about to depart with that army, the object of whose mission is the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidels; and I trust that during my absence in the prosecution of so righteous an enterprise, you will suffer my territory to rest in peace."

"Go where you will," answered the Red King hastily, "but I will have your city."

"My liege," answered the Baron, "Mans is mine by hereditary descent; and if you doubt my title, I am prepared to prove its validity before any competent tribunal."

"I will plead with you," returned William. "when and where you please; but my lawyers will be swords, and spears, and arrows."

The King was about to retire; but the Baron seized him by the skirt of his robe, exclaiming: "Listen to me, O King! wilt thou stand between a soldier of the Cross, and his road to the sepulchre of Christ? I lift not my spear to gratify any selfish feeling—I seek not to increase my territory, or to swell my coffers—but I lay bare my sword in the cause of Him from whom thou, William the Red, derivest thy authority; of Him by whom kings reign and princes decree judgment. I will have the sign of the cross marked on my shield, my helmet, my saddle, and my horses; and thus being enlisted in the service of Christ, I will leave my cause to the protection of Heaven."

The Baron turned away with a proud step and a haughty brow. The Red King laughed, and unmoved by the solemnity of his tone and manner, answered: "Do as you list, Sir Knight; I wish not to war with Crusaders; but by the face of St. Luke! I will have the land that my father had; therefore see that you fortify your city well, and put mettle into the hearts of your vassals, for certes I shall shortly knock for admission at your gates, with a hundred thousand lances at my heels."

That evening the King retired to his chamber, but not to rest. Daring and reckless as he was, his mind was sometimes startled at his own impieties, and in the solitude of his chamber he had leisure to reflect on the rapacious and tyrannical career which he was pursuing—on the jealousy and discontent with which his subjects in general regarded his rule—and on the power, malice, and wounded feelings of the clergy. That evening, too, some undefined and ill-omened thoughts weighed on his bosom; he started at his own shadow as he paced his apartment with a hurried and disordered step, and shuddered as he heard the owl shriek, or the bat beat its

leathern wings against the casement. "What means this weakness?" he said: "am I not King of England? Did not my father's right hand win the crown which he bequeathed to me? Shall the murmurs of the hungry Saxon varlets, or the curses of the cowled minions of the Bishop of Rome, frighten me from my regal seat? Those varlets must fight the field of Hastings o'er again, and that bishop exchange his triple crown for a casque like this," (taking up his helmet,) "ere the Red King shall quail either at factious discontents or papal anathemas."

Somewhat calmed by his mental colloquy, and commending himself to the protection of St. Luke, (a practice which, notwithstanding his vaunted contempt for priests and saints, he never, even for a day, omitted,) he endeavoured to compose himself to sleep. His lids fell over his corporeal organs of vision, but his mental sight was more painfully acute than ever: sometimes he fancied himself surrounded by enemies who with furious gestures and naked weapons assailed him, while he felt himself chained to the ground, as if by magical power, and unable to move a limb. Once he dreamed that he saw a noble falcon, with a golden crown upon its head, and with a plumage red as his own locks, attempt to soar into the air, when a large white owl seized upon it and slew it as easily as it would destroy a mouse. But the dream which most haunted his imagination was one in which he fancied himself stretched on his back in the midst of a vast forest, with all the veins in his arms burst, and the blood copiously streaming from them.* Thrice did he awake from this dream, and as often did it return upon him, each succeeding time with a more vivid and painful sensation of reality than before. At length, when the last drop of blood seemed receding from his veins, and the coldness of death seemed invading his heart, he fancied that a voice, dreadful as that of the destroying angel, sounded in his ear, and starting from his sleep he saw the grey light of morning streaming through the latticed casement, and his faithful retainer, Walter Tyrrel, standing by his bedside.

"Ha! good Tyrrel," he said, "thou hast awakened me from a weary dream. Methought, Tyrrel, that I lay wounded and bleeding—but, psha! why should I tire thy ears, and torture my own

* Hollinshed.

mind by trying to recall a shadow? The jargon of those cursed monks has bewildered my senses. But what news of the good Abbot of Westminster?"

"He is in the chapel of the castle, praying that the wrath of Heaven, which he says that you are about to provoke, may be averted from your royal head."

"And this is Lammas-day!" said William, not appearing to notice Tyrrel's speech. "By St. Luke! the blessed sun of heaven appears determined this day to be as profane as the Red King, for he has dressed himself in his brightest beams, and is darting his arrows of light right and left; and the clouds are speeding away from them, as fast as the deer in the New Forest will flee to avoid my shafts."

"It is indeed a glorious morning, Sire, and your faithful servants are in attendance, and your stately charger Norman is pawing the ground, and anxious to snuff up the dew upon the greensward in the forest."

"Tend thee, tend thee, my good Tyrrel; quickly gird on my doublet—so—draw on my hose.—Ha! what mean these scurvy hose? They seem new, but of a marvellous ill-fashion. What cost they, I pray thee, Tyrrel?"

"The cost, as I learned from your Highness's gentleman, was some three shillings."

"The peddling varlet!" cried Rufus. "Doth a pair of hose of three shillings' price become a King to wear!—Go thy ways, good Tyrrel, and bid him fetch me a pair that shall cost a mark of silver."*

Tyrrel drew forth another pair of hose, with the appearance of which the King seemed better pleased. "So," he said, "these become me bravely. Now for my forester's cap and my well-lined quiver; and now, roan Norman, thou shall bear the King of England on thy back."

Accoutred for the chase, the King descended to the palace gates, where his faithful steed, who uttered a shrill neigh, and pawed the ground in testimony of delight at beholding his master, stood ready, and evidently anxious for the day's sport.

* Hollinshed.

The royal huntsman was preparing to mount, and had one foot in Norman's stirrup, when a bare-footed monk, whose appearance betokened the rigour with which he had kept the vows of his order, rushed towards him, and seizing his arm, exclaimed: "Go not forth to the forest to-day, Sir King; in the name of the Mother of God, I charge thee, go not forth!"

"And wherefore not, good Father?" said the King, smiling.

"It is Lammas-day!" returned the Monk; "a day which God and good angels enjoin thee to keep holy."

"Nay, reverend Father," replied William, "does not the sun shine, and do not the birds warble, and the dapple deer bound in the forest on Lammas-day? and wherefore must the poor King of England be deprived on that day of those pleasures which God vouchsafes to his meanest creatures?"

"But I have had a dream," said the Monk solemnly, "a hideous dream; such as the wise do not see and forget, but ponder deeply and lay to heart."

"A dream!" said the King; and as he spake, the high colour in his cheek faded;—"a dream, good Father!—but what have I to do with thy dream?" he added, forcing a laugh: "thou art a right monk, I warrant thee, and to procure a piece of money, dreamest such things as best suit thy turn. Marry, and each man to his craft; so give him a hundred shillings, Walter Tyrrel, and bid him dream henceforth somewhat more pleasing, and of better fortune to our person."

The King's foot was again in the stirrup, and he was motioning with his hand to the retinue to proceed, when the Monk once more arrested his progress.

"But thou *shalt* hear my dream, Sir King," he said, "though thou cleave me to the centre for my boldness. I dreamed in my sleep a dream, in which I saw thee, O King! gnawing the image of Christ crucified. I saw thee take the image in thy rapacious hands, gnaw it with thy unrelenting teeth, and attempt to tear away the legs."

The King again tried to force a smile; but the Monk spoke with an imposing solemnity and energy, while the standers-by

evidently participated in his feelings, and their countenances told the intensity of the interest with which they listened to his narration.

"I saw thee, with impious grasp, attempt to tear away the legs; and as thou didst essay this horrid deed, I saw the image raise its feet and spurn thee to the ground."

"'Twas but a dream, my liege," said Tyrrel, seeing the King's inward emotions depicted in his changing features.

"Nay, but 'twas wondrous strange, Walter.—Peace, peace, I pray thee, peace!"

"I saw thee fall," continued the Monk. "Blind and grovelling on the ground didst thou lie; and a flame of fire came out of thy mouth, and such abundance of smoke that the air was darkened thereby.* Now read me my dream, Sir King."

"Good Father," said the King, "I cannot read it. Enlighten thou my darkness by thy interpretation."

"That sacred image," said the Monk, "was a type of the holy ordinances of the Church; and that impious attempt of thine to deface and mangle it, represented thy daily violation of those ordinances, and the impieties which thou art at this moment about to repeat. The rest, impious King, I leave to thee to expound. Now hie thee to the forest, and chase the wild deer, if thou darest."

The Monk fixed his bright grey eye for a moment on the King, then drew his cloak closer round him, made the sign of the cross on his forehead, and disappeared amidst the assembled multitude.

"Tyrrel!" said the King, much awed and abashed at this strange interview, but yet gazing wistfully on his huntsmen and archers clad in their forest costume around him, and at his spirited steed now neighing still more impatiently, and seeming to reproach him for his delay: "What say'st thou, Walter Tyrrel?"

"Dreams, my liege, are the voice of God," said Tyrrel: "and wise men do not try their truth to their own loss and hindrance."

"Dismiss the train, Tyrrel," said the King, and sighed;

---

* Hollinshed.

"unsaddle roan Norman—we will talk of this anon at dinner; till then, farewell!"

The morning wore away heavily until the hour of dinner arrived, when the King and his courtiers were again seated in the banqueting-hall. William's mind was still depressed, as well by the loss of the day's sport, as by the recollection of the friar's and of his own dreams, which he could not help thinking portended some evil to him. The Abbot of Westminster and the other ecclesiastics read the thoughts with which his bosom was agitated, and, unwilling to disturb what they considered their salutary influence on his mind, they did not attempt to break the moody silence in which the monarch indulged. The Baron of Mans, Sir Walter Tyrrel, and the other nobles and knights, were infected with the monarch's moodiness, and the banquet passed away in dulness, gloom, and almost silence. By degrees, however, as the cup circulated round the table, the coldness of the King's spirit began to thaw. He listened, not displeased, to the jokes with which his returning gaiety inspired his courtiers, and smiled at the antics of the Court fool, whose gibes and jeers had hitherto fallen pointless on his ear. "By Heaven!" he said at length, "I would that this Lammas-day were well over. Fill me another goblet, varlet. Death!" he continued, throwing away the cup from which he had been drinking, and seizing upon one of about double its size: "the cares of such a day as this cannot be drowned in an ordinary bumper." Having drained his goblet, he cried, "Where is Eustace Fitzharding, my minstrel? Ha; I crave your pardon, my gentle troubadour. I saw thee not; a song, a song, good Eustace, and let it be a sprightly one."

The minstrel, who, like the rest of the company, had sat moody and dispirited during the banquet, without having been once called upon by his lord for a specimen of his skill in "*la gaie science*," now rallied his spirits, and his eye gleamed brightly, and his cheeks assumed a crimson glow, as he bent over the strings of his instrument for a few seconds, and then striking his harp with a powerful and practised hand, warbled the following lines:—the *concetti* with which they abound were more congenial to the taste of the age in

which they were written than to that of the period at which they are presented to the reader; and, accompanied as they were by the exquisite tones which the minstrel struck from his instrument, they were received with considerable applause.

"I said, 'My heart, how is't you still
Speak truth whene'er you speak of sorrow;
But when a song of joy you trill,
Are forced a fair false smile to borrow?'
'Because when you for heart's-ease long,'
It said, 'you steep the heart in lies,
As boys, to hear the linnet's song,
Put out the linnet's eyes.'

"I said to Pleasure, 'Changeful fay,
Who can put hope or trust in you?
Scarce known before you flee away,
Scarce seen before you fade from view.'
'Praise the gods, praise them,' Pleasure said,
'For that, ye foolish mortal elves,
If they had me more constant made,
They would have kept me for themselves.'

"I said to Cupid, 'Little boy,
You 've stolen my heart, so don't deny it;
Give it me back, or I'll employ
Some harsher method to come by it.'
'Alas!' he said, 'I gave it to
A lady who 's a sad deceiver;
I stole it—I 'm the thief, 'tis true,
But black-eyed Myra 's the receiver.'

"I said to Beauty, 'Flee, oh! flee
The cup that sweets with poison tips,
Nor let each flatterer, like the bee,
Steal honey from those rosy lips.'
'Nay, nay,' said Beauty, 'all that bliss
I gave it not, I but repaid it;
The bee that does the flow'ret kiss
Deserves the honey,—for *he made it.*'"

The minstrel's song infused new spirit into the company. The jest and the laugh went briskly round, and the wine-cup was quaffed with exemplary fervour and constancy.

"Good Eustace," said the King, "canst thou not give us a forest song? Our reverend father hath forbidden us to loose a shaft to-day; but, nevertheless, a ditty of the good greenwood will sound grateful to our ears, and in some measure make up for the loss of our day's sport."

"My liege," said the youth, "I was born and brought up in the greenwood, and will try to recall to my memory a lay which I have often heard in my boyish days. Yet, 'tis a lay which was chanted among the humblest of the forest tribe, and is scarcely fitted for the ears of a royal huntsman, and of lordly and knightly archers.

THE FORESTER'S SONG.

"'We are warriors gallant and true,
But our triumphs are ne'er stained with tears,
For our only war-cry is the huntsman's halloo,
And the blood that we shed is the deer's;
And the greenwood tree
Is our armoury,
And of broad oak-leaves our garlands be.

"We sleep not the sun's light away,
Nor shame with our revels the moon;
But we chase the fleet deer at the break of day,
And we feed on his haunches at noon;
While the greenwood tree
Waves over us free,
And of broad oak-leaves our garlands be.

"We drink not the blood-red wine,
But our nut-brown ale is good:
For the song and the dance of the great we ne'er pine,
While the rough wind, our chorister rude,
Through the greenwood tree
Whistles jollily,
And the oak-leaves dance to his minstrelsy.

"To the forest, then, merry men all,
Our triumphs are ne'er stained with tears,
For our only war-cry is the huntsman's call,
And the blood that we shed is the deer's;
And the greenwood tree
Is our armoury,
And of broad oak-leaves our garlands be.'"

"To the forest, then, merry men all!" shouted the King, rising from his seat. "By the face of St. Luke! we have listened to this puling Abbot too long. One of thy chansons, Eustace, as far excels all his tedious homilies as the green leaves and waving branches of the forest do the pitiful Gothic tracery with which the dunce who contrived this hall has striven to mimic them. To the

forest—to the forest! Saddle roan Norman. Tyrrel, Fitzharding, Bevis—away with us—away!"

The King's obstinacy and impetuosity were such that no one attempted to reason with him, or to dissuade him from his enterprise. Besides, the wine and the song had exerted their influence on his followers as well as on himself, and all were eager to indemnify themselves for the loss of their morning's sport by redoubled vigour in pursuing the chase in the afternoon. In a very short time the Red King and his retainers were mounted, and on the road to the forest. Many fearful omens were remarked as the royal party set out, and all who observed them pronounced the King to be a doomed man. Some affirmed that birds of strange nature and evil aspect were seen hovering about his head; and it was said, that as he rode in the full glare of the sun, and while his horse cast a strongly marked shadow on the ground, there was no shadow perceptible of the rider. At length the party arrived in the New Forest, their bugles sounded cheerily among the woods, and they were not many minutes before a noble stag was started. "Back! back!" said one to the King; "he has an evil eye, and his hoofs and antlers are not like those of a mortal deer." The King heeded not, but setting up a cry of exuberant delight when he beheld the stately creature, he spurred on his steed, and impelled him forwards with so much impetuosity, that, with the exception of Tyrrel, none of his retainers were able to keep up with him. In the mean time the deer held on his course untired, through brooks, over hills, and amidst the recesses of the forest, keeping beyond the reach of the arrows of his pursuers. At length, however, the Red King evidently gained upon him; the arrow was fixed to the bow, and with unerring eye and certain aim he let fly the winged messenger of death at the animal. The arrow seemed to strike at his heart, and the King exclaimed, "Laurels! Tyrrel, laurels! I have hit him;" but, to his astonishment, he saw the arrow fall harmless to the ground, and the deer bound along as lightly as before. "By St. Luke!" he said, "'tis marvellous; my aim never disappointed me before;" and lifting up his hand to shade his eyes from the sun, he stood

gazing at the hart to ascertain which way he fled, and the nature of his wound. As he was standing gazing in this manner, another hart darted past him with the velocity of lightning. Sir Walter Tyrrel immediately shot at him; but his arrow, glancing from its direction, struck the King in his side, which his uplifted arm had left exposed; and uttering a dreadful groan, the monarch fell from his horse. Tyrrel, immediately dismounting, ran towards him, and saw the paleness of death upon his face. William was unable to utter a word; but putting his hand to the arrow, he broke off that part which protruded from his body, and his head sunk like lead upon the earth. One groan burst from his livid lips, one convulsive throb shot through his whole frame, and then the spirit of the Red King passed away for ever.

"Curse on my unlucky arm!" said Tyrrel; "and curse on this evil-omened Lammas-day's chase! I have struck cold the noblest heart in England; and should I wait till his followers come up, my body will be made to dangle from one of yonder trees, in reward for my skill in archery. But, grey Lightfoot, my noble palfrey," he added, springing on his horse's back, "thou must now exert all thy mettle and thy strength; let but thy heels now save thy master's neck, and thou shalt have free pasturage and unbroken ease hereafter."

He sprung through the forest with the swiftness of one of its dappled denizens; and before the king's body was found by his attendants, Sir Walter Tyrrel was safe on board a bark which was sailing before the wind for the coast of Normandy.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY

HENRY THE FIRST.

On the death of William the Second, great disputes arose about the succession. It was not known where Robert was, he having set out some time before on his return from the Holy Land. The nobles in general espoused his cause: but finding the populace incline to Henry, who was born in England, they gave way, and Henry was crowned King some days after the death of William.

He began his reign by reforming the abuses of the court, abolishing the curfew, and granting a charter by which he confirmed many of the Saxon laws.

1101.—Henry recalled Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had been banished in the former reign; and soon afterwards married Matilda, niece of Edgar Atheling, and daughter to Malcolm king of Scotland.

Robert, on his return to Normandy, invaded England. He soon entered into a treaty with his brother, by which he was to receive three thousand marks annually.

Henry was to retain the Crown; and if either died without heirs, the survivor was to succeed to all his possessions.

1103.—Great disputes arose between the King and Anselm about the old affair of investitures, which continued for some years. It was at last determined that the Pope should invest, but that the new Bishop should do homage to the King.

1105.—Henry quarrelled with his brother, and invaded Normandy with great success.

1106.—He conquered all Normandy by gaining the battle of Tinchebray, where he took prisoners his brother Robert and Edgar Atheling. The latter he immediately released, but the former he confined in Cardiff Castle for life.

Anselm convoked a Synod, at which he decreed penalties against any priest who should live in a matrimonial state.

William Clito, son to Duke Robert, went to different courts and raised a general indignation against his uncle Henry; who, however, detached Foulk, Earl of Anjou, from the combination, by contracting his eldest son, William, to his daughter.

1109.—Matilda, daughter to the King, was married to the Emperor Henry the Fifth.

1112.—Henry settled a colony of Flemings in Wales, who begged his protection; having been obliged, by inundations of the sea, to emigrate from their own country.

1113.—Henry went to Normandy, and renewed the marriage contract between his son and Anjou's daughter.

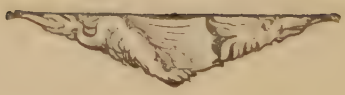
1115.—The Normans, and afterwards the English, swore fealty to William, Henry's son, as his successor in both nations.

1120.—The King and his son embarked at Barfleur in different ships for England. The ship, with the Prince and most of the young nobility on board, struck on a rock and split; by which dreadful accident they were all drowned. The King was never seen to smile after his son's death.

1127.—Henry prevailed on his subjects to swear fealty to the Empress, who was now in England, her husband Henry being dead.

The King, after this, married his daughter, the Empress Maud, to Geoffrey Plantagenet, eldest son of Foulk, Earl of Anjou.

1125.—The King died at the Castle of Lyons, near Rouen, and was buried at Reading.



The Conquest of Normandy;

OR,

THE MONK'S THREE VISITS.

Une novele te dirai,
Henris iert reis hastivement,
Se mes augures ne me ment.
Remembre toi de ce qu'ai dit.
Que eist iert reis jusque petit.

WACE.

THE result of the fatal victory of Hastings was for a long time severely felt and deeply lamented by the English. The flower of the native nobility perished in that disastrous battle. Of those who survived, the majority were driven into exile, while a few who were induced to accept the terms offered by the Conqueror, soon found that their destruction was only postponed until a more convenient opportunity, and were very speedily conducted to the dungeon or the block. The common people too, experienced their full share of the tyranny of the two Williams. The Norman Barons, who became lords of the soil, looked upon them as their property, and thought themselves justified in the exercise of any act of oppression or cruelty towards them. Resistance was vain, complaint was useless, and the once high-minded people of England, by degrees, sunk into a state of tame and passive submission.

Nearly half a century had elapsed since the battle of Hastings was fought, although the wounds of the nation were as grievously painful as if they had been inflicted but yesterday, when one

general expression of joy pervaded the whole realm, on receiving the intelligence of the death of William Rufus. This monarch had succeeded to all the hatred inspired by his father, without attaining any of that respect which the military talents of the Conqueror extorted from his bitterest enemies. His profaneness, and open and avowed contempt for the Scriptures and the ordinances of the Church, had also alienated the clergy from him, so that his death was considered both by the ecclesiastics and the people as a judgment which he had drawn upon his own head, in the opinion of the former by his profaneness, and in that of the latter by his tyranny. The minds of all were now occupied with the question of who should be his successor. The Normans were anxious to place the crown on the brows of his elder brother, Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, who indeed, as far as priority of birth went, had a better title to it even than the late king, while the English eagerly turned their eyes towards the young Prince Henry Beauclerc, who was born in England, was one of the first scholars of the age, was accomplished both in mind and person, and had ever shown more sympathy and respect for the sufferings of the people, than his father or either of his brothers.

Prince Henry had followed in the train of his brother to the chase in the New Forest; but not being so expert in the sport, or not having so great a taste for it, he had with one or two attendants loitered considerably in the rear of the King. He had seen much in the conduct of his brother, and the disposition of the people towards him, which led him to fear that, however submissive the latter might then appear to be, they could not long patiently endure the yoke under which they laboured, and would seize the first favourable opportunity for throwing it off. As he rode along, his mind thus moodily occupied, some one grasped his horse's reins, and a deep solemn voice exclaimed:

"Hail! Henry, King of England!"

The Prince started, and raising his head, beheld an aged man in an ecclesiastical habit, standing before him. His cowl had fallen from his head, and his long white hair streamed in rich profusion down his shoulders. His face was furrowed deep with

wrinkles; but even now, at his advanced age, it beamed with a singular expression of intelligence and majesty. His bright blue eye appeared to flash fire; and his lip was wreathed with a smile, which seemed to betoken a feeling of imperiousness and triumph.

Henry had grasped his sword; but on seeing the old man, he let it fall again into its scabbard.

"What meanest thou, bold traitor?" said the Prince. "How darest thou call me King of England, while William Rufus lives?"

"He lives now," replied the Monk; "but mark me, Henry Beauclerc," he added, pointing to the west, where the sun was rapidly declining, "ere yonder orb has sunk beneath the horizon, the sun of his life will have set for ever."

"Cease, cease this idle prattle," said the Prince, endeavouring to extricate his horse's reins from the grasp of the Monk, but without success.

"Hail! Henry Beauclerc," reiterated the latter; "thou shalt speedily be King of England; thou shalt restore the ancient Saxon line to the throne of these realms; and with English hearts and hands thou shalt conquer the country of the Conqueror!"

At that moment a dreadful shriek rang through the forest; and the Monk, seizing Henry's arm, again pointed to the west. The sun was on the very verge of the horizon, and in an instant afterwards sunk beneath it. The Prince turned wonderingly towards the Monk, but the mysterious monitor had disappeared.

"'Tis passing strange," said he to his attendants; "know ye aught of this person?"

"'Tis the mad Monk of St. John," said a page. "He fought on the side of the Saxons at Hastings, and was left for dead on the field. Some benevolent brothers of Waltham, who went over the field after the battle, in the hope that they might be of service to the wounded, discovered some signs of life in this person, and bore him to the Abbey. There they succeeded in healing his wounds; but could never prevail upon him to reveal his name or rank. From the richness of his dress, and the value of the jewels which were found upon him, he is supposed to have been a Saxon lord of distinction. He afterwards became a brother of the order

of St. John at Chester, and has rendered himself remarkable by his acts of piety and penitence; but his misfortunes are supposed to have disordered his intellect."

"His voice sounded prophetically in my ears," said the Prince, "and that shriek was strangely coincident with the setting of the sun. Heaven shield our royal brother! Let us scour the forest in search of him."

The monk's words proved to be prophetic. William Rufus was found dead in the forest; and within a few hours afterwards, Henry Beauclerc was proclaimed King of England at Winchester. Such were the extraordinary events which followed the monk's first visit to that prince.

Henry's elevation to the throne was hailed with the acclamations of the whole nation. A few of his brother's partizans endeavoured to advance the interests of the Duke of Normandy, but that prince was then engaged in the Crusade in the Holy Land. He had left his dukedom a prey to civil dissension; and during the whole time that he had been the ruler of that province, his conduct had been remarkable for nothing but slothfulness and indecision. On his return from the Crusade, however, he resolved to make an effort to win the crown which his father had won, and accordingly landed at Portsmouth with a formidable army. The English began to fear a renewal of the fatal scenes at Hastings. They rallied round their native monarch, and exhibited throughout the country such a spirit of resistance to the invaders, that Duke Robert paused in his enterprise before a blow was struck, and at length determined to leave his brother in quiet possession of the crown, and to return to Normandy.

Henry, in the mean time, continued to endear himself to his people by his vigour, wisdom, and justice. He repressed violence, abolished the prevalent system of rapine, interposed between the tyrannous barons and their oppressed vassals, and by his decision and impartiality acquired the epithet of the "Lion of Justice." He moreover abolished that odious institution of William the Conqueror, the Curfew; granted his subjects a charter, in which he confirmed to them the privileges which they had enjoyed under

their Saxon kings; and proclaimed his intention of marrying Matilda, the daughter of the King of Scotland by Margaret the sister of Edgar Atheling, and lineally descended from the ancient Saxon monarchs of England.

The words of the Monk of St. John had made a deep impression on his mind. One part of his prophecy had been fulfilled—he was King of England; but the other part, that he should restore the ancient Saxon race to the throne, seemed utterly inconsistent with the former, for he was himself of Norman origin, and it was only by virtue of his father's conquest that he could claim any title to the crown of England. It was not until the very morning of his intended nuptials, when he was walking in solemn procession from his palace at Westminster to the Abbey, for the purpose of celebrating them, that the truth flashed upon his mind, that by the act which he was then about to perform, he was accomplishing the Monk's prediction.

"'Tis strange," he said to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, who walked on his right hand, "but by this marriage I shall confirm the prophetic intimation which I received from the Monk of St. John, in the New Forest, on the evening of the death of the Red King: whom God assoil!" he added, crossing himself.

"It grieves me, my liege," said the Archbishop, "to find that the ravings of a fanatic and an impostor have sunk so deep into your Grace's memory. The events which have come to pass ac-according to his prediction, were in the ordinary course of things. The Red King's violent and heedless course of life promised a speedy termination to it; and that the wisest and most accomplished prince in Europe should espouse a princess whose virtues and talents so nearly resemble his own, might surely have happened, although this cowled dreamer had never existed."

"True, true, good Anselm," said the King; but he said it in a tone which induced the Archbishop to believe that his heart did not yield that acquiescence to his arguments which his lips professed.

"The Monk," resumed the Archbishop, "also promised that your Grace should, with English hearts and hands, conquer the

country of the Conqueror. This is an event which is surely not within the verge of probability, for your Grace and the Duke of Normandy have concluded a peace (which Heaven keep inviolate!) by which you have guaranteed to each other the integrity of your respective dominions, and a free enjoyment of their rights in both realms to your subjects."

The King answered not; but the project which he had long formed of subjecting to his sway the hereditary dominions of his father he could not easily part with, and the feeling of the English people, who were eager for an opportunity to retaliate upon Normandy the injury which William and his followers had inflicted upon England, would, he knew, second him in any attack which he might make upon the territories of his brother. The acclamations with which the multitude now greeted him as he passed on to the Abbey, confirmed him in the estimate which he had made of their willingness to support him; and with a proud step and an exulting spirit, he crossed the threshold of the sacred edifice.

The Princess Matilda had arrived before him. She was surrounded by the Scottish barons who had escorted her from her father's court, and by several beautiful females who were in attendance upon her. On her progress she had been greeted with the enthusiastic cheers of the populace. Some invoked St. Edward's blessing on her head; some exclaimed that the disasters of Hastings had now terminated; and others traced a wonderful resemblance in her features to the effigies of her illustrious ancestor, the Great Alfred.

The King and the Princess had both entered the Abbey, amidst the benedictions and applauses of all who beheld them. The Barons and official dignitaries then followed them to the altar, and the Archbishop was about to perform the ceremony, when a stentorian voice from a remote part of the church exclaimed, "Forbear!" All eyes were turned towards the quarter whence the interruption proceeded, and an ecclesiastic, with his features closely shrouded in his cowl, was seen slowly pacing down the eastern aisle. He approached the altar, and removing his cowl, the King and his attendants immediately recognised the Monk of St. John

"What new vagary is this, reverend Father?" said the King, forcing a smile, but evidently feeling more respect for the intrusive Monk than he chose to acknowledge.

"I say," cried the Monk, "to yon Norman priest, Forbear! This is not an occasion on which, when an English-born Prince weds the last heiress of the ancient and illustrious Saxon race, a Neustrian ecclesiastic should mar, by his officiousness, the auspicious ceremony."

A tumult of applause followed the Monk's address. The Archbishop and the Norman barons frowned, but the official persons about King Henry, who were, for the most part, chosen from among the Saxons, and the Scottish nobles who attended the Princess, evidently participated in the pleasurable feelings expressed by the multitude.

"And where," said the Archbishop proudly, "if a Norman priest must not perform this august ceremony, shall we find one of rank and honour sufficient to entitle him to perform it?"

A loud and bitter laugh burst from the lips of the Monk, which resounded through the aisles of the Abbey for several seconds. "Where!" he said, "thou puling priest! where shall such an one be found?" and he thrust his hand towards his side and seemed to be seeking a weapon; but, as his eye glanced on his sacerdotal habit, a cloud gathered on his brow, and his cheek grew pale as ashes. "Peace! peace! my heart, be still," he muttered half audibly; "it is not yet the time: but, Sir King, I say to thee, let these Saxon hands tie the indissoluble knot between thee and yon fair princess, and so, perchance, may one, who has been the cause of all his country's evils, make some atonement by becoming the instrument of the cure and solace of those evils."

The populace renewed their acclamations as the Monk spake: the Norman Archbishop drew back from him abashed, and the King gazed upon him with an expression of mingled awe and wonder. "I know not who or what thou art, mysterious man," said the Monarch, "but I have good cause for believing that thou art in some way more and better than thy garb proclaimeth. Be it, therefore, as thou desirest; wed me to this fair princess; and

may Heaven grant that this union may be as thou sayest—the cure and solace of this nation's evils!"

The Monk united the hands of the two royal lovers, and breathed his benediction with a fervour and enthusiasm which seemed to affect even Archbishop Anselm and his partisans. The King and Queen knelt before the altar, the populace prostrated themselves on the ground, and at the conclusion the choir pealed forth a solemn strain of blended exultation and devotion.

"And now, O King!" said the Monk, "thou rememberest what passed at our last interview?"

"Most distinctly do I remember," said the King, "and not easily shall I forget it."

"Then did I predict," added the Monk, "that three things should happen to thee, Henry Beauclerc: that thou shouldest be King of England; that thou shouldest restore the ancient Saxon line to the throne; and that with English hearts and hands thou shouldest conquer the country of the Conqueror. Did not the first event happen almost at the moment that I said it, at my first visit?—has not the second prediction been accomplished even now, at my second visit, by the instrumentality of his hands whose lips uttered it?—and when I visit thee for the third time, King Henry, the third event shall come to pass before we part, and then we shall part for ever."

The Monk uttered these words in a tone of great energy and solemnity; then, drawing his robes closely round him, and grasping his staff, he proceeded slowly down the aisle by which he had entered; the people made way for him, many falling on their knees and craving his blessing as he passed; and in this way, with downcast head and measured step, he departed from the Abbey.

"What say you now, my Lord Archbishop?" asked the King, turning towards the astonished and mortified Anselm.

"My liege," said the Prelate, "he is doubtless an impostor; albeit when I tried to rebuke him, there was something in his eye and brow which deprived me of the power of utterance. It irks me to see your Grace so worked upon by the arts of gramarye, in which this Saxon Monk is, I doubt not, but too well versed. The

faith of your Grace and your princely brother Robert, are too deeply pledged to each other to allow of the possibility of what this dreamer has predicted ever coming to pass."

While the Archbishop was speaking, a horn was heard sounding outside the walls of the Abbey; and immediately a horseman, whose dress and accoutrements proclaimed him to be a herald, entered and rode up towards the spot on which the King stood.

"How now!" said Henry, who immediately recognised the Norman king-at-arms; "what says our loving brother?"

"I must crave your royal pardon," said the Herald, "for what I am commissioned to utter, before I venture to use language which will sound but ill in your Grace's ears."

"Speak out," said the King: "thou knowest that thy character and thy office sufficiently protect thee."

"Then," said the Herald, throwing down his gage, "I am commanded by King Robert, thy king and mine, thy father's eldest son, to hurl his defiance at thee, and to bid thee immediately resign to him the crown of this fair realm, which thou hast wrongfully and traitorously usurped. What answer shall I bear to thy loving brother?"

"Nay," said the King, while a bitter smile writhed his lip, "first answer me, I pray thee, where our loving brother is sojourning at present?"

"He is at Tinchebray, in Normandy," said the Herald, "where he has collected forces who wait but the signal of his uplifted finger, to pour themselves upon the coasts of this kingdom for the purpose of enforcing his just and reasonable demand."

"Say you so?" answered the King; "then methinks it would be treating King Robert, as thou callest him, uncivilly, seeing he is so near us, to send an answer to his so courteous communication by a messenger. We will ourselves wait upon him in person at Tinchebray; and if the arguments which we shall bring with us shall not convince him that his claim is untenable, we must e'en doff the diadem from these poor brows of ours, and place it on his own. What say ye, lords and knights, and ye, not least in our esteem, our gallant yeomen, will ye accompany us to Tinchebray?"

"God save King Henry!" shouted a thousand voices; "God save Queen Matilda! Death to the Normans; victory and vengeance!"

"You have our answer, Sir Knight," said the King, addressing the Herald. "Bear it speedily to our brother, and assure him that we shall lose no time in confirming your intelligence by our presence.—What, ho! there, attend him, and show him such respect as is befitting his rank and office.—What say you now, my Lord Archbishop?" said the King, again addressing the Primate, and smiling—but the Archbishop held his peace, and accompanied the royal party back to the palace in silence.

It was on the 14th of October, 1107, that the English army, under the command of the King, sat down before the castle of Tinchebray, then held by Robert de Belesme for the Duke of Normandy. This was the fortieth anniversary of the battle of Hastings, and of the day (his last birth-day) on which King Harold had lost his kingdom and his life. The sun had not risen above an hour when the King's forces came in sight of the castle, and found that the fortress was not left to its own resources, but that Duke Robert had arrived before them to its relief with a numerous army, which occupied a strong position in advance of it.

"Seest thou this?" said a Knight in black armour, riding up to the King, and showing him his shield, which bore the marks of many a lance and arrow upon its disk.

"Who art thou, friend," asked the King, "who hast so many times intruded thyself upon my notice, since our embarkation from England? I would not willingly disparage thy prowess, although I know thee not; but I doubt not that there are five hundred in my army who are as good as thou, and who are as much entitled to assume these airs of familiarity with me."

"It matters not," replied the Knight; "but this shield guarded this arm at Hastings, and neither arm nor shield has since, until this day, been again exhibited in the field; then I fought against the Normans, and they conquered England; now I fight against them again this day, and, by God's good grace, will assist thee in conquering Normandy."

"Thou seemest a stalwart and vigorous knight," said the King, "and thy appearance but ill accords with thy assertion, that thou borest arms nearly half a century ago. However, Heaven pardon thee if thou utterest untruths, and visit not our cause with the punishment due to thy falsehoods! There are now other matters that demand my attention too imperiously to allow me to listen any longer to thy prating."

The centre of the Norman army was commanded by the Duke in person, the right wing by the Earl of Mortaigne, and the left wing by Robert de Belesme. Their cavalry was not quite so numerous as that of the English, but in their infantry they had greatly the superiority. Robert never appeared to greater advantage than on that day; and before the commencement of the engagement, he was seen in every part of his army animating his soldiers, inciting them to attack, and reminding them that they must this day prove themselves worthy of wearing the laurels which were won at Hastings, or submit to become the vassals of that people who had then been so heroically conquered. The Earl of Mortaigne, and Robert de Belesme also, who were the inveterate enemies of Henry, and had nothing to hope from his clemency in the event of his proving victorious, were indefatigable in their efforts to kindle the martial energies of their followers. The whole army participated in the spirit of their leaders; and chanting, like their ancestors at Hastings, the song of Rollo, they rushed furiously upon the advanced guard of the English. The assault was irresistible: the ranks of the English were broken; and the Norman assailants, shouting victory, advanced upon that part of the main body of the English which was commanded by King Henry himself. Robert de Belesme cut his way through the ranks of the enemy, shouting the name of Henry, and defying him if he had a particle of honour and valour, to meet him and give him battle. This man, who had the reputation of being an incarnate fiend, excited so much terror by his presence, that all fled before him, and left the King, almost alone, exposed to the assault of Belesme and his myrmidons. The monarch, however, at the head of a small band of friends, defended himself valiantly; but his

strength was evidently failing him, and his friends were falling one by one at his side. "Englishmen, to the rescue, ho!" he shouted, and renewed his efforts with increased vigour. "Normans, remember Hastings!" exclaimed De Belesme, and made another furious assault, by which the King was unhorsed. "Remember Hastings!" echoed a stentorian voice; "ay, Englishmen, forget it not!" and immediately the Knight in black armour, whom we have already mentioned, rode up at the head of a party of about a hundred men, and, smiting De Belesme with his sword on the helmet, he shook him from his saddle. "On, Sire," he said, assisting the King to remount; "the Earl of Mortaigne's division has been repulsed by the Earl of Mayne, Duke Robert is contending at fearful odds with the Earl of Mellent; and now, could we but drive back the followers of De Belesme, the victory and Normandy are ours. Once more, Englishmen, remember Hastings!"

Thus saying, the unknown Knight put spurs to his steed, couched his lance, and rushed into the thickest ranks of the enemy. The King and his followers imitated his example, and the forces of Helias Earl of Mayne, who had driven Mortaigne from the field, speedily joining them, they carried all before them. The slaughter was immense. The English arrows darkened the air, and every English lance was red to the hand-staff with blood. The Black Knight, in particular, traversed the field like the angel of destruction; wherever he appeared, the enemy sunk beneath his blow, or fled before him. "Remember Hastings!" he shouted at every step that his good steed took; and this cry, which had originally been set up by the Norman leaders, to remind their followers of their ancient triumph, now eagerly spread from rank to rank in the English army, and seemed to give Herculean force to their arms, as they hurled their javelins, or twanged their bows against the enemy. When a part of their forces seemed wavering and dismayed, the shout was "Remember Hastings!" and they rushed on again as if invigorated with wine;—when the English warrior felt the death-wound in his heart, he spent his remaining breath in saying, "Remember Hastings!" to his comrades, and

died with a smile upon his lip:—when the Norman captive sued for quarter, the answer was, "Remember Hastings!" and his head rolled in the dust!

In the mean time, the Duke of Normandy and his forces were resisting with unequal strength, but undiminished gallantry, the attack of the Earl of Mellent. The two divisions of his army were broken and dispersed, and the main body of the English was advancing against him under the conduct of King Henry. He nevertheless fought on with incredible valour, and had even cut himself a passage through the ranks of his assailants, and being well mounted, was leaving his pursuers behind him, when he found himself surrounded by the Black Knight and a select band of warriors, who had kept close to him during the whole engagement.

"Yield thee, Duke of Normandy!" said the Knight; "yield thee—or thy days are numbered."

"I yield to no one," said the Duke, "merely because he bids me do so. I yield to no one but him whose right hand can subdue me!"

"Say you so?" said the Knight; "then yield to me;" and directing his sword furiously at the breast of his opponent, the latter reeled from the saddle; and the shouts of the spectators, which were speedily re-echoed over the whole field, proclaimed that the Duke of Normandy was taken prisoner.

The clamour of the battle instantly ceased. The Normans threw down their arms—some fled, some were butchered upon the spot, and four hundred knights and ten thousand soldiers were taken prisoners.

"Brother," said King Henry, approaching the place where the Duke stood in the custody of his captors; "you have put us to some cost and trouble in coming over here to answer your courteous message; nevertheless, it were ungrateful in us, seeing the result, to grudge either. Since, however, it may not be quite as convenient in future to answer your messages, we have resolved to place you nearer our royal person; Cardiff Castle is not so troublesome a distance from our palace as Tinchebray."

"I am your prisoner, Henry," said the Duke moodily, "and must submit to the will of Heaven. Do with me as you please; the curse which our father provoked when he invaded a peaceful kingdom is upon me."

"But where is the Black Knight?" asked the King; "our gallant deliverer, to whom the glorious success of this day is so mainly attributable?"

"He stands yonder," said a page, pointing to the left of the King, "and is, I fear me, grievously hurt, for he pants for breath, and seems scarcely able to support his tottering weight."

"Approach, valiant Sir," said the King; "I trust that you have sustained no hurt which a skilful leech will not know how to cure?"

"I am not hurt," said the Knight, "but my days are numbered. I have lived to see this day; it is enough—and now would I depart in peace."

The Knight's voice seemed strangely altered: during the battle its stentorian tones had been heard all over the field, but now it was feeble and tremulous. "Unbar his visor," said the King; "surely I have heard that voice before."

The Knight's visor was unbarred, and revealed to the wondering eyes of the King and his attendants the features of the Monk of St. John.

"Did I not tell thee, O King! that at my third visit th ethird event which I had prophesied, the conquest of Normandy, should come to pass before we parted?"

"True, holy Father," said the King, "and thou hast proved thyself the apostle of truth."

"I said, too," added the Monk, and his features changed, and his voice grew more tremulous than ever, as he spake, "that when we did part, we should part for ever. Yet I have something for thy ear, and for the ears of the knights and barons who surround thee, which I would not willingly leave the world without disclosing."

"Support him," said the King; "he is falling!" and two pages hastened to the assistance of the Monk, whose strength was gradually failing him.

"Speak out, old man!" said the King; "who and what art thou?"

"This," said the Monk, "is the eightieth anniversary of my birth, and the fortieth of my perilous fall and the fall of my country; but, blessed be heaven! my country has retrieved that fall; and I at last can die in peace."

"Reveal thy name," said the King; "for as yet thou speakest riddles."

"My name!" said the old man, and the stentorian strength of his voice seemed to return as he uttered it, "is HAROLD—HAROLD the Saxon—Harold the King—Harold the Conquered!"

A bitter groan burst from his heart as he pronounced the last epithet; and he hung down his head for a moment.

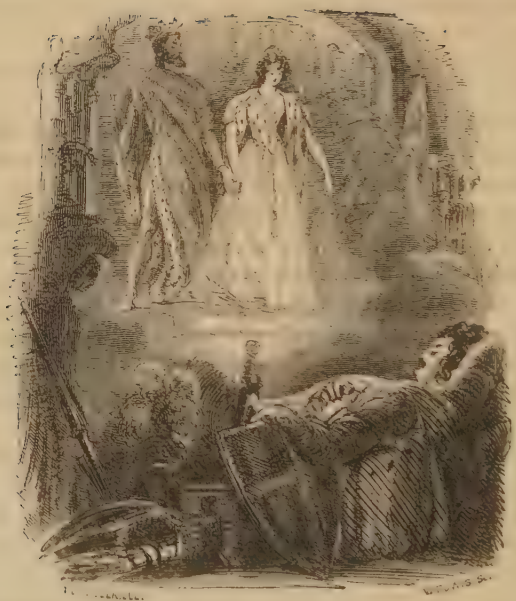
The King and his attendants gazed with the intensest interest on the man who they had thought had been so long numbered with the dead. Even the captive Robert forgot his own misfortunes in the presence of his father's once powerful opponent. Harold at length seemed to overcome his emotion, and gazed once more on the assembled princes and barons.

"King of England!" he said, rearing up his stately form, and extending his hands over the Monarch's head, "be thou blessed! thou hast restored the ancient race to the throne; and thou hast conquered the country of the proud Conqueror. Thy reign shall be long and prosperous; thou shalt beget monarchs, in whose veins shall flow the pure stream of Saxon blood; and ages and generations shall pass away, yet still that race shall sit upon the throne of England."

His voice faltered—his eyes grew dim—his uplifted arms fell powerless to his sides—and he sunk a lifeless corse into the arms of the attendants.*

---

* *Knighton*, from *Giraldus Cambrensis*, asserts that Harold was not slain at the battle of Hastings, but that escaping, he retired to a cell near St. John's Church, in Chester, and died there an anchoret, as was owned by himself in his last confession, which he made when dying; and in memory whereof, his tomb was shown when Knighton wrote. The same story is told by a contemporary, Eadmer, whom Malmsbury styles "an historian to be praised for his sincerity and truth."



The Lord of Greece.

Be these juggling fiends no more believed
That palter with us in a double sense.

MACBETH.

THE Lord Alberic, Earl of Northumberland, sat at the casement of one of the turrets of his castle of Alnwick, and gazed at the lovely scenery which presented itself far and wide to his view. The sun was now sinking behind the western hills; but, as if to make amends for his approaching departure, he was

setting in unclouded magnificence, and with his heavenly alchemy transmuting the sky, the hills, and the river which flowed in the middle distance, into objects whose glory and splendour were no unworthy rivals of his own. By degrees, however, the resplendent orb sunk beneath the horizon; and the glory faded from the sky, and the hills began to cast a dim and gloomy shadow behind them, and the river ceased to show its golden ripples in the valley, and the dews fell from the heavens, and the mists arose from the earth, and darkness was overspreading the face of all things.

"It is thus—it is thus," said Earl Alberic, "with the dream of human ambition! It seems most glorious at the period at which it is about to vanish. The lowliest and the least worthy object of desire—the highest and the most unattainable—it gilds alike with its false and flattering beams; and then, while we are yet gazing, it is gone, and the lustre of all those objects is gone with it, and we find the dull cold night of disappointment closing around us."

The Earl Alberic had not always been in the habit of entertaining such sad and gloomy thoughts as these. A very few years had elapsed (for he had as yet seen but five-and-twenty summers) since he had walked out at the hour of sunset, amidst the scenery on which he was now gazing, and had given utterance to such reflections as the following:—"How glorious and wonderful is the career of yon resplendent orb! When he rises, he is hailed by the blessings of all, for they know that his rising promises light, and warmth, and fruitfulness to everything on which he gazes; at noon the promise of his rising is confirmed, and all creation rejoices in his smiles; and at eventide he sinks to rest in a fuller blaze of majesty and splendour than had attended him during the day. Like him would I spend my days. In youth, like him, be hailed with hopefulness; in maturity, like him, dispense blessings and excite admiration; and, like him, when the appointed hour shall come, die surrounded with glory."

While the Earl Alberic was absorbed in these thoughts, he had wandered farther from the castle than he had been accustomed to do at so late an hour; the shadows of evening were gathering round him, and the wind was making that strange, unearthly, and

melancholy, yet withal pleasing and soothing music that so often hymns the dirge of the departed day; so that the incident which then is said to have befallen the Earl Alberic, might perhaps be but the creation of his own excited imagination. As he walked along, and dreams of glory filled his fancy, and a long vista of fame and honour opened before his mental vision, the following words, in a low and shrill, but very distinct tone, were sounded in his ears :—*Græciæ Dominus eris.*" He started and looked around him, but no human being was visible. "Ha!" he said, "could my senses deceive me? Methought I heard a glorious destiny promised to me—that I should be Lord of Greece. It was but fancy. I am here alone. The night is closing in, and I must return to the castle." He turned round for the purpose of retracing his steps, when the same words were repeated still more audibly and distinctly : "*Græciæ Dominus eris.*"

Again did the young lord gaze around him, and at the distance of about twenty yards, he perceived a strange and uncouth figure about three feet high, but with a head of most disproportionate size, usurping indeed nearly half its dimensions, clad in a thin green robe, and holding a branch of osier in its hand. "What sayest thou, friend?" asked Alberic, advancing towards this mysterious being; but the figure, instead of answering him, waved its hand, and with threatening gestures seemed to be warning him away. Alberic, however, continued to approach the spot on which it stood; but the moment that he arrived there, although the instant before he had seen it distinctly, he found himself alone.

On his return to the castle, he narrated this strange adventure to his friends and retainers there, who in vain endeavoured to persuade him that the whole was the coinage of his own imagination. He retired to sleep, but not to repose: the strange unearthly form of the Dwarf haunted his dreams, leading by the hand a female of exquisite beauty, whose fine classical features, her flowing but sable drapery, and the wreath of laurel mixed with cypress on her brows, seemed to point her out as a personification of Greece in her then state of suffering and resistance. The dream was so strong and vivid that it broke the chains of

slumber, and Alberic started from his couch, almost expecting to see the beings of his vision standing in substantial shape before him. He gazed from his casement on the deep blue vault of heaven spangled with innumerable stars. He looked for his natal star, the planet Jupiter; he gazed towards *the East;* it was just rising, and, as it rose, its superior brightness dimmed all the neighbouring orbs. "'Tis strange," he said, "that that star should be brightening the East at the very moment that I start from my broken sleep to gaze upon it. What may this portend?" "*Græciæ Dominus eris*," said the same shrill voice which he had heard in the woodlands on the preceding evening. "Ha!" he said, "my question is indeed answered—my destiny leads me to the East, where the diadem of Greece is ready for my brow. And shall I oppose the will of fate when that will conducts me to power and glory? Shall I throw myself beneath the chariot wheels of Destiny, when I am invited to mount and seize the guiding reins Perish the thought. *Græciæ Dominus ero.*"

Soothed and tranquillized by the determination to which he had arrived, he again threw himself upon his couch, and a sound and unbroken sleep at length weighed down his eyelids. On the morrow he called his friends and retainers around him, told them that the truth of the prediction which he had heard on the preceding evening had been confirmed by the events of the night; that the Greeks were now waging war against the Infidels, and if a knight of fame and prowess were to present himself to them, they would immediately acknowledge him as their chief; and that he was determined to rally his vassals around him, to levy all the treasure that he was then possessed of, and to proceed forthwith on the expedition to the East. His hearers, some lured by the hope of plunder, and others religiously believing the Dwarf's prediction, all professed their willingness to accompany their lord on his chivalrous enterprise; and scarcely a month had elapsed after this meeting, when Earl Alberic, accompanied by about fifty knights and esquires, well mounted and armed, and followed by near five hundred archers and men-at-arms, was seen issuing from the portals of Alnwick Castle on his way to the metropolis, for the

purpose of paying his respects to King Henry I. previous to his embarkation for the East.

King Henry smiled when the Earl acquainted him with his romantic enterprise, and added, "Choose not a bride, my Lord Northumberland, among the dark-eyed daughters of the East. So much valour and chivalry must not be lost to my court. When you return, I will endeavour to find a fair partner who shall be worthy of you, if you will be content to abide by my election."

"I am content, my liege," said the Earl, "and, whether prosperous or not, I will return to do homage to my sovereign and benefactor."

The Earl, with his gallant retinue and his treasure, departed full of zeal and hope. Three long years rolled away and no tidings of him arrived in England, until about one month before the period at which this narration commences, a tall and stalwart knight, mounted upon a gallant but worn and weary steed, and clad in a suit of complete armour which showed the dints of many a battle, and the stains of many a day's long and wearisome journeying, and attended only by a single page, wound his bugle before the gates of Alnwick Castle. "And who be ye," asked the porter, "who crave admittance here? Our lord is absent with his vassals, and there are none but old men and children and women within; therefore I dare not admit ye until ye tell me who ye are."

"Knowest thou me not, Walter?" said the knight, lifting up his visor and showing a face still young and handsome, but furrowed with untimely wrinkles, and haggard, and sorrowful, and wan. It was Earl Alberic. The porter fell upon his knees and craved his master's pardon. "Rise, rise, good Walter," said the Earl; "it was I who did forget, when I gave credence to a juggling fiend and left my broad earldom in England for a visionary diadem in Greece."

In truth, the porter might have been forgiven a much greater degree of forgetfulness, for the Earl had become an altered man in person and in mind. He had lost all his retainers, but the single page who accompanied him home, by the sword, or famine, or fatigue; he had spent or been despoiled of his treasure; and the

Greeks, who at first gladly received the aid which his men and money had afforded them, when they found these exhausted, and that the Earl wanted to reign over them, plundered and persecuted him till he was obliged to save his life by flight. Therefore was it, as he sat at the turret casement, and gazed at the setting sun, and saw the glory of the heavens, and the hills, and the river fade away, and darkness overspread the face of all things, that he said: "It is thus, it is thus, with the dream of human ambition. It seems most glorious at the period at which it is about to vanish; the lowliest and the least worthy object of desire—the highest and the most unattainable, it gilds alike with its false and flattering beams—and then, while we are yet gazing, it is gone, and the lustre of all those objects is gone with it, and we find the dull, cold night of disappointment closing around us."

The Earl held a letter in his hand. It was from the King, congratulating him on his return in safety, and commanding his presence at York on the following day, for the purpose of solemnizing his nuptials with the heiress of Abbeford, the bride whom the King, agreeably to his promise, had selected for him. The Earl had now abjured all his ambitious plans, and sighed only for domestic peace: the lady, whom the monarch proposed that he should wed, he had never seen; but he had heard much of her beauty, and he knew that she was endowed with large possessions; so that he hoped to repair both his peace of mind and his shattered fortunes by this alliance. He retired early to his couch, as he proposed to start by daybreak on his journey to York. He shortly sunk to sleep, and presently the same dream which had disturbed him three years before presented itself to him. He again saw the strange unearthly form of the Dwarf, leading the same exquisitely beautiful female whose fine classical features had never been erased from the tablet of his memory. The lady, however, instead of wearing sables as before, was clad in bridal robes, and held a nuptial ring in her hand, which she offered to the sleeper. He turned away from her angrily, but she smiled on him with so much sweetness that he could not help once more raising his eyes towards her and her companion. The latter suddenly underwent

a strange transformation. His stature increased to near six feet; his green mantle was changed to a regal robe; he no longer held a branch of osier, but a sceptre, in his hand; a golden crown was on his head, and his features were those—not of the grim and ghastly Dwarf, but—of Henry King of England. Earl Alberic uttered an exclamation of pleasure and surprise, and extending his arms towards his sovereign, with the effort which he made, awoke.

"Death!" he cried, starting from his couch, "am I for ever to be the dupe of dreams? It were enough to make a man forswear repose and slumber, and sigh for the sleepless, restless life of the wandering Jew. My unhappy Eastern adventure, and my approaching nuptials, have been strangely jumbled in the dream which I have just had.—Ha!" he added, gazing from the casement, "'tis a night of wondrous splendour. Just such a night was that—that fatal night—when here I stood and gazed—but, psha! why should I torture my brain to recall events which it were better I should endeavour to blot entirely from my memory? Yes, 'tis a glorious night—my natal star is now shining brilliantly—so did it then, when its prognostics deceived me. Yet now it is not in the East; 'tis neither rising, nor declining, but shining steadily and brightly, lord of the ascendant. The wise believe the stars—the holy and religious say that it is the truth which they utter: if we are led astray, it is that we know not rightly how to interpret their language. Ne'er to my eye did my natal planet shine so brilliantly as it does now: would that I could divine the event which it portends!" "*Græcie Dominus eris*," said the same voice which had twice before addressed Earl Alberic. "Fiend! fiend!" said the Earl, stopping his ears, "wake not that slumbering passion in my soul which I had hoped was laid for ever. Avaunt, Sathanas! break not my repose again."

Thus saying, he stretched himself once more on his couch, in such a position that he could gaze on the planet Jupiter. That star seemed to be shedding its most benign influences on him, and his eyes continued fixed upon it till their lids fell over them, and he sunk into a gentle and refreshing slumber.

At an early hour in the morning Earl Alberic was mounted, and

on his way to York. The day was breaking beautifully. The grey hue of dawn had already been transformed into a light silvery tint, and the clouds were now beginning to catch a golden tinge from the beams of the as yet unrisen sun. At length the glorious orb appeared above the verge of the horizon, and a choral shout, as it were from the feathered population of the leafy dwellings on which he gazed, welcomed his return to this breathing world. "Ha!" said the Earl, while a faint sad smile played upon his lip, "I once hoped to live and die like yonder orb: I drew from every phenomenon which surrounded it omens favourable to myself, and even now my false and flattering heart would prompt me to believe that its glorious rising to-day typifies that my night of sorrow and suffering has passed away, and that peace and joy, if not fame and glory, will hereafter be my lot." At that moment he started, for the well-remembered words, "*Græciæ Dominus eris*," again rang in his ears, and turning round he beheld the strange mis-shapen figure of the Dwarf standing before him, clothed and equipped in the same manner as on the evening on which he had before encountered him.

"Devil!" said the Earl, couching his lance, and making a furious lunge at his tormentor. The latter, however, uttered a bitter laugh, and was a hundred yards distant in an instant. "Fiend!" said the Earl, "if I am to be, as thou sayest, Lord of Greece, tell me, I adjure thee, when?"

"*Hodie Græciæ Dominus eris*," said the Dwarf, and immediately vanished.

"*To-day!* sayest thou, lying fiend!" exclaimed the Earl: "but wherefore do I allow these agents of the demon of darkness to tamper with me? I will hasten to York to greet my lovely bride, and in her arms forget the dreams of ambition and the instigations of unholy beings."

Thus saying, he put spurs to his steed, and in a few hours dismounted at the gate of the Minster of York, in which King Henry was holding a synod. "Welcome, noble Alberic," said the monarch, rising from the throne, on which, surrounded with prelates and barons, he sat before the high altar—"welcome, my

Lord Northumberland; and although no Grecian diadem adorn thy brow, the favour of his King, and the love of a fair and noble lady, should be no inadequate atonement for the disappointed hopes of a true Knight like thee."

"They are prizes, my liege," said the Earl, "far more precious than that for which I have struggled in vain."

"Then now," said the King, leading forth a tall and stately lady closely veiled, "do I unite Beauty to Valour, and Heaven prosper the union!"

"And I," said the Earl, sinking on his knee, and pressing the lady's hand to his lips, "with this true kiss testify alike my loyalty to my King, and my love to my bride."

The lady gently raised her suitor from his suppliant posture, and throwing back her veil, exhibited to the astonished Alberic the very features of the lovely female whom he had beheld in his dream.

"Ha!" he said, "is't possible? Can that lovely form be aught more than the dream of a disordered fancy? Then am I indeed blest, and the diadem of Greece may settle on the brow of him who deems the bauble worth possessing."

"Then, reverend father," said the King, addressing the priest, who stood ready to perform the nuptial ceremony, "proceed in your holy office; and again I say, may Heaven prosper this auspicious union!"

The priest then proceeded to perform the ceremony. To the interrogatory "Earl Alberic, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" Alberic answered with a fervent and enthusiastic "I will!" but the bride's answer was drowned in the exclamation of wonder which burst from the lips of the bridegroom, when the priest asked her, "*Lady Gracia*, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" That answer was, however, in the affirmative, and Alberic repressed any farther expression of his feelings, until after the conclusion of the ceremony.*

"Now, indeed," he then said, clasping the lady in his arms, "is

* Jorval. Dugdale.

the prediction which has rung in my ears so often, accomplished. I am lord of a fairer and nobler territory than that which I imagined I was destined to possess. Here," he added, taking the lady's hand in his, "on the altar of love and beauty do I abjure the dreams of vanity and ambition."

The aisles of the Minster rang with the applauses of the assembled multitude; the ecclesiastics pronounced their benedictions on the wedded pair, and the King and Barons offered their heartiest congratulations. Earl Alberic then departed with his bride for Alnwick Castle, where he arrived in safety; not, however, without encountering the mis-shapen dwarf once more on the spot on which he had twice before met him, who cried out in the same shrill voice, as the Earl passed along, "*Dominus Græciæ es*," and vanished away.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

STEPHEN.

1135.—STEPHEN, who had been most forward in doing homage to Matilda, instantly on the death of Henry went to England, and by the assistance of his brother, who was Bishop of Winchester, and several others of the principal clergy, was crowned. Very few of the Barons attended the ceremony.

Stephen granted a charter to the people, containing many privileges.

Having seized on the late King's treasures, he brought over with the money a motley crew of foreigners for his protection, being fearful, as yet, to trust the English.

1137.—Stephen gained the friendship of the King of France, by giving up Normandy to his own son Eustace, who did homage for it to that King.

A revolt of most of the Barons of England took place against Stephen, at the head of which was Robert Earl of Gloucester, the natural son of the late King.

David, King of Scotland, invaded the northern part of England in favour of his niece, Matilda; but an army was raised by the Archbishop of York, and David was defeated near Northallerton. This was called the Battle of the Standard, from a high crucifix which the English placed in a waggon.

1139.—Matilda was invited over by the malcontents. She accordingly arrived, and a bloody war was carried on for some time; in which Stephen showed himself a man of great bravery and abilities.

1141.—At a battle fought near Lincoln, Stephen's army was defeated and himself taken prisoner. He was immediately sent to Bristol, and ignominiously put in chains.

Matilda gained over to her party the Bishop of Winchester; but he soon quarrelled with her, and entered into a conspiracy with the people of London and the Kentish men to seize her person. She fled first to Oxford, and then to Winchester, where she was closely besieged. In her retreat thence, Robert Earl of Gloucester was taken prisoner, and afterwards exchanged for King Stephen.

1142.—Earl Robert went over to Normandy, which had yielded to the Earl of Anjou, Matilda's husband, and persuaded him to send over his son Henry with him to England.

1143.—The Bishop of Winchester obtained a subsidy for Stephen to carry on the war.

1144-45-46.—During these years the war was carried on with various success; however, at last, Matilda sent her son over to Normandy, and followed soon afterwards herself. The great support of her cause, the Earl of Gloucester, died in 1146. Stephen, being now left in quiet possession of the throne, endeavoured to get his son Eustace acknowledged as his heir, but found the Barons very averse to his proposition.

1147.—Louis VII., King of France, was divorced from his Queen, Eleanor, daughter and heiress of the Duke of Guienne. Henry, Earl of Anjou, Matilda's son, made successful courtship to the divorced Queen, obtained her hand, and with it all her vast possessions.

1153.—Henry invaded Stephen in England, and gained some advantage over him at Malmsbury; after which they were preparing for a decisive action, when the great men of both parties set on foot a negotiation, by which it was agreed that Stephen should keep the crown during his life, and that Henry should succeed him. This negotiation was facilitated by the death of Eustace, Stephen's son.

1154.—October 25, Stephen died after a few days' illness.

The Portrait.

It is his brow, his eye,—the very smile
Which mantled o'er his features when he gave
His liberal largess to me, even now
Plays on the lip. OLD PLAY.

'TIS wondrous like!" said Earl Milo, the Constable of England, as he sat in his private chamber in Gloucester Castle, and gazed intently upon a portrait which he held in his hand.

"'Tis wondrous handsome!" said his lady, who had stolen unperceived behind him; "and, methinks, were it female instead of male, I should feel somewhat jealous at the devotion with which you appear to regard it."

"If you knew whom it represents," returned the Constable, "you would not wonder that I regard it with some interest."

"And what mysterious being then," inquired the lady, "has the artist immortalized on yonder tablet?"

"'Tis Alan of Brittany," said Earl Milo.

"Ha! the stout Earl of Richmond! And how comes it that a loyal subject of the Empress Matilda is thus engaged with the portrait of one who is King Stephen's right-hand counsellor, and the most renowned warrior who follows the fortunes of the usurper?"

"Listen to me for one moment, girl, and thy loyal fears shall be speedily appeased. The Empress has received certain intelli-

gence that Earl Alan is now travelling incognito upon a secret mission from King Stephen to the princes of Wales, whom he hopes to league with his master against the Empress. Our Sovereign is anxious to be revenged upon this man for all the evils which he has brought upon her, especially for the part which he took in the elevation of King Stephen to the throne, and for the stratagem by which he possessed himself of Fort Galclint. She has accordingly procured portraits of him, which she has dispatched to the governors of all the fortresses on the banks of the Severn, with orders to arrest him and send him to Bristol either alive or dead. The latter, I believe, would be the condition in which such a present would be most acceptable at court, and in which it would be most certainly found soon after its arrival there."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the lady. "And these noble features belong to the far-famed warrior whom Earl Milo means to deliver up to the knife of the assassin!"

"Say not so, gentle Adelaide; for in those features I recognise a man to whom I am bound by every tie of gratitude."

The Constable then reminded the lady of an incident which he had often narrated to her before, and with which it is also necessary that the reader should be acquainted. Earl Milo had, some years previously, borne arms in Normandy, under King Henry the First, against his brother Robert, and being reduced to the utmost distress by the loss of his baggage and what money he had taken with him, he had applied to Earl Alan, whom he happened to meet accidentally on his return, and besought him, in a tone, and with a countenance of sufficient modesty, to assist him in his distress. Alan was totally unacquainted with him, but he was touched with pity. Whether he remarked something peculiarly engaging in the countenance of the petitioner, or whether his good genius prompted him to secure a friend whose gratitude and good offices became afterwards so necessary to him, he took from his purse six pieces of gold and gave them to the stranger, with a frankness which made his alms worth much more than they were intrinsically. Milo received them, expressing an ardent wish that he might not die without an opportunity of evincing his gratitude.

Now that opportunity seemed likely to arrive. He had been entrusted with the Empress, and by her brother Robert, Earl of Gloucester, with the chief authority on the banks of the Severn, for the purpose of watching for Alan; and all the other commanders in that neighbourhood were under his orders. He had accepted this appointment without being aware that he was acting against his benefactor, because Alan, at the time that he bestowed his bounty upon him, had not communicated to him his name. The instant, however, that he received the portrait, he was struck with its resemblance to his friend, and resolved to use his best energies for his preservation.

"'Tis the face of an angel!" said the lady, after her husband had left the apartment. "Ill befal the man who would do him injury!"

The lady Adelaide was possessed of extraordinary beauty and accomplishments, and was considerably younger than her husband, with whom she had eloped from a nunnery, where her parents had intended her to remain until such time as they should think that she ought to marry. The novelty of this romantic adventure having worn off, she began to find that neither the temper nor habits of her husband were more suitable to her than his age. As far as cold courtesy and respectful attention went, she had nothing to complain of; but his days had been passed in camps and fortresses, and the enthusiasm and ardent feelings of Adelaide were things which he either did not understand, or which he looked upon as puerilities and weaknesses. Shut up in the frontier city of Gloucester, she saw none but rough grim warriors cased in iron, compared with whom even Earl Milo appeared a model of grace and elegance. She could not help contrasting the sparkling eye, the vivacious expression of feature, and the polished manner which pervaded the portrait of the Earl of Richmond, with the cold repulsive air of all about her. Imminent as was the danger to which Alan would be exposed, should he venture within the city, still she wished for his arrival; but day followed day, and week followed week, without his making his appearance. Earl Milo began to hope that he had

crossed the Severn higher up the river, and had arrived safely in the territory of Wales.

One evening, as the Constable was walking in the streets of Gloucester, a man passed him closely muffled in his cloak, whose figure reminded him strongly of the person whom he was in search of. He went up and saluted him. The stranger returned his compliment, and removing his cloak displayed features in which Milo could not be mistaken.

"May I pray you, sir," said the Constable, "to accompany me into yon mansion, as I wish to speak a few words to you."

"Nay," said Alan, "I do not know that that would be altogether wise; my hearing is sufficiently acute here to listen to your few words, therefore say on."

"The intelligence which I have to communicate to you," said Milo, "is of importance; and I do not wish every eaves-dropper in Gloucester to be privy to it."

"You look like an honest person," said Alan, taking his hand from his sword, which he had instinctively grasped; "therefore I will e'en be rash enough to follow you."

The Constable then led the way into his house, and he and his guest had no sooner entered and seated themselves, than turning round to the latter quickly, he said, "My Lord of Richmond, you are my prisoner!"

"Say you so?" said Alan, unsheathing his weapon; "then it would not be fair that you should exercise the honourable office of gaoler gratuitously. But eh! who's this?" said he, pausing, "surely I have seen these features before?"

"Even so," said Milo; "surely you recollect the poor soldier of King Henry's army, whom you relieved at the little village of Marigny, and who parted from you expressing a hope that he might one day have an opportunity of evincing his gratitude."

Alan instantly recognised Milo; and the latter informed him of the vigilance and inveteracy of the Empress towards him, and showed him the portrait. He then urged him to abandon his perilous enterprise, endeavouring to convince him of the impossibility

of his pursuing his route without being either slain or made prisoner. The gallant Alan, however, was deaf to all his remonstrances, saying," That having undertaken to perform the task with which his sovereign had entrusted him, he was determined to persevere in it, whatever dangers or difficulties might attend it." Milo, however, sufficiently proved to him that it would be madness for him to attempt to prosecute his journey for some days to come, as soldiers were scouring the country far and wide in search of him. He offered him an asylum in his house until the heat of the pursuit should be over, and then promised to despatch a trusty page with him, who would conduct him by the shortest and safest route into the Welsh territories.

Alan, having accepted the Constable's offer, was introduced into his family as an old but long estranged friend, who had just returned from the Holy Land. He managed his disguise so adroitly, that notwithstanding the extensive circulation of the portrait, it was scarcely possible to recognise him. The wily Earl had performed many feats so much more consummate than the disguise of his own person, that the present crisis appeared to him in the light of a mere pastime. He talked and laughed, and entered so completely into the peculiar humours of all about him, that at last, had he been really discovered to be the Earl of Richmond, it is doubtful whether the most devoted partisans of the Empress in the castle would have had the heart to lay a hand upon him. He had not, however, been in his retreat two days, before he could not help remarking the very peculiar carriage of the Lady Adelaide towards him. Habitually melancholy, especially in the presence of her lord, he observed that she became vivacious and gay when accident left her alone with him, and that, when they parted, her eyes were frequently suffused with tears. At times she seemed on the point of communicating something of importance, when timidity or bashfulness would close her lips. These appearances continued for a fortnight, when the truth flashed on his mind that he had become an object of attachment to this misguided lady. His resolve was instantly made to quit the castle immediately, and at all hazards The peace and honour of his friend, who had ven-

tured so much for his preservation, were now become dearer to him than his own; and the attractions of the Lady Adelaide were such as to make him apprehensive that he could not remain long within their sphere with safety to himself and to her.

"I must go, my friend," said he to the Constable; "I dare not linger here while I have King Stephen's mission to perform, were all the Empress's legions drawn up on my road to intercept me."

"Not so soon, good my lord," returned Earl Milo, "the dangers which environed you are already considerably diminished; and I have no doubt that in a few days the Empress will begin to doubt the accuracy of her information as to your route, and to draw off her troops to stations where they are much more wanted."

The lady reinforced her husband's arguments, and added the usual commonplace persuasions to delay the departure of her guest; but her eyes pleaded still more eloquently and beseechingly, although with no better effect.

"Thanks, worthy host; thanks, fair hostess," said Alan, "but I must be stirring this very evening."

"Nay," said the Constable, "if you are determined upon a speedy departure, let it be at least deferred until the morning. Daybreak will be the most favourable season for you to effect your escape, and I will by that time furnish you with a fleet steed, and place a trusty page upon another, who is intimately acquainted both with the routes which you ought to take, and with those which you ought to avoid, and who will, I trust, conduct you safely to your destination. He is a slender, smooth-chinned fellow, but his fidelity and experience may be relied on."

The reasonableness of this proposition was such as Alan could not object to; he therefore consented to rest another night in the castle. Having despatched his evening meal hastily, he excused himself to his entertainers on account of the arduous journey which he had to undertake in the morning, and retired to his couch.

That couch was one of perturbation and restlessness. His feelings were agitated, both on account of his hurried journey, and of the causes which led to it. He was also conscious of the feeling of restraint with which he took leave of his host, and that it

must have been apparent in his manner. Still, to have entered into any explanation with him would have been to inflict a much deeper wound than that which he should heal by accounting for his own behaviour. These reflections agitated his mind during the greater part of the night; and he had not long sunk into a really sound sleep, when he was awakened by the voice of the page, and saw the grey light of dawn streaming through the lattice. He, however, speedily equipped himself for his journey, and joined the page in the hall, whose slight and boyish person fully answered the description of his master.

"Are our steeds ready, my pretty boy?" said Alan; "we have many a weary mile to traverse to-day. I am not riding out on a day's hawking with a fair lady, where my hardest task would be to lift her to her stirrup, or smooth the feathers of her falcon when they are ruffled."

"All is ready," said the boy, "and half a day's hard riding will bring us to a place of safety."

They were speedily in their saddles. At a sign from the page, the drawbridge was let down, and pacing on it over the yawning gulf beneath, they soon found themselves out of the citadel. The page shortly after produced his master's seal to the sentinel at the city gates, who recognised his authority, and placed them at liberty among the green fields on the banks of the rapid Severn. Alan took a parting glance at the citadel, which he saw towering proudly above the other buildings of the city. He distinguished the turret in which his host and hostess slept, and kept gazing on it so long and so abstractedly that he did not perceive the keen eye of the page fixed intently on his face.

"'Tis the Constable's apartment," said the boy.

Alan started at the sound of his voice. "True," answered he; "and long may he possess the authority in that castle which he so honourably maintains now; and long may he and his fair lady enjoy those blessings of love and domestic peace which no one merits more richly than they do!"

"'Tis a bitter cold morning, sir," said the page; "let us hasten on!"

The page's advice was seasonable, for Alan seemed inclined to linger near the town; and, now that he had made the desperate effort which placed him beyond her attraction, he could not help thinking how lovely and accomplished the Lady Adelaide was. As the walls and turrets of Gloucester faded from his view, he felt as if he had snapped the last link which connected him with the lovely Adelaide.

"How long has your lord been married?" said he to the page.

"Seven weary years," answered the stripling.

"Wherefore sayest thou so?" said Alan. "Is she not as fair a dame as ever graced a court, and her lord as gallant and noble a knight as ever bore arms under any banner?"

"Even so, sir; but a sword as bright as adamant, and a brow as hard, and a heart as cold, may suffice well enough to win the laurel from a foe, but not the heart of a fair lady."

"Boy, your lip trembles as you speak, and your colour changes. What means this emotion? Surely you have not been mad enough to nurse a hope that you have any interest in the heart of the Lady Adelaide?"

"She thinks my cheek," answered the page, "as fair as her own; but it is you, and you only, whom she loves."

Alan started at this extraordinary declaration, and was about to address the page in no very gentle tone, when he observed his colour change, and his sight fail him; and had he not immediately caught him in his arms, he would have fallen from his horse. Alan, having lifted him off, and dismounted himself, laid him on the ground in a state of perfect insensibility. The amazed Earl lost no time in procuring water from the river; and opening his vest, and disencumbering him from his forester's cap, he prepared to sprinkle him with the refreshing element, when, judge of his astonishment at seeing the beautiful bosom of a female, and beholding her dark auburn locks flowing in rich ringlets down to her neck: he also observed that the cheeks and eyebrows had been stained to assist the disguise, and indeed he had no difficulty in recognising the Lady Adelaide.

It was some time before he succeeded in restoring animation;

at length her bright black eyes again unclosed, but a sigh was the only thanks which she breathed to her preserver. The perplexity of Alan increased every moment—the interruption to his journey in the most perilous part of his road was the least embarrassing part of his dilemma. He could not reconcile himself even to the appearance of clandestinely carrying away the wife of his friend; neither could he leave her unprotected and alone, and exposed to the resentment of her husband. Whatever plan he could suggest, honour seemed compromised in one case, gratitude and gallantry in another, and safety in all.

"I perceive," said the lady, observing his irresolution, "that you despise me; well, there are peace and slumber in the bed of yonder Severn, if there be not mercy and compassion on its banks."

As she spake these words, she made a frantic movement towards the river, but Alan detained her. "For Heaven's sake, madam," said he, "judge me not so harshly. But wherefore take so rash a step as this, or trust to one who is himself a wanderer and a fugitive, to afford protection to so much beauty as this?" While he was speaking, the sound of horses's hoofs was distinctly heard at no great distance behind them. "Ah!" shrieked the lady, "'tis Earl Milo,—save me, save me! Let us mount and away, if you would preserve my life and your own."

The suddenness of this surprise, and the eagerness of his companion, left Alan no time for deliberation. They mounted their steeds with what celerity they could, and used their utmost efforts to distance their pursuers. It was evident, however, from the more audible sound of the hoofs, that the latter were gaining rapidly upon them. A sudden turn of the road enabled them, on looking back, to see within a bow's shot of them five men, well mounted and armed, at the head of whom rode Milo.

"Stop, traitor, coward, robber!" shouted the Governor, pointing a bow and arrow at them, "or you and your paramour have not an instant to live."

Alan, seeing that escape was hopeless, reined in his steed, and calmly waited the advance of his pursuer. "My Lord," said he, "I can pardon the epithets which you have just applied to me."

"Pardon!" yelled the other, interrupting him and drawing his sword: "have at thy life's blood, dastard;" and, throwing away his bow, added—"this good steel and this right arm will suffice."

Alan, as he received his assault, stood only on the defensive; but did it so coolly and steadily, that no sooner had his adversary's weapon clashed with his own, than it flew out of his hand to the distance of fifty paces.

"Villains!" said the Constable to his attendants, who at that moment came up with him, "surround him, seize him, 'tis Alan of Brittany!"

The name was echoed by every voice in a tone of exultation and surprise, and in an instant Alan was surrounded and disarmed. He now beheld the crisis of his fate. Even could he succeed in convincing Milo of the injustice of his suspicions (which seemed scarcely possible), still the latter had now gone so far that it was even out of his power, if he wished it, to save him, as the news of his arrest would be immediately communicated to the Empress.

"The dungeons of Gloucester," said he mentally, as he rode between two of Milo's retainers, "will furnish me a dull sort of lodging for a few days; and then the steel, or the cord, or the bowl, will open a passage to the other world for all of Alan of Brittany that can disturb the high-minded and generous Empress in this."

Strictly guarded, the captives, both male and female, rode on towards Gloucester, while the Constable came sadly and moodily behind. The friend for whom, on the preceding evening, he had felt so much veneration and esteem—and the wife, to whom, notwithstanding his cold and reserved manners, he had been tenderly attached, he was now driving before him as criminals and prisoners; and one of them, at least, was devoted to the slaughter. Sometimes the incident at the village of Marigny, and the outstretched hand of Alan, and the open, generous expression of his face, would be painted in most vivid distinctness on his memory; and at others, he fancied that he saw that hand cold and motionless, and that face swollen and discoloured, after a violent and treacherous death. But the destroyer of his domestic peace, the wretch whom he had

sheltered at his own hearth, and who had rewarded him by stealing from that hearth its greatest pride and ornament, was a being for whom no torture or ignominy too great could be devised. He could now account for the suddenness of his departure, and the embarrassment with which he took his leave of him; and every feeling of difficulty and distress with which Alan was overwhelmed by his delicacy for the situation of both parties, was immediately attributed to the fears and the remorse of the seducer and the traitor. Pale and silent, and almost lifeless, with drooping head and dishevelled tresses, Adelaide rode between two persons, to whom her lightest word had usually been a command, and her faintest smile a beam of joy. The dull, monotonous sound of their horses' hoofs was unbroken, except sometimes by a heart-drawn sigh from her, and occasionally by a light Provençal air whistled by Alan; who, except when he cast a look of commiseration on Adelaide, from whom he was too far apart to communicate by words, seemed to take the whole affair as carelessly as if it had been a party of pleasure.

As neither the journey to Gloucester, nor the arrival there, produced any incident which is worthy of record, it will be sufficient to inform the reader simply, that Alan was again furnished with lodgings in the castle; but it was in a dungeon a hundred feet below the level of the Severn, and secured by bars and locks of the strongest and most massive construction. He was not obliged to submit to the indignity of fetters, from which he very naturally conjectured that they did not intend to put him to the trouble of making any very long stay there, or in the world. He, however, remained in this place a whole day, without seeing the expected assassin, and ate heartily of the food which was liberally provided for him, without examining very curiously of what materials it was composed: neither, though he was without conversation, was he entirely without company, for every half hour his gaoler unbarred his prison door, and looked in to see if all were safe. A second day passed in the same manner, and he began to be haunted, not so much by fears for his own life, as by a restless desire to execute the mission with which he was entrusted by his royal master. The

third night came, and weary of waiting for his murderers, he had sunk into a profound sleep, when he was awakened by some one calling upon his name.

"Ready, ready, for you!" said he, starting up; "you have been a long time coming."

"Peace—peace—not so loud," said the Lady Adelaide; for as the light of the lamp which she held in her hand fell upon her pale but beautiful features, he discovered that it was she. "I have mastered them in dissimulation. They thought me too weak and feeble even to lift my head from the pillow, and therefore left me unfettered with bolt or key, and with only one female janitor, who is now too soundly slumbering to wake till long after daybreak. You must begone."

"Show me but how, fair lady, and I would not wait for a second bidding."

"There are two secret passages from this dungeon; the one leads to the apartment from which I have just come, and the other (touching a secret spring in the wall, which immediately opened and showed a door and a flight of steps) will conduct you through a subterraneous passage beyond the castle and the town, when you must trust to your patience and your wit to elude pursuit. The Empress's messenger is expected in Gloucester momentarily, with orders for your assassination; therefore be quick."

"But how can I leave you surrounded by dangers? and even if I follow your advice, my wary gaoler will be looking in, in a quarter of an hour, to see that all is right, and the pursuit which will be instantly set on foot, will soon bring me back again to Gloucester."

"Fear not for me," said she; "my fate is sealed; a few days are to restore me to my parents. Give me your cloak, with which wrapped around me, I can supply your place on yonder couch, and so elude the vigilance of the gaoler until the morning, when I trust that you will be beyond the reach of danger."

"Thanks, generous fair one," said Alan, eagerly kissing her hand; but hearing the gaoler drawing the bolts on the outside, he hastily enveloped her in his cloak and disappeared behind the

secret door, while she threw herself on the couch and assumed the appearance of profound slumber.

"Is the deed done?" said Earl Milo to the gaoler, as about two hours after daybreak he came to the dungeon door of his prisoner.

"The Empress's emissary was not delayed an instant more than was necessary to enable him to transmit his credentials to your lordship, and to receive your warrant for the deed."

"And how did the prisoner suffer?" said the Governor, in a low and hollow voice.

"He was in a profound sleep," said the gaoler. "He heaved a deep sigh as the Norman's steel entered his bosom, and then his spirit fled for ever."

The Constable hid his face in his hands, and uttered a deep groan, while his whole gigantic frame shook like an aspen leaf. "Lead me in to him," he said. "I will once more look upon the face of him who was once my friend, though he died my bitterest enemy."

The prison door was unbarred, and the murdered person was perceived bathed in blood, with his whole form and face enveloped in his cloak; but what was the horror of all present, on unmuffling the body, to see the wan and pale, but still beautiful features of Adelaide, from whom life appeared to have escaped so quickly, that scarcely any mark of a violent death was perceptible except the wound upon her breast.

A few inquiries soon revealed the whole mystery. Adelaide, whom all supposed to have been in such a state of feebleness and exhaustion as to be unable to turn herself on her pillow, had taken advantage of the profound slumber of her attendant (who did not notice her absence until she was roused in the morning to answer the inquiries of the Constable) to find her way through the secret passages of the castle, which were unknown to all but Earl Milo and herself, to the dungeon of the prisoner. There, as the reader has seen, she effected his escape, and, having occupied his place on the prison bed, she sunk into a deep sleep. The emissary of the Empress arrived in the dead of the night with authority to put Alan to death, and Adelaide received the fatal blow which was intended for the man for whom she had ventured so much.

THE SAXON LINE RESTORED

All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue, hail!
GRAY.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

HENRY THE SECOND.

HENRY was crowned King (January, 1155) at Westminster, by Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury.

1157.—The Welsh having invaded England, Henry so completely humbled them that they were obliged to deliver up many of their castles, and permit wide roads to be cut through their woods, that he might in future have the easier access into their country.

1158.—The Duke of Brittany having seized Nantes, on the death of Geoffrey, the King's brother, Henry immediately led an army to Normandy, which very soon retook that town. He then concluded a treaty with Conan, Duke of Brittany, by which he contracted his son Geoffrey, then in his cradle, to the Duke's daughter, Constance.

1162.—Henry, in support of his claim to the province of Toulouse, in right of his wife Eleanor, went over to France and besieged the capital of the province; but Louis VII. threw some troops, commanded by himself, into the town, and obliged Henry to raise the siege.

Soon after this a peace was concluded, and Margaret, Louis's daughter, who had been on a former occasion contracted to Henry's eldest son, was sent into England to be educated. On her arrival there, Henry ordered them to be immediately married, though the bridegroom was only seven years of age, and the bride but three.

The King, desirous of curbing the excessive power of the clergy, took the opportunity of the Archbishopric of Canterbury being vacant, to obtain it for Becket, who had been bred to the law. For this man the King had conceived a great partiality, and made him his Chancellor; he therefore thought him a

proper person to assist him in his design; but he found Becket, from the moment he was consecrated, ready to oppose him in everything.

Henry was so highly exasperated, and so determined on humbling the insolence of the clergy, that he assembled the nobles and prelates, and the Constitutions of Clarendon were at length signed, even by Becket himself They were calculated to take all power out of the hands of the clergy.

Becket, finding that the Pope refused to confirm these Constitutions, declared that he would not conform to them, as he had been forced to sign them, and even did penance for that act. At length his behaviour grew so outrageous towards the King, that Becket, afraid of the consequences, quitted the kingdom, and excited the Pope and the King of France to take part in his quarrel.

1170.—Henry caused his eldest son to be crowned by the Archbishop of York, and to receive on the occasion the homage of the Barons of the kingdom.

Henry was reconciled to Becket, who returned to England.

1171.—The King being in Normandy, still tormented by Becket, exclaimed before his courtiers, "Will no one rid me of this turbulent priest?" The hint was taken; and in a little time it was known that four of his knights had gone privately to Canterbury, and assassinated Becket at the altar; soon after which the Pope canonized him, and threatened to excommunicate Henry for the murder.

Dermot, one of the petty kings of Ireland, craved Henry's aid against some of the other kings of that country; accordingly, he carried over an army, and very soon subdued the country, which the Pope had long previously bestowed on him by a Bull.

During his absence the Queen put his mistress, the fair Rosamond, to death, and prevailed on her sons to revolt against him in France; to forward which design, his eldest son went on a pretended visit to the King of France. The Queen, before Henry's return, had likewise sent over Richard and Geoffrey, for which proceeding she was afterwards closely confined. Another rebellion now broke out, but it was not attended with the success which was expected, the old King defeating his enemies in almost every encounter. In England, Henry's general, the Earl of Bohun, defeated the Earl of Leicester, and afterwards the Scots. William, their King, was taken prisoner, and sent first to Richmond, and afterwards to Normandy.

The King, on his arrival in England, did penance at Canterbury for Becket's murder, permitting himself to be scourged by the monks of St. Augustine.

Henry then reduced the remains of his sons' party in England; and being informed that the King of France in his absence had besieged Rouen, put to sea with a body of troops, and saved the place.

Soon afterwards he concluded a treaty with the French King, notwithstanding the opposition of his son Richard. At last Henry was reconciled to all his sons.

1174.—The King of Scotland was released, but on very hard terms, being obliged to do homage for his kingdom.

1176.—Henry confirmed the laws of Edward the Confessor, and divided England into circuits, on which the judges were to go at stated times to administer justice.

1177.—The King of France wishing to go on pilgrimage to Becket's tomb, Henry met him at Dover and conducted him to Canterbury.

1183.—Prince Henry went over to Guienne for the purpose, as was generally supposed, of forwarding a revolt, but was taken ill and died there.

1185.—Henry sent over his son John as Governor of Ireland, but his bad conduct obliged him to recall him.

1186.—Prince Richard began to raise disturbances in Guienne; but his father, by threatening to disinherit him, put a stop to his proceedings.

Geoffrey, Henry's son, was killed at a Tournament.

1187.—News was received of the overthrow of the Christians, at Tiberiade, by Saladin, Sultan of Egypt, which occasioned the loss of Jerusalem; on which the King of France and Henry took up the cross; but on the eve of their departure they quarrelled, and carried on a bloody war against each other. Richard left his father to join Philip, King of France.

1188.—Henry offered terms of accommodation; but Philip's proposals were too exorbitant to be complied with.

1189.—The King's affairs growing worse, he was forced to agree to Philip's terms: during the negotiation he found out that his beloved son John had been privy to all Philip's and Richard's plots for dethroning him. In the agony of his mind he pronounced a curse upon both his sons, which he could never be persuaded to revoke.

He died in August, at Chinon: and was buried at Fontevrault.

Ryd Pencarn.

Whenever you shall see a mighty king with a freckled face make an irruption into the southern part of Britain, should he cross Ryd Pencarn, then know ye that the might of Cambria shall be brought low.

MERLIN'S PROPHECY.

ABOUT a mile and a half south of the town of Newport in Monmouthshire, there is a small stream which was anciently called Nant Pencarn, and which is very difficult of passage, except at certain times, not so much on account of the depth of its waters as from its hollow and muddy bed. The public road led formerly to a ford, called Ryd Pencarn; that is, the ford under the head of the rock,—from Ryd, which in the ancient British language signifies a ford, Pen the head, and Carn a rock. Of this place Merlin Sylvester had thus prophesied: "Whenever you shall see a mighty prince with a freckled face make a hostile irruption into the southern part of Britain, should he cross Ryd Pencarn, then know ye that the might of Cambria shall be brought low."*

In the reign of the English King Henry the Second, South Wales had been repeatedly attacked by that monarch; but his success had ever been merely temporary, the martial spirit of the Welsh continually breaking out and recovering from him the conquests which he made. The priests and minstrels, who were well acquainted with the prophecy of Merlin, had always watched the approach of this King with the most intense anxiety; for he seemed

* Giraldus Cambrensis.

to be the person pointed out by the seer, being not only a mighty prince, but having a freckled face. He had invaded Wales several times, and had twice crossed Nant Pencarn, but never by the ford which Merlin mentioned. Indeed, this ford had been long disused, as it led over that part of the river where the current was strongest, and a more modern and easier ford was found higher up the stream. Over this latter ford had King Henry formerly passed for the purpose of conquering South Wales, in which purpose, whatever partial advantages might attend the progress of his arms, he was always ultimately unsuccessful.

In the year 1163, during the absence of Henry in Normandy, Rhys ap Gryffid, the immediate heir to the sovereign dignity of South Wales, took the opportunity of throwing off his allegiance to the King of England, and began his revolt by laying siege to the Castle of Llandovery, in Carmarthenshire, of which he soon gained possession. Here he found the beautiful Adelaide de St. Clare, the daughter of the commander of the Castle, Hubert de St. Clare, the Constable of Colchester, who was absent with his sovereign in Normandy. This lady had been betrothed to William de Langualee, a gallant knight, who was also with the King's forces in Normandy, and she was in daily expectation of his return for the purpose of celebrating their nuptials. A noble ransom was offered for her liberation, but Rhys was deaf to every entreaty, and carried her away with him to the mountains. He also subdued the whole of the county of Cardigan; made successive inroads upon the Flemings in Pembrokeshire; and entrenching himself with a formidable army among the mountains of Brecknock, carried terror and devastation into the neighbouring English counties. Other Welsh princes, animated by his example, threw off the English yoke, and the whole country evinced a spirit of independence and resistance, on which Henry and his advisers had not calculated.

In the mean time Henry no sooner arrived in England, than collecting a vast force of English, Normans, Bretons, and Flemings, he proceeded towards South Wales, for the purpose of subduing Rhys ap Gryffid and his adherents. He was accompanied by the most distinguished barons and knights of those nations, and amongst

others by the Constable of Colchester, the father, and William de Langualee, the lover of the lady whom the Welsh prince had got into his power. The most serious apprehensions were entertained even for her life; for the semi-barbarous Welsh, in those days, spared neither sex nor age when they wished to avenge themselves on their enemies. A report had even spread through the English camp that Rhys had given her up to the priests, and that they, who blended many Pagan and Druidical rites with the very imperfect system of Christianity which they professed, intended to offer her up as a propitiatory sacrifice to Heaven, in the hope of thereby averting from their country the calamities which they anticipated from the invasion of King Henry.

The King's forces were within an hour's march of the town of Newport, and were advancing full of hope and enthusiasm, when they came in sight of the Welsh army, which hung like a dark cloud on the top of the mountain which the English were about to ascend. They had not expected to encounter the Welsh before they crossed Nant Pencarn; but they were, nevertheless, not ill prepared to repel the threatened attack. Their first attempt to ascend the hill was met by a shower of arrows and stones; which latter their opponents hurled with tremendous force upon their invaders, and accompanied with fearful and deafening shouts. The English bowmen, however, returned the flight of their foemen's arrows with wonderful precision and effect, and more especially as the Welsh, posted on the summit of the hill, offered a mark which the English archers could scarcely fail to hit. A numerous body of Welsh now descended the hill, armed with long knives, in the use of which weapons they were peculiarly expert, and grappled in close contact with their enemies. The King, wielding his battle-axe, was repeatedly seen surrounded by these assailants; but he as repeatedly hewed his way through them, dealing death at every blow. At length they were forced to retreat, and make their way with the utmost precipitation towards the summit of the hill, where their main force, dreadfully thinned in numbers by the arrows of the English, seemed to be making one more stand, and had drawn their bows for a final attack upon their invaders. At length they rained down a tremendous shower of

arrows upon the English, and then, turning their backs upon them, descended the hill in the opposite direction. Hubert de St. Clare, who stood next to the King, observed an arrow descending, which some unerring arm had aimed at the person of the sovereign, and stepping between him and the winged messenger of death, was just in time to receive the latter in his bosom. He sank to the ground, pierced to the heart. "Hubert, good Hubert," said the King, bending over him, "I trust, thou art not hurt!"

"Farewell, my liege!" said the Constable; "the days of Hubert de St. Clare are numbered—but he dies contented, having saved the life of his lord."

"Nay—nay, my noble soldier!" said the King, "I must not lose thee thus. Support him, good William de Langualee. Would that thy fair daughter were here! She is well skilled in the leech's art, and might perchance heal thy wound."

"Not so—not so," said the old man, on whose eyes the dimness of death was gathering; "her kindest office would be to pray for my soul. But thou, Sir King, hast named my daughter. May the prayer of a dying man find favour in thy royal ear?"

"Name thy petition, good Hubert," said the King: "whatever it may be, I pledge my royal word that it shall be complied with."

"My daughter, my daughter!" faintly articulated Hubert, grasping the King's hand with an energy intended to supply that emphasis which he had not strength to give to his words. "Promise me, that if she yet live thou wilt be a good lord and protector to her; and that if she be no more, thou wilt be her avenger."

"I promise thee," said the King, "if she be alive, she shall wed this my excellent knight, William de Langualee, and I will make her portion equal to an Earl's revenue; and if the savage Welsh have dared to hurt a hair of her head, there is not a town in Cambria that shall not become a monument of King Henry's vengeance."

The old man's eyes had closed under the weight of approaching death, but the King's words revived him for a moment. He gazed fixedly on the monarch, a faint smile played upon his lip, and his eyes glimmered with a bright but dying lustre until their lids once more and for ever fell over them.

During the progress of these events, a band of priests and minstrels had gathered on the southern bank of Nant Pencarn, having the unfortunate Adelaide St. Clare in their custody. As Rhys ap Gryffid with his forces was about to pass the river for the purpose of making that attack upon the English, the unsuccessful issue of which has been just narrated, she had sprung forwards and seized his bridle ere he could cross the ford.

"Save me, save me!" said Adelaide; "surely the generous Rhys ap Gryffid—the descendant of Roderick the Great—delights not in the blood and tears of unfortunate maidens! Save me, save me! —My father is rich, and will pay a princely ransom; King Henry is powerful, and will exact a fearful retribution. Prince of Wales, I charge thee, save me!"

"Maiden, I have no power to assist thee," said the Prince; "I have given thee into the charge of the ministers of God, who will deal with thee as shall seem to them to be most agreeable to His holy will."

Thus saying, he put spurs to his horse, and dashing into the stream, landed speedily at the opposite bank.

"Were it not well to spare the maiden's life?" said one of the priests to him who seemed to be the chief among them.

"That," replied the other, "were to spurn and scoff at the favour of God and St. David, who have delivered her into our hands. Her life shall be spared for a time, until either Prince Rhys return victorious from his attack upon the King, or if he should fail in that attack, until the King shall cross Nant Pencarn by the new ford, and so give assurance that the evil spoken of in Merlin's prophecy is not now to fall upon Cambria. In either event it will be proper to testify our gratitude to God, by offering upon his altar the noblest sacrifice which earth affords—a spotless and high-born virgin."

Of the purport of this conversation, which was held in the ancient British language, Adelaide was ignorant. She had repeatedly endeavoured by her tears, her gestures, and her suppliant postures, to soften the hard-hearted bigots by whom she was surrounded; but in vain, for they looked at her with a grim and sullen ex-

pression of pleasure; and when her cries and lamentations were loudest, they caused the minstrels or cornhiriets (so called from *corn*, a horn, and *hir*, long) to sound their trumpets till the shores of the river echoed with their minstrelsy. The priests stood by her side with their bare knives in their hands, and their keen grey eyes anxiously exploring the distance for some signs of the return of their countrymen who had lately crossed the river. At length, some straggling fugitives were seen running in the greatest disorder towards the river, and were shortly followed by more numerous parties, and finally by Rhys ap Gryffid, with the main body of his forces in full retreat, uttering the most pitiable and discordant cries.

"To the woods! to the woods!" shouted the Prince, as he once more crossed the river; "all is lost if we are overtaken before we arrive there!"

One long, loud note of wailing and lamentation from the instruments of the cornhiriets followed the flight of the Prince and his forces.

"The fall of Cambria is at hand!" said the Priest, who had already interceded on behalf of Adelaide; "let us rather seek our own safety than stay here till the proud conqueror comes. Release this maiden; she has committed no crime; and Heaven will surely not frown upon us because we refrain from the shedding of innocent blood."

"Sayest thou that the fall of Cambria is at hand?" said his superior; "have we not twice before seen the princely Rhys driven across yonder stream with the blood-thirsty English following him; but has not King Henry always crossed the new ford, and shortly afterwards been driven back defeated and disgraced? The fall of Cambria is not at hand until Merlin's prophecy is accomplished. Until that proud King shall cross Ryd Pencarn, Cambria, however fortune may frown upon her for a moment, is sure of final victory. Brethren and friends, listen to me! Here let us wait until King Henry has crossed the new ford and put his foot on the southern bank of the stream. Then testify your gratitude to Heaven for the preservation once more afforded to us,—bury your knives in the maiden's bosom, and flee."

One hoarse murmur of acquiescence and applause followed this address, and the band again folded their arms and gazed sternly across the stream. They had not gazed long before the English, whom the superior swiftness and better knowledge of the country, on the part of the Welsh, had left a short distance behind, appeared in full pursuit. "They come! they come!" exclaimed the priests; "they approach the new ford! Minstrels, prepare to celebrate the event which once more ensures the safety of Cambria—brethren, be ready to strike the blow which shall testify your gratitude for the deliverance of your country!"

King Henry rode a considerable distance in advance of his forces, and putting spurs to his horse, plunged into the new ford. At that moment he saw a dozen knives raised on the opposite bank, and then suspended inactive for a moment, as if the wielders waited to observe his further movements, while the trumpets of the cornhiriets blew a blast of exultation and defiance with which the woods, the rocks, and the shores of the river loudly resounded. The King's horse, startled by the flash of the knives and the wild and unusual sounds of the instruments, reared and plunged, and refused to obey the spur: in vain did Henry endeavour to impel him through the stream; he backed until he had nearly thrown his rider, and then turning suddenly round, he bore him back to the point at which he had entered the river. The King, as soon as his steed had recrossed with him, gathered up the reins in violent wrath; and as every effort to make the animal pass that ford was unavailing, he hastened lower down the bank, and galloped over by Ryd Pencarn, which he crossed with the greatest rapidity. One long, loud shout of execration and wailing burst from the Welsh, as they saw the King step on the southern bank of the river. The priests let fall their knives, the cornhiriets threw away their instruments, and the whole party fled with the rapidity of the forest deer to the woods, leaving Adelaide St. Clare uninjured and alone.

The main body of the English had now crossed the stream, and directed their course towards the woods for the purpose of overtaking the fugitives. The pursuers were better mounted than the

Welsh, and were therefore in great hopes of cutting off their retreat. The King, with three or four attendants, rode up to the spot where Adelaide lay almost breathless with anxiety and terror.

"Sweet maiden!" said Henry, "lift up your head; your foes are fled, and there are none but friends around you now—Henry Plantagenet is by your side, and craves to know your name." Adelaide raised her head and gazed in the King's face. "Ha! by Heaven!" added the Monarch, "the fair St. Clare! Now can I perform the promise which I made to the dying request of her gallant father."

"Ha!" said Adelaide, whom the King's last words had roused from the stupor into which the fearful trial through which she had lately passed had thrown her; "is my noble father dead?"

"He died, sweet maiden, as he lived, in honour and glory. His breast was his sovereign's shield; he received in his loyal heart that arrow which was destined for my own."

"Then," said Adelaide, lifting up her hands to Heaven, "dear father! why should I mourn your death? Why not rather lament that the knife of the ruthless Welshman has not made me a partaker of your bliss?"

"Nay, sweet Adelaide!" said the King, smiling and taking her hand, "why not rather take the earliest opportunity of performing that act the anticipation of which gilded your father's dying features with a smile—the celebration of your nuptials with William de Langualee?" The lady blushed, and gently endeavoured to disengage her hand from the King's grasp. At that moment a tremendous shout was heard, and the rear of the English forces was observed to desist from the pursuit, and, turning back, move towards the spot on which King Henry and the Lady Adelaide stood.

"Laurels, my liege, laurels!" said Sir Alan Fitzwalter, advancing towards them, "for the brave knight William de Langualee!"

"What is thy news, good Sir Alan?" asked the King, "and what, more especially, of William de Langualee?"

"He has taken Rhys ap Gryffid prisoner, my liege, together

with Owen Cyvveilioc, Owen Brogyntyn, and the three sons of Madoc ap Meryddyd. All these princes have laid down their arms to him, and are approaching your royal presence to crave pardon for their rebellion and do homage to your Grace."

The tidings of the last speaker were soon confirmed by the arrival of William de Langualee with his princely prisoners. "First," said the King, "thou gallant knight! receive the noblest reward which it is in my power to bestow, the hand of the Lady Adelaide de St. Clare."

William rushed to the lady, whom he had not beheld since his departure to Normandy, and of whose safety, until that moment, he had not been assured. "Dearest Adelaide!" he exclaimed, as he folded her in his arms, "said not King Henry well?"

"Sir Knight," she said, turning from him, "is this a time to talk of nuptials, when the blood from my father's death-wound has not yet ceased to flow?"

"Lady," said the knight, "the pang of that death-wound was assuaged alone by King Henry's assurance that this white hand and mine should be joined together."

The lady blushed again, and some annalists say that the tears which she let fall for her father were gilded by a smile for her own true knight. Certain it is, that she did not again attempt to withdraw her hand from his grasp, and heard the following words spoken by King Henry without uttering a single expression of negation or disapproval.

"Guard the fair prize well, Sir William! 'Tis thine, alike as the bequest of her sire, and the trophy won by thy own right hand. To-morrow we shall proceed to Cardiff Castle, and see thy nuptials solemnized. And now, my Lords and Princes of Wales," he added, turning to the prisoners, "ye have led us a long and weary journey from Neustria to Cambria; and, now that we are arrived here, what would ye with us?"

"Great King!" said Rhys ap Gryffid, "we acknowledge our fault, and will no longer contend against the power of your Grace and the decrees of destiny. We saw this day that the finger of Heaven was against us, when your Majesty crossed yonder river

by the ford called Ryd Pencarn; for of that place Merlin Sylvester has prophesied, that when a mighty prince with a freckled face shall make a hostile irruption into Southern Britain, and shall cross Ryd Pencarn, then shall the might of Cambria be brought low."

"Ha!" said the King, "then was my gallant steed, who refused to bear me by the new ford, of a right English breed. But, Princes, how shall I be assured of your allegiance, and that you will no more resist my authority, if I restore you to your liberty?"

"We are ready, my liege," said Rhys, "to deliver hostages. My two sons shall be given up into your hands, and these princes are prepared with pledges of equal value, to insure their fidelity and allegiance to your Grace."

"Then," said the King, "I will once more receive your homage, and give you licence to depart free and fetterless."

Then did the Welsh princes, in the presence of the assembled English knights and barons, kneel down before the King, and placing their hands in his, swear fealty to him, and do him homage, acknowledging him to be their liege lord, and promising in all things to be faithful and true to him and his successors.

Thus was the prophecy of Merlin accomplished, the might of Cambria brought low, and the sovereign authority of the King of England acknowledged throughout the principality.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

1189.—RICHARD, son of Henry, surnamed Cœur de Lion, a little time after his father's death went over to England and was crowned at Westminster.

He immediately released his mother, who had been long in confinement, and soon afterwards put her at the head of his affairs.

Richard gave up the sovereignty over Scotland for a large sum, alienated the crown lands, and exerted every other means in his power to fill his coffers, for the purpose of enabling him to proceed on a Crusade to the Holy Land.

1190.—He began his expedition, and met Philip, King of France, at Vezelai. They parted on their route at Lyons, but met again at Messina.

Richard then sailed to Cyprus, where he landed his troops, took possession of the island, and made the King and his daughter prisoners: the former he sent a captive to Tripoli; the latter he took with him to Palestine.

Whilst Richard was proceeding to the Holy Land, Longchamp his Chancellor, whom he had left Regent in England, was, in consequence of his barbarity and rapacity, banished the kingdom, and Prince John assumed the conduct of public affairs.

Richard gained great glory in Palestine by his martial exploits; but he affronted the Duke of Austria at the siege of Acre, for which he subsequently suffered very severely.

1192.—Philip, becoming jealous of Richard's great fame, abandoned the Crusade, and returned to France. Saladin was soon after defeated by Richard, who then marched towards Jerusalem; but being deserted by the Dukes of Austria and Burgundy, he concluded a truce with Saladin for three years, and then prepared for his return to Europe.

1193.—Richard embarked at Ptolemais for Europe; but being shipwrecked near Aquileia, from ignorance he travelled towards Vienna, in the Duke of Austria's dominions, where being known, he was seized by the Duke, and delivered a prisoner to the Emperor, who detained him in the hope of acquiring a large ransom.

The Emperor, to furnish some pretext for his detention of the King of England, carried him before the Diet of the Empire, and charged him with crimes committed by him as Commander of the Christians in Palestine. Richard defended himself so ably, that all the Princes of the Empire interfered

for his release, which accordingly, in 1194, took effect, notwithstanding the great offers made by his brother John, and Philip, King of France, to the Emperor, if he would detain him. Richard was obliged to agree to give one hundred and fifty thousand marks for his ransom, to pay part of this sum in ready money, and to give hostages for the remainder.

John having, in his brother's absence, endeavoured to possess himself of the crown, his estates were confiscated and himself excluded from the succession.

1195.—Richard went over to France, and carried on a war against Philip with varied success for upwards of four years; but both Kings being tired of their long contests, they made a truce for five years.

1199.—Richard was killed at the siege of the castle of Chalus in France.

The Three Palmers.

Yo soy Ricardo, que en deciros esto
Pienso que esta abonada mi persona,
Pues todo lo que valgo manifesto,
Y quanto puedo hacer, el nombre abona.
Jerusalem Conquistada, de LOPE DE VEGA.

IT was about the hour of noon on a fine autumnal day, in the year 1193, that three men, whom their dresses and the white staves which they bore in their hands proclaimed to be Palmers, entered the little village of Ginacia, which is situated about five miles from the city of Vienna. They seemed worn with toil and travel, their garments were coarse and wretched even for persons of their description, and they had suffered their hair and beards to grow to an immoderate length. He who seemed to direct the movements of the three was very tall, and displayed a figure of remarkably fine proportions. His limbs seemed of Herculean strength, his eyes were blue and sparkling, and his hair of a bright yellow colour inclining to red. As he strode along, a short distance in advance of his companions, his gait and gestures gave him more the air of a monarch or a conqueror than of a meek and pious pilgrim. Occasionally, however, he seemed to recollect the sacred character which he had assumed, and to make an effort to tame down the imperious expression of his features, into something like humility and sanctity. His companions were frequently seen, although with evident deference and respect, to remonstrate with him on his bearing, which he sometimes answered by altering the

mode of his behaviour in the manner above-mentioned ; but more frequently by an obstreperous laugh, by lifting up his brawny hand, which seemed better fitted to grasp the battle-axe than the palmer's staff, or by carolling a stave or two of some popular Provençal ditty.

Another peculiarity was remarked in the conduct of the Palmers as they travelled from town to town, that instead of soliciting alms, hey seemed to be profusely supplied with money, which they expended freely, and even lavishly. The tall Palmer too—for so he was designated—took great pains to conceal his features with his hood, and to avoid the castles and palaces of the great, which were the places into which such persons in general were most anxious to obtain admittance. On the present occasion they gave another instance of the strangeness of their conduct, by stopping at the miserable hovel which was the only thing in the shape of an inn or hostelry appertaining to the village of Ginacia, instead of proceeding on to Vienna, where they might procure the best fare and lodging.

They had no sooner arrived at this hovel, than the contents of their wallet proved that they had not been forgetful of the wants of the flesh. A noble goose was produced and placed upon the spit, and the operation of cooking it was sedulously performed by the tall Palmer himself. The host's recommendations of his wines were not attended to ; but the travellers produced their own flagons from their wallets, remunerating the host, however, in the same manner as if they had partaken of his vintage.

" By my troth," said the Palmer, as the dinner smoked upon the board, and his blue eyes flashed fire in anticipation of the banquet, " Multon, Doyley, our labour has not been in vain. Holy Palmers, show your piety by your zeal in appropriating the blessings which Heaven has bestowed upon you."

" Reverend Father," said Doyley, in a tone of deprecation, but following nevertheless the example of good feeding which his tall brother had set him, " methinks that your conversation still savours too much of the vanities and indulgences of this sinful world. I doubt not, that should it please Heaven to restore you to all that you

have lost, you will cherish as ardently as ever what the good Curate of Neuilly called your three daughters—Pride, Avarice and Lust."

"Nay, in verity, holy brother," replied the other, "I have resolved to part with all three; and to give the first to the Templars, the second to the Monks, and the third to the Bishops."

A hearty laugh followed this sally, and the holy men then returned to their repast with redoubled vigour. "Multon, friend," said the tall Palmer, "we must be wary—we are watched. The Duke, you know, loves me not; and were I to fall into his hands, it would be long again ere I should see the merry land in which I was born. That minstrel who has trod so closely on our heels is a spy, I warrant ye; and his features and accent, however he may try to disguise them, prove him to be English. Nevertheless, we are here with hearty good cheer before us, and reverend pilgrims though we be, the stirrup-cup and the song must not be forgotten. Let us quaff one cup to the Countess Soir—another to the land we are hastening to—a third to the confusion of the Paynims;—and then join me in the lay which we trolled out yesternight."

The cups were quaffed with most laudable alacrity and vigour, and then the three joined in the following ditty:—

"Come, fill up the tankard, the wisest man drank hard,
And said that when sunk in care,
The best cure, he should think, would be found in good drink,
For where can cures lurk if not there?

"Trowl, trowl, the bonny brown bowl,
Let the dotard and fool from it flee:
Ye sages, wear ivy; and, fond fellows, wive ye,
But the bonny brown bowl for me.

"Let old Time beware, for if he should dare
To intrude 'midst companions so blithe,
We'll lather his chin with the juice of the bin,
And shave off his beard with his scythe."

While the Palmers were thus piously occupied, they had not observed a minstrel who entered the room, and placing himself at its farthest extremity leaned upon his harp, and gazed intently at them. There was a strange mixture of intelligence and malignity

in the expression of his countenance as he curiously scanned the features of the tall Palmer. When the song was concluded, he rose, and, approaching the festive board, made a lowly obeisance. The reverend trio started as if they had seen a spectre. "Ha!" said he who had answered to the name of Doyley; "'tis the spy minstrel!—What would ye with us, man? We are Palmers, with whose reverend characters it would ill accord to listen to the wanton and profane ditties of wandering minstrels."

"Nay," said the minstrel, "I know many a fytte to which your ears, most holy fathers, might listen, and your cheeks never blush. I can tell you of the exploits of good Christian knights in the Holy Land, of holy Peter the Hermit, of Godfrey of Bulloign, and of brave King Richard of England."

"Nay, nay," said the tall Palmer, "prithee, begone; we have our frugal meal to despatch, our prayers and penance to perform, and to retire early to our humble beds, that we may be stirring betimes in the morning."

"Ye are discourteous churls," said the minstrel, "and ye shall one day remember, to your cost, that ye gave the minstrel neither meat nor drink, and would not listen to his ditty."

Thus saying, the minstrel took up his harp, and with a look of defiance left the apartment.

Although the meal of the Palmers was not quite so frugal, nor their prayers and penances so exemplary as they wished the minstrel to believe, yet the beds on which they stretched themselves to pass the night did not belie the humble character which they had ascribed to them. The travellers, however, were well disposed to slumber, and the fatigues of the day's journey, as well as the fumes of the wine cup, combined to transform the three straw pallets which the host had spread out for them in their apartment into very luxurious couches. The tall Palmer's mind was not inactive, although his body was quiescent. A thousand visions of a thousand things, presented themselves to the mind's eye of the sleeper. War and tumult, and ignominy and imprisonment, and triumph and love, and dominion, occupied by turns his imagination. Once he fancied himself entering a great city

amidst the acclamations of assembled thousands—warriors and statesmen and churchmen hailed him as their lord—a fair and well-known face welcomed him with smiles—a disloyal and treacherous brother threw himself at his feet, craving pardon and expressing penitence—and a reverend prelate placed a crown upon his brows, and breathed a benediction on the soldier of the cross. At that moment he thought that the fair lady laid her hand upon his arm; but her touch, instead of being light and gentle, was so heavy and violent, that it dispelled his dream; and starting from his sleep, he found himself in the grasp of an armed man. The tall Palmer, however, was not a person to be easily overpowered. As lightly as the lion shakes the dew-drop from his mane, did he shake off his assailant, and then clenching his unarmed hand, aimed so tremendous a blow at his steel casque that it felled him to the ground. He found, however, that the apartment was full of men similarly armed, and that his two companions were secured and bound. The intruders, for a moment, shrank back, appalled at the gigantic strength of their opponent. "'Tis Diabolus," said one. "'Tis he, or that other one whom we seek," returned another, "for no one else could have aimed a blow like that: but close round him; we are surely too numerous, and too well armed, to be daunted by one naked man."

The odds against the tall Palmer were indeed fearful, but he defended himself for a long time against his assailants. At length, however, two men, stealing behind him, seized his hands, and contrived to slip a gauntlet over them, by which they made them fast. The Palmer, then seeing that in the game at which he was most expert, fighting, he was foiled, began to resort to means which he much more rarely made use of, expostulation and remonstrance. "How now, my masters," he said; "what mean ye? are ye Christian men, to assault three poor religious persons who are travelling on their way home from the Holy Land?"

"Nay, nay," said the minstrel, for he was among the number of these unwelcome visitors; "they are no Palmers; and when my lord recovers from the effect of that unchristian blow, he will soon

be able to recognise in this holy man a person who has before bestowed his favours upon him."

"Men and Christians!" said the Palmer, "I charge ye, as ye would avoid the malison of Heaven and of Holy Church, let us pass our way."

The threat of ecclesiastical censure seemed to produce some effect upon the grim soldiers; but the minstrel perceived that the person whom the Palmer had stricken to the ground was recovering: "Arise, my Lord," he said; "once more behold this man, and say if the tale that I told thee is not true."

The Duke, for such he was, approached the Palmer, and each, by the glare of the torches, gazed on the other, and beheld the features of the individual to whom, of all mankind, he bore the most deadly hatred.

"'Tis Richard of England!" said the Duke; "the betrayer of the Christian cause; the assassin of Conrad of Montferrat; the friend of usurpers and infidels."

"Leopold of Austria," said Richard, "thou art a liar and a coward! Keep on thy case of steel, and unfetter but one of these hands, and then repeat what thou hast now said, if thou darest."

"Bear him to the Emperor at Hagenau," said the Duke, "with his companions. My good Sir Fulk Doyly, and my Lord Thomas of Multon, did you think that I would allow you to traverse my territories without paying you the courtesy of a visit?"

"Thou art a traitor, Leopold!" said Lord Multon; "a traitor to God, and to the holy cause which thou didst swear to maintain in Palestine!"

"Away with the King," said Leopold; "if *he* may be called a King whose brother wears his crown, and who is prisoner to a Duke. Away with him, and let the Knight and Baron bear him company."

The journey from Ginacia to Hagenau afforded no events with which it is necessary that the reader should be acquainted. Arrived in that city, the princely Richard was immediately thrown into a dungeon; and although he offered the Emperor a large sum for ransom money, that monarch preferred the malignant satisfac-

tion of holding so renowned and powerful a prince in his custody, to the gratification of his darling passion, avarice. With the news of the capture of the far-famed King of England, spread exaggerated reports of the strength of his arm and his personal prowess. It was expected that with his own unarmed strength he would be able to tear down the walls of his prison and to effect his escape. Among those who listened most eagerly and with the greatest impatience to these reports was Prince Arthur, the Emperor's only son. The prince was considered the bravest knight and the strongest man in Germany. The narration of the feats of Richard gave him no small uneasiness, and he ardently longed for an opportunity of trying his strength with the English monarch. He had visited the royal captive several times in his dungeon, and it was by his courtesy that the King was treated with the respect and attention which were due to so distinguished a person, even although fallen into adversity. After the English had, by means of the well-known adventure of Blondel, the minstrel, discovered in whose custody their monarch was, and made large offers for his liberation, the Prince endeavoured to persuade his father to accept their terms, but without success. Besides his sympathy for the unmerited sufferings of his father's prisoner, the chivalrous prince was desirous to see him at liberty, that they might meet each other on equal terms, and try fully and fairly the strength of their respective arms. At length, however, he became so impatient of delay, and so emulous of the King of England's reputation for strength, that he wrung from the Emperor his consent that a day should be appointed on which he and Richard should each give and receive a blow in order to ascertain which of them was the stronger. Richard smiled when he received the Prince's challenge to meet him on this occasion, and expressed his willingness to abide the ordeal.

On the day appointed, the Emperor and Empress, the Princess Margaretta, and the principal persons about the Court, assembled in the great hall of the castle of Hagenau, for the purpose of witnessing this trial of strength. The dark eyes of Margaretta glistened with wonder and delight as the King of England, of

whom she had heard so much, but had never yet seen, strode into the hall. His gigantic form, his sinewy limbs, and the haughty, undaunted expression of his features, filled her with apprehensions on her brother's account; and yet there was something in her heart which would not allow her to wish that the latter might be successful. The Prince seemed to entertain no fear for the result: in outward appearance, the combatants seemed pretty nearly matched: the Prince was as tall and muscular as the King; he had sustained the assault of many a celebrated warrior, and had as yet withstood the blows of the mightiest unmoved. They were neither of them armed, but were clad in silken tunics, and wore Oriental turbans on their heads.

"Richard of England," said Arthur, "if thou wouldest forbear this trial thou mayest, but acknowledge that thou darest not compete with me, and give me that jewel in thy bonnet in token of that acknowledgment."

"Arthur of Austria," said Richard, "I came not here to prate; and if the Emperor has only exhibited his prisoner this day that he may listen to the vain vauntings of his son, the sooner he consigns him back to his dungeon the better. I am ready, Prince, to bear thy blow, but I lack both wit and spirit to listen or reply to thy tauntings."

"Forbear, forbear, Arthur," said the Princess, "and provoke not this rash quarrel farther; acknowledge the King of England's superior prowess. Surely an unknown knight like thee may, without discrediting thyself, make such an acknowledgment to the most renowned warrior in Christendom."

"Peace, idle girl," said the Prince. "And now, King Richard, look to thyself. Stand firm, or the fame of thy prowess is eclipsed for ever."

Thus saying, he raised his arm, clenched his hand, which seemed massy and ponderous as iron, and aimed a blow at Richard's head, which those who beheld it accompanied with a shriek of horror and dismay. The King, however, received it with his arms folded, his eye wandering carelessly round the hall, and unshaken as the trunk of the oak by the gentle breeze of summer. The

shriek was instantly changed into an expression of admiration and wonder.

"Did the Prince strike me?" said Richard, turning round to his opponent. "Give me your hand, young sir; now fare you well, and may you be more successful in the future trials of your strength."

"Nay, nay, Sir King," said the Prince, detaining him; "this semblance of courtesy suits me not. The proud barons of England must not say that their King disdained to try his strength on the Almain prince. Here stand I ready to receive thy blow. Thou wilt not! Then here do I proclaim thee a coward, and no true knight. Thy strength consists in resistance, and not in assault. Thou art fearful to try thy arm on me, because thou knowest that thy blow will not produce an effect even equal to that which I have bestowed upon thee."

The King turned shortly round upon the Prince. There was an expression of determination, but not of violent effort, in his features. He, in his turn, clenched his hand, raised his arm, and darting his blow with the velocity of lightning at the Prince, the latter fell lifeless to the ground.

"He's slain! he's slain!" shrieked the Empress; "the cold-hearted Englishman has murdered my boy!"

All present instantly crowded round the corpse, and every effort was used, but unsuccessfully, to restore to it animation. "It is in vain—it is in vain!" said the Emperor. "Oh, Heaven!" he added, clasping his hands, "he was my only son—my only hope."

The Empress gazed on the body sternly and silently; then, turning to her husband, "It is the finger of Heaven," she said; "thy wickedness and violence in detaining this King thy prisoner, have drawn down the wrath of God upon us. Release him and let him go, lest a worse evil befal us."

"Now, by Our Lady," said the Emperor, "rather will I let him rive the life from me, as well as from my son. Away with him! Sink him in the deepest and most loathsome dungeon of the castle; and load those proud limbs with fetters, till their cruel and unnatural strength be reduced to infantile weakness."

Richard cast a grim look of defiance and triumph on his imperial gaoler, and followed his guards silently to his place of durance.

The Emperor's commands were strictly and relentlessly obeyed. The captive King was thrust into a subterranean dungeon, from which the light and the breath of heaven were alike excluded; his limbs were loaded with irons, and neither meat nor drink was provided for him. But the stout heart of Richard Plantagenet was not easily daunted. His guards heard him singing as gaily and as lightly as if his prison were a lady's bower, although the only accompaniment to his music was the dull, heavy clank of the footsteps of his gaoler as he paced backwards and forwards on the outside of the dungeon.

"Oh lady, lady fair,
My heart is full of thee;
And no frown but the frown of thy dark blue eyes,
And no sighs but thy own white bosom's sighs,
Can ever work sorrow in me.

"Oh lady, lady fair,
The Paynim has fled from me;
I have slain the knight who bade me kneel,
I have answered the threats of kings with steel,
But I bend my knee to thee.

"Oh lady, lady fair,
A sceptre has pass'd from me,
And an empire been reft—yet still I command
A nobler sceptre—thy own white hand,
And more than an empire in thee."

As the captive concluded his song, he heard his prison door slowly unbarring; and shortly afterwards the gaoler entered, holding a torch in one hand, and leading a lady by the other.

Richard started at this apparition, and gazing on the features of his fair visitor, recognised the Lady Margaretta.

"And can your mind find leisure, Sir King, in so dismal a lodging as this, to chant the praises of your lady fair?" asked the Princess.

"The true knight," answered the King, "can always find leisure

for such an occupation, especially when his lady fair is so near him as mine was."

As he spoke, he gazed earnestly at the lady, who blushed deeply and hung down her head. The gallant monarch was always ready to make love; and although the subject of his song was a lady between whom and him wide seas and lofty mountains were set, yet he did not hesitate to assure Margaretta that it was she, and she only, who occupied his thoughts; and that ever since he had beheld her in the morning, he had forgotten his own sorrows in the contemplation of her surpassing beauty.

"I come to free thee,' said the lady: "I come to deserve thy thanks, thy gratitude—I dare not say thy love. Yet, if I unloose thy fetters, thou must take under thy protection the helpless being to whom thou wilt owe thy deliverance."

"Sweetest lady! I will wander to the end of the world with thee—or better, thou shalt flee with me to merry England. There eyes almost as bright as thine will smile on thee a joyous welcome. Fair damsels and steel-clad barons shall alike bless thee for restoring their monarch to them."

"'Tis now dead midnight," said the lady: "all the inmates of the castle, save the sentinels, are sunk in profound slumber. We dare not attempt to pass through the castle gates, but must ascend to my chamber. A ladder of ropes is fastened to the casement, by which we may safely descend; and then we shall find three palfreys, for thyself, for me, and for Rudolph, thy tender-hearted gaoler, who dares not stay behind thee."

"Thanks, generous damsel," said the King. "A few hours' hard riding will conduct us to the forest, within whose recesses we may devise means of disguise and concealment, and of finding our way to some of the ports in Flanders, in all of which there are vessels from England ready and anxious to facilitate the return of their king. But these fetters, lady, must not be the companions of our journey."

Rudolph had, however, provided for that emergency. He speedily unlocked the fetters, and the King of England once more stood up an unshackled, if not a free man. At that moment a

hideous outcry pervaded the castle. The word of alarm was heard passing from sentinel to sentinel, and torches were seen approaching in the direction of the King of England's dungeon.

"She's gone—she's fled!" said a female voice, which was immediately recognised to be that of the Empress. "I found her chamber deserted, and a ladder of ropes attached to the casement. This ill-omened violence of thine will prove the ruin of our house."

"Peace, woman, peace!" said the Emperor: "let us see if our prisoner be safe. Ha!" he added, as with about a dozen followers, who brandished their naked swords above their heads, he came within view of the object of his search. "Behold the traitor with that dishonoured minion in his arms. Smite him! slay him! the murderer of your Prince—the betrayer of my daughter."

The myrmidons were not slow in obeying the commands of their master, and advanced towards the unarmed captive. Margaretta, who was lying in his arms in a state of death-like stupor, seemed roused by the flash of their sabres, and exclaiming "Save him—spare him!—back—back," rushed between the intended victim and his assassins, and received the weapon of the foremost in her bosom. A dreadful shriek was was uttered by every voice; the uplifted swords, fell, one and all to the ground; and Margaretta, bathed in blood, sunk at the feet of her father.

"Her heart is pierced! she's dead—she's dead!" shrieked the Empress: "woe to our house, woe worth the hour in which violent hands were laid upon the sacred person of a Christian King: woe, woe to me; my son—my daughter—where are ye?"

The Emperor stood for a moment mute, and still as a statue. The red flush of anger, which had inflamed his features, was succeeded by a livid paleness, and the fierce rolling of his eye seemed to be giving place to the glassy glare of mortality. At length, his brow grew black as night, and his lip quivered with a malignant smile, as he asked, in a low and stifled voice:

"Is not the den of my Numidian lion situated opposite the dungeon of the prisoner?"

"It is my liege," answered an attendant; "the doors face each other, and are separated only by this narrow corridor."

"Thrust back the traitor to his cell then," said the Emperor, "and let loose the beast upon him. That princely brute shall be my avenger."

The Empress caught her husband's arm, and gazed with a look of deprecation in his face. The stern, inflexible expression there seemed to freeze her into silence, and she sunk to the earth. In the meantime, the attendants prepared to force King Richard back to his dungeon; but folding his arms, and with a smile of mingled triumph and contempt on his features, he spared them the effort by walking tranquilly thither. The door of the lion's den was then immediately unbarred, and the furious animal sprung to the entrance. The glare of the torches arrested his progress for a moment, and as he rolled his red eye round upon them, the spectators had an opportunity of observing his dimensions. He was above eight feet in length, and nearly five feet and a half in height. His long shaggy mane extended from the top of the head to below the shoulders, and hung down to the knees. His feet were armed with claws which seemed to be nearly two inches long; and while his right fore-foot was advanced, he lashed the earth with his tail, and gazed intently into the opposite cell, in which his destined victim awaited his attack. An instant afterwards he uttered a dreadful roar, and sprung towards Richard. He attempted to spring upon him from above; but the King, with his clenched hand, smote him so violent a blow on the breast, that he reeled back in a breathless state, while volumes of smoke issued from his mouth and nostrils. A murmur of approbation and applause, which was gathering from the assembled spectators, was instantly hushed on beholding the still stern features of the Emperor. Again did the animal spring upon King Richard, and again did the latter, with the same Herculean strength, repel the attack. The animal now stood at the door of his den, as if willing, yet fearful, to renew the assault; he stamped violently with his feet, beat his sides with his tail, erected the hair of his head and mane, and opening wide his mouth, displayed his angry teeth, and again set up a tremendous roar. The Emperor and his attendants shrunk back appalled; but what was their astonishment

at seeing the King, in his turn, become the assailant, and, rushing from his cell, dart upon the incensed animal, and thrust his arm down his throat. For a moment the lion struggled with his audacious assailant, reared and plunged, and seemed to shake even the strong foundations of the castle with his struggles. Then the death-rattle was heard in his throat; his limbs, after quivering for an instant, were stretched rigid and motionless on the ground; and Richard, drawing forth his arm, displayed the heart of the ferocious animal in his grasp.

"God save King Richard!" burst from the lips of every one present. "The right hand of God is stretched over the Soldier of the Cross. The powers of Heaven fight in the cause of Heaven's chosen servants." Such were the exclamations which rang in the ears of the undaunted monarch, while the beaming eyes and agitated features of the spectators testified their admiration and astonishment still more strongly. "The will of Heaven be done!" said the Emperor, approaching his captive. "I have already paid dearly enough, King Richard, for detaining you in my custody, and will not tempt the wrath of Heaven further. Say, is the ransom money ready?"

"Three hundred thousand marks is the sum demanded," said King Richard scornfully. "Is it not, most generous Emperor?"

"Talk not of ransom," said the Empress to her husband, "lest, even while we are speaking, this strong-ribbed castle should totter to its base, and overwhelm us in one general ruin."

"Nay, nay, madam," said Richard; "the people of England are not such churls as to deny that sum to purchase the freedom of their King, nor do I wish to be indebted to the generosity of the Emperor Henry. The ambassadors from England are now in this city, prepared to pay down two-thirds of the proposed ransom and to deliver hostages for the remainder. Say, Emperor, shall their demands be acceded to?"

"Even so," said the Emperor; and while his avarice and fear wrung this reluctant consent from his malignity and cruelty, the big drops rolled from his temples down his cheeks, his lips quivered, and his knees trembled from the violence of the internal struggle.

The sequel to this history is too well known to be here repeated. King Richard was set at liberty, and, with his two companions who had acted the parts of his fellow Palmers, arrived safely in England on the 20th March, 1194. He was received by his subjects with demonstrations of unbounded joy; his exploits became familiar topics of conversation amongst all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest; and, above all, his adventure with the lion was made the theme of universal wonder and eulogy, and procured for him his popular surname of *Cœur de Lion.**

---

* This tale is founded on the old metrical romance of Richard Cœur de Lion, published by Mr. Weber.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

JOHN.

1199.—JOHN was crowned in London, by Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury.

The English provinces in France declared in favour of Prince Arthur, the son of John's eldest brother, Geoffrey, and applied to Philip, as their superior lord, for assistance, who took Arthur and his mother Constance under his protection.

1202.—Philip instigated Prince Arthur and the Earl of Marche to invade John's French provinces; but John went over to France, defeated, and made them both prisoners, with many others. Arthur he caused to be confined at Rouen; but the Prince soon afterwards disappearing, it was universally believed that John had himself murdered him, and thrown his body into the Seine.

John was cited before Philip and his barons, to answer for the murder of his nephew on French ground, where he was only a vassal. Not appearing, he was sentenced to forfeit all the possessions he held of the King of France,—a sentence which Philip, with great eagerness, proceeded to execute.

1204.—By this year Philip had restored to the French kingdom all the provinces that John possessed, except Guienne and Poitou. John, for a long time, seemed unaffected by these disasters, and continued to give himself up to pleasure and dissipation. At last he went over to England, where, by his multiplied exactions and cowardice, he so exasperated his nobles, that they only waited for an opportunity to be revenged.

The succession to the Archbishopric of Canterbury occasioned a quarrel betwixt John and Pope Innocent III. The Pope laid an interdict on the kingdom, absolved John's subjects from their allegiance, excommunicated and deposed him, ordering the King of France to invade England,—an enterprise which Philip very readily undertook. These proceedings, at last, obliged John to have a conference with Pandulph the legate, at Dover, when he promised to submit entirely to the Pope.

1213.—John, on his knees, resigned his crown and sceptre to Pandulph; and, on their being returned to him, he did homage to Pandulph in the Pope's name for the kingdom, declaring he would pay one thousand marks yearly for his tenure.

Pandulph, on his return to Rome through France, told Philip that he might disband his army, John having submitted to the Holy See. This, however, Philip refused to do: but all his preparations ended in nothing, owing to the defeat of his fleet by the Earl of Salisbury, natural brother to the King.

1215.—The Barons compelled John to sign Magna Charta, and the Charter of the Forests; but he privately hired foreign troops, with whom he marched through and ravaged the kingdom, and induced the Pope to absolve him from his oath. The Barons were so infuriated, that they sent envoys to Philip, begging him to send his son Louis to England, whom they would acknowledge as their King.

1216.—On Louis's arrival from France, all John's foreign soldiers deserted from him; which put his affairs in so bad a condition, that he went from place to place, carrying his treasures and crown with him. He lost them all in crossing the Wash, and was thrown, by the distressed situation of his affairs, into a fever, of which he died at Newark Castle.

The Knight of the Silver Shield.

Then many a knight was mickle of might
Before his lady gay,
But a stranger knight, whom no one knew,
He won the prize that day.

SIR CAULINE.

IT was a bright and balmy summer's morning, and the lovely scenery in which the castle of Whittington is embosomed was basking in the beams of the sun, which had almost attained its meridian height. A gentle and refreshing breeze softly agitated the rich woodlands in the neighbourhood of the castle, and rippled the waves of the rapid river which flowed, glittering in the sunbeams, at its feet; while in the distance towered the lofty summits of the Welsh mountains, crowned with a rich tiara of clouds, whose variegated hues seemed to rival the resplendent orb from which they had borrowed their brightness.

The sun, the stream, the hills,—the whole face of nature, smiled, but the Lady Mellent, the lovely heiress of Whittington, sat in her bower weeping. It was the third day of the tournament —the tournament, which, agreeably to the directions of her father's will, was to be held, within twelve months after his decease, on the plains of Salop, and to the victor in which was to be given the castle and domains of Whittington, and the hand of the Lady Mellent. The lady had delayed fixing a day for the tournament until the very latest limit prescribed by the will, in the hope that the noble and gallant knight, Sir Fulco Guarine, to whom she had

plighted her hand and heart, would return from the Holy Land in time to be present at it, when she doubted not that the fervour of his passion, and the strength of his arm, would bear away the prize from all his competitors: but days, and weeks, and months rolled away, and no tidings arrived of Sir Fulco.

The day for the tournament was appointed, and knights and esquires of the highest rank and reputation arrived from all parts of England, Normandy, and Wales, eager to break a lance in honour of the Lady Mellent. The achievements were to be continued three days. On the first, the Lady Mellent shut herself up throughout the whole day, in the chapel of Our Lady in Whittington Castle, bowed her fair head, and bent her gentle knee before the image of the Holy Virgin, and prayed her to send home her own true knight to rescue her hand from the grasp of the stranger. But, alas! the silver shield, and the red cross, and the peacock's crest, which were the badges of Sir Fulco, were not seen among the blazonry of any of the knights who entered the lists, and the victor of the day was declared to be the Lord Morice, a distinguished retainer of the Prince of Wales. This lord was tall of stature, bold of heart, and strong of arm; but he was cruel and tyrannical, sanguinary and barbarous; and he sought not the hand of the Lady Mellent to be his wedded wife for the love of her own fair cheek and her soft blue eyes, but that he might rule in the stately castle of Whittington, and be lord of the fertile pastures and of the waving woods which surrounded it. The second day of the achievements arrived, and the lists were again crowded with the flower of Europe's chivalry; but the Knight of the Silver Shield was not there, and the Lord Morice of Wales again vanquished all his competitors. Then did the tears of the Lady Mellent fall faster than before; then were her gentle knees bent, and her fair head bowed more devotedly than ever before the image of Our Lady; and then did she proffer still more fervent supplications to the Holy Virgin to send her home her own true knight and rescue her hand from the grasp of the stranger. But the third, the last, the fateful day arrived—the hour of noon, at which the achievements were to begin, was fast approaching, and yet there were no tidings

of Sir Fulco Guarine. Therefore, while the sun, the stream, the hills, the whole face of external nature, smiled, did the Lady Mellent, the lovely heiress of Whittington, sit in her bower weeping.

"Woe worth the day!" she said—"woe worth the day! but my heart will break, and I shall die, and sleep quietly beneath the cloisters of Our Lady's chapel, ere this hated Welshman shall wed the heiress of Whittington."

She said this with a downcast head and streaming eyes; and a deep sigh burst from her heart, which was immediately echoed by some one close beside her. She lifted up her eyes and saw a stately knight, whose armour was sore stained with the dust of a recent and rapid travel; but he wore a silver shield, and a red cross, and peacock's crest; and she would have known,—even though he had not unbarred his visor, sunk on his knee, and pressed her fair hand to his lips,—that her own true knight, Sir Fulco Guarine, was before her.

"Sweetest Mellent," he said, "I come to your rescue. Many a knight told me of your distress, but I was prisoner to the Soldan. He allowed me personal freedom. I went hither and thither, and was questioned by no man; but I had plighted the troth and honour of a soldier of the Cross, that I would not depart out of his custody until I could pay for my ransom five hundred marks of silver—and who (even did not Heaven forbid it) would abuse the trust and confidence of the princely and courteous Saladin? But I told him, sweet Mellent, the tale of our loves; and the glitter of his proud eye was darkened by a tear; and he forgave me my ransom money, and gave me one of his stately steeds, and plucked a jewel from his turban, and thrust it in my hand, to defray my charges to the land in which I was born, and the bower in which my own true lady sat and wept."

"Now Heaven's blessing light upon the princely Pagan's head," said the Lady Mellent; "and Love lend the omnipotence of his dart to thy spear, Fulco, to hurl the proud Lord Morice from his seat. But alas! thou art worn and weary with travel, and he is refreshed with wine and slumber, and his heart swells by reason of his two days' victories. But thou knowest that I am not unskilled

in the leech's art: I have a cordial here which used to restore my gallant father when he returned, panting and breathless, from the battle or the chase. Drink, gallant Fulco," she said, applying a small leathern flask to his lips; "drink health and strength, and Heaven prosper the knight who strikes in the cause of true love."

"Thanks, gentle Mellent—thanks, my beloved," said the knight, "but my heart has within it a cordial more strengthening to it than even that which thy fair hand has just administered—its love for thee!—But, hark!" he added, as a loud but distant bugle-note floated on the western breeze towards them; "the heralds summon to the lists the knights who would tourney for the prize with the victor of yesterday. If that bugle sounds thrice unanswered, then thou art Lord Morice's bride. But my page and my minstrel wait without for me with my steed, and I will yet win thee, my sweet Mellent, or perish in the attempt."

Thus saying, the knight wrung the fair damsel's hand, and disappeared through a small postern which led from the gardens of the castle into the open plain.

In the meanwhile the lists were prepared for the day's encounter. The Lord de Lacy, the Constable of Chester, who presided over the tournament, had taken his seat in the gallery appropriated for him, and was surrounded by his yeomen and pages in rich liveries. In the gallery opposite to him, attended by a train of beautiful young damsels, sat his lady, who, in the absence of the Lady Mellent on the plea of indisposition, officiated as the Queen of Beauty and of Love on this occasion, and was to bestow the triumphal wreath on the victor of the day.

The speakers or managers of the day's solemnities, attended by the heralds and trumpeters, paraded the lists; and no sooner had the hour of noon tolled, than they shouted with stentorian vehemence, "To achievement, Knights! and Esquires! to achievement!" A stately knight, clad in a suit of black armour, and mounted on a black charger, rode into the lists, amidst the deafening acclamations of the multitude. The Constable of Chester and his retinue rose, and made him a courteous obeisance as he rode by the gallery in which he was seated, and the Queen of Beauty

and her fair attendants stood up and waved their kerchiefs to him as he passed. It was the Lord Morice, the conqueror of the two preceding days, whom it was supposed that no knight would this day be found presumptuous enough to encounter. Certain it was that he rode into the lists alone; and when the speakers once more raised their voices and shouted, "Come forth, Knights and Esquires, come forth!" no one appeared besides the victor of yesterday to answer to the call.

"Heralds! sound the Lord Morice's challenge," said the Constable of Chester, "*once.*"

The bugles and trumpets filled the air with their minstrelsy for several minutes, but at length it died away without any answer having been returned to the challenge.

"*Twice,*" said the Constable; and the martial sounds again resounded over the plain, but were answered only by the echo of their own defiance.

"*Thrice,*" said the Lord de Lacy, rising up; and thrice, in louder and bolder tones than before, did the instruments of the minstrels spread far and wide the sounds which told that, unless some other knight would adventure within the lists, Morice of Wales would be lord of the castle of Whittington, and of the white hand of the Lady Mellent. Those sounds were dying away in a faint and distant whisper, and the Queen of Beauty was rising from her throne to place the wreath of golden laurel on Lord Morice's brows, when a bugle-note was heard, so loud and sonorous that it startled even the doughty Welsh lord on his firm-footed steed, and drowned the acclamations of the multitude which were rising to hail his triumph. All eyes were immediately turned towards the quarter whence this sound proceeded, and a Red-cross Knight, clad in white armour, mounted on a noble Arabian charger, and bearing a silver shield and a peacock's crest, rode into the lists, attended by a page and a minstrel, who stopped at the barrier as he entered.

"Herald," said the Constable of Chester, "demand of yonder knight his name and style, and wherefore he appears armed in these lists."

"My name," said the knight, after the herald had repeated to

him the Constable's interrogatory, "is Fulco Guarine, a Knight of the Cross, and servant of the Lady Mellent of Whittington; and I come hither to dare to combat the Lord Morice of Wales, who ventures to aspire to the fair hand of that lady. In token whereof, behold my gage!"

Thus saying, he threw down his gage, which Morice was not slow in taking up. "Sir Knight," he said proudly, "I accept thy challenge; but beware, I pray thee, for thine own sake, how thou persistest in it. This arm has yesterday and the day before unhorsed the noblest and the stoutest knights in Christendom, and thou seemest worn with toil and travel. Revoke thy challenge if thou wilt, and I will forgive thee thy insolence in making it."

"Peace, malapert Welshman!" returned Guarine. "Peace! I have given thee my defiance. If thou wilt not take it, resign to me the lady and the broad manor of Whittington."

"I have already accepted thy challenge, thou discourteous Knight," said Morice, "and now it is my turn to defy thee to the combat."

"To achievement then, gallant Knights," cried the heralds—"to achievement! Sound, trumpets—sound the onset."

The trumpets sounded a loud charge cheerily; and the combatants, having turned their steeds' heads round, rushed towards each other in full career. The Welshman's spear shivered against the silver shield; but the Crusader sat firm as a rock; and his spear glancing off from his antagonist's, he continued his course to the farther end of the lists. He turned round and found the Lord Morice, whom one of the Marshal's men had supplied with a fresh lance, again addressed to the fight. Again the trumpets brayed out—again the impatient coursers rushed together; and this time the blows were so well directed, that both the combatants broke their lances to the very handles, and their heads bowed low. Each was, however, too well skilled in the practice of chivalry not to recover speedily; and, being once more supplied with weapons, they came once more to the charge. The Lord Morice's anger at finding more difficulty than he anticipated from the foe whom he had too readily despised, roused him to a more desperate exertion.

He levelled his lance with a furious and deadly intent; but Sir Fulco, by slightly swerving his fine-mouthed Arabian, avoided the point, and at the same time directed his own spear so fully and fiercely at the Welshman's helmet, that he bore him with irresistible force from the saddle, and threw him to the ground, where he lay senseless and stunned, wholly unable to renew the fight, although not seriously hurt. The shouts of the multitude, with whom Lord Morice's success, that mere passport to the applause of a multitude, had not made him a favourite, rent the air. The trumpets bespoke Sir Fulco's victory in a loud flourish, and the heralds prepared their greetings.

"Honour to valour! the prize of beauty! the Knight of the Silver Shield!" were the sounds with which the lists resounded. As the Marshals led Sir Fulco Guarine between them to the gallery in which the Lady de Lacy sat—the Queen of Beauty and of Love—he sank on his knee before her, and she, placing the golden chaplet on his brow, said, "Arise, Sir Knight; the victory is yours; and this golden wreath, with which I bind your brows, is but a faint and unworthy symbol of the far nobler prize which thou hast won—the white hand of the fair Lady Mellent of Whittington."

The knight made a lowly obeisance to the Queen of Beauty, which was gracefully returned. The same salutations were exchanged between him and the Constable of Chester; and then, waving his hand, in answer to the acclamations of the multitude, he rode out of the lists; while the trumpets sounded a loud, long note of exultation and triumph.

It was impossible for him, conformably to the customs of chivalry, to quit the scene of his triumph until he had been present at the banquet of the Lord Constable. He occupied the seat of honour, was greeted with stately solemnity by the Lord de Lacy, and most warmly by all the other guests whom the fame of the tournament had drawn together. The heralds announced his name, with all the honour of his recent victory, and the long list of splendid achievements in which his prowess had been distinguished, as well in Christendom as in Heathenesse. The

minstrels celebrated his fame ; and the liberal knight's largess to these and the other attendants of the banquet, made considerable draughts upon the gold which the Soldan had bestowed on him.

The night wore away, and, to Sir Fulco's great content, gave him an opportunity of retiring from revels which afforded him no joy. After a few hours of necessary repose, in the earliest light of the morning he was again on his horse, who, although his mettle and spirit were unabated, was yet jaded and harassed with the travel of many preceding days.

His anxiety, however, to communicate the tidings of his good fortune and of her own deliverance to the Lady Mellent, could scarcely brook the least possible delay, and the Knight of the Silver Shield pricked hastily over the plain towards the Castle of Whittington.

"Methought," said the Knight mentally, "that the Constable looked upon me with an evil eye in the midst of all my triumphs, and that glances of strange intelligence were exchanged between him and my opponent before the fight began. I know that the tyrant John loves me not, and that this his minion participates in his feeling ; but I have won the prize. The magic of his evil eye could not unnerve my right arm, or tame the current within my veins."

As he rode on, wrapt in these reflections, he entered a long, narrow defile, formed of two steep ridges, covered with moss and lichen, and thickly crowned with wood. He thought that he heard the sound of horses' hoofs behind him, as if in swift pursuit, and his suspicions were speedily converted into certainty, "Now, the malediction of all true lovers," he said, "light upon the heads of the officious varlets ! They come to bid me, in the Lord Constable's name, to some new banquet, when all my thoughts and desires are prisoners with the Lady Mellent in the Castle of Whittington. But my noble Arab," he said, patting his stately charger on the neck, "on, on. I would not lose one moment's smiling of her blue eyes for the noblest banquet in Christendom."

But the gallant steed was evidently knocked up with the fatigues of the previous day's journey, and the encounter in the lists, and the pursuers gained upon him.

"Death!" said Sir Fulco, "I must not be seen fleeing like a poltroon before them; and 'tis a courteous errand with which they are charged. I will even therefore halt, and give my refusal in as gentle phrase as I can command."

He turned round his horse's head for the purpose of addressing the group, which consisted of about twenty men, when the leader, levelling his spear at him before he imagined that anything hostile was meant, unhorsed him, and he fell to the ground stunned and senseless with the violence and suddenness of the assault.

"On, gallants, on to the castle," said the Lord Morice; for it was he. "Although this man, by the aid of spells and enchantments, was able to overthrow me in the tournament, yet fortune still smiles upon Morice of Wales. King John's commission has just arrived at Chester, making me Governor of the Marches, and Warden of Whittington Castle. He knows not, it is true, that Fulco has returned from the Holy Land, and believes him to be either captured or slain; but it is not for me to dispute his Grace's commission, especially when it sorts so well with my interests. On, on, and seize the castle and the lady ere this springald recovers from his swoon."

"But, my lord," said a knight in his train, "how shall we gain admittance? The seneschal and the other servants are devotedly attached to the lady, and will certes keep their gates closed, if we appear before the castle with any show of violence."

"Why, Leoline, man," answered Morice, "dost think me a bird of such a coystril breed as not to make a surer mark than that? You must approach the gates to the sound of bugles and trumpets, and proclaim me the victor in this day's tournament; the servants will show more respect to the directions of their old lord's will than to shut their gates against the man who he has declared shall be lord of the heiress and the Castle of Whittington. This," he added, plucking the golden chaplet from the brows of the yet senseless Fulco, and placing it on his own, "will be a sufficient attestation of the truth of our story. On, gallants, on! the moments are precious."

Thus saying, he put spurs to his steed, and the cavalcade proceeded rapidly in the direction of the castle.

In the meantime, the Knight of the Silver Shield continued in a state of death-like stupor. His gallant steed stood by his side, and neighing shrilly, seemed to be calling for his master. At length a person, whose long gown of Kendal green, red girdle and riband, and the harp which hung by his side, showed him to belong to the minstrel profession, approached the place where Fulco lay.

"Ha!" he said, "'tis as I feared. I knew that my ear could not mistake the noble Arabian's neigh. My gallant master! has the perfidious Morice, who could not stand before thee in fair combat, treacherously assaulted thee at the head of his myrmidons? But he hath received some hurt," added the minstrel, "which must be looked to speedily."

Thus saying, he pulled out a small casket or pouch, which hung by his side. The minstrels in those days were frequently well skilled in the knowledge of drugs and the art of surgery, and John of Raumpayne soon discovered a bruise on the Knight's left temple, which had been the occasion of his disaster. He lost no time in bathing this with a medicament of approved virtue, and in moistening his lips with a strong cordial, and soon had the satisfaction to see his patient's eyes unclosed.

"Ha! traitor! dastard!" said the knight, "do you prowl the country at the head of an armed banditti, to entrap the man whose single arm has proved too strong for thee?"

"Peace! gentle master," said the minstrel, "peace; there are no traitors here. 'Tis I—'tis John of Raumpayne."

"Ha! pardon me!" said the knight, rising—"pardon me, gentle minstrel. But where am I? and was I not"—putting his hand to his brow—"victor in this day's tournament, and crowned with the golden chaplet by the white hand of the Queen of Beauty and of Love?"

"Even so, my noble master," answered the minstrel, "but traitors have conspired against you. The Lord Morice, whom you sent reeling from his saddle, was, as soon as he was recovered,

immediately closeted with the Lord Constable; and you had scarcely left the lists before their conference was interrupted by the arrival of a messenger from King John, bearing his Majesty's appointment of the Lord Morice to be Governor of the Marches and Warden of Whittington Castle."

"Death!" cried Fulco; "and the false traitor has passed m on his road to take possession of the strong castle and the fai hand which are mine by all the laws of chivalry and honour. On, on to Whittington; I will tear the prize from out of his grasp though all the kernes of Wales should surround him and cast defiance in my teeth."

"Hold, hold, Sir Fulco," said the minstrel; "do not tempt your destruction by appearing before the gates of Whittington just now. Morice has robbed you of the golden chaplet, for the purpose, doubtless, of making the lady and her domestics believe that he has been victorious in this day's tournament. Leave it to me to undeceive the Lady Mellent. The gates, which will be strictly barred against the steel-clad warrior, will fly open at the sound of the minstrel's harp."

"Good John of Raumpayne," said the knight, "thou hast ever been my guardian angel—but it may be a difficult matter for thee to procure access to the lady. There is one song, however, which, if thou strikest upon thy harp, and she be within hearing, will infallibly bring her to thy side. 'Tis one which I used to sing with her before I went to Palestine. 'Tis a ditty of my own; good John, thou hast heard it often."

"'Tis the Lady and the Minstrel,—is it not, Sir Knight?" asked John of Raumpayne.

"Even the same," answered Sir Fulco.

"Then fear not," replied the minstrel, "that I shall be unable to come to some conference with the lady. I will endeavour to learn at what hour on the morrow Morice and his retainers will ride forth. In the meantime, good master, thou must carefully conceal thyself. The Constable of Chester loves thee not; but if once we gain for thee possession of the castle, thou mayest defy him and all thine enemies. Hide thee, therefore, in this forest

until nightfall; then hie thee to the white cottage near the city of Chester, without the western postern; there lives Robert of Chester, my master and comrade in the art of minstrelsy, and there too wilt thou find Bracy, thine esquire. I possessed them with my plot as soon as I heard the purport of the King's message to the Lord Morice."

"But what plot," asked the knight, "canst thou have which will enable me, poor and friendless, and just returned from Palestine, to cope with such powerful foes as the Constable of Chester, and the possessor of Whittington?"

"Sir Fulco Guarine," said John of Raumpayne, "is dear to the hearts of the minstrels. Both he and his noble sire liberally patronized them, and were themselves well skilled in the gentle art. The bounty bestowed upon the minstrels was never yet cast upon an ungrateful soil. To-morrow will be held the fair of Chester. Thou knowest, that by the charter of Earl Ranulph, no person who shall resort to that fair can be apprehended for theft, or any other misdemeanour, except the crime be committed during the fair. Hence a great multitude of persons will be there to-morrow, of whose honesty I cannot say much; but we must use such instruments for our purpose as happen to be in our way. Robert of Chester, myself, and the other minstrels, will be able, by the allurements of our music, to incite them to any enterprise that we purpose. We need but shout, 'To Whittington! to Whittington! to the rescue of the fair Lady Mellent, and to restore the noble knight Sir Fulco to his rights!' and such a multitude will speedily be on the road to the castle, as neither the Constable of Chester, nor the Lord Morice of Wales, shall be able to withstand."

"Thanks, gentle minstrel," said the knight, "thanks; thy device is excellent."

"But," said John of Raumpayne, "if Morice and his knights ride forth in the morning, the enterprise will be easier—we can surround and disarm them on the road, and then push forwards to the castle."

"Hie thee then,—hie thee thither!" said the knight, "and Heaven prosper thine enterprise!"

Agreeably to the plan which they had concerted, the minstrel pursued the road to Whittington, and the knight plunged amidst the recesses of the adjoining forest.

"Well encountered, gentle minstrel," said the porter, as John of Raumpayne appeared at the castle gates; "the valiant Lord Morice and his brave knights are carousing in the banqueting-hall, and were even now lamenting that there was no one skilled in minstrelsy in the castle. Enter, enter, and tune thy harp, I pray thee, to one of thy gayest chansons."

"Alas!" said the minstrel, "I am not prepared with any ditty which is fit for lords and knights to listen to. Whenever I have approached these gates, it has been with some gentle and mournful lay, such as I thought would please the ear of the Lady Mellent, my generous patroness."

"Nay but, minstrel," said the porter, "the Lady Mellent is now ill-conditioned to listen to minstrel lays. She has retired to her chamber in the western turret to weep; for the stout Lord Morice of Wales has arrived here, after having vanquished in the tournament to-day the good knight Fulco Guarine, whom the Lady Mellent loved tenderly. But come with me to the banqueting-hall; thy reward will be princely."

The minstrel followed the porter to the hall in which the Welsh lord and his companions were carousing. "A harper—a harper!" they all shouted. "Unsling thine instrument," said Morice, "and that right speedily, for the contents of the wine-cup are mounting to my brain, and if thou delayest long, thy skill will be exerted to please a listless ear."

The minstrel took a seat, which the lord of the banquet pointed out to him; and, after trying his harp strings, and with his wrest or screw tuning them to the proper pitch, he struck them with a bold hand, and chanted in a loud voice the following ballad:—

"Say, wherefore is your cheek so pale,
Lady, lady;
Say, wherefore is your cheek so pale,
And wherefore fall those tears?"
"I've lost my hawk that ne'er did quail,
Minstrel, minstrel;
I've lost my hawk that ne'er did quail,
And sorrow my heart sears."

"Your hawk, sure, was not prized so sweet,
Lady, lady;
Your hawk, sure, was not prized so sweet,
Its loss should blanch your cheek?"
"Oh! I have lost my palfrey fleet,
Minstrel, minstrel;
Oh! I have lost my palfrey fleet,
And so my heart will break."

"Your palfrey's loss your heart could bear,
Lady, lady;
Your palfrey's loss your heart could bear,
Some deeper grief lies there."
"Oh! I have lost my lover dear,
Minstrel, minstrel;
Oh! I have lost my lover dear,
Nor can his loss repair."

"And how will you your heart's wound cure,
Lady, lady;
And how will you your heart's wound cure,
And so from sorrow fly?"
"I'll seek the cold, cold grave, be sure,
Minstrel, minstrel;
I'll seek the cold, cold grave, be sure,
And lay me down and die."

"Why, minstrel, thou chantest that ditty, which should be whispered as gently as the south wind over a bed of roses, loudly and boisterously, as if 'twere a wassailing song or a lay of victory," said the Lord Morice; "and I pray that thou mayest not have disturbed the Lady Mellent, whose joy at our sudden presence has overcome her, and obliged her to seek her chamber. But, scurvy minstrel, thinkest thou that such a puling lay as that is fit for lords and knights to listen to, who have this day been striving at the tournament, and who will on the morrow at noon sally forth to the fair of Chester, to attend on the Lord Constable? Go thy ways, go thy ways; thy voice is stout enough; but for the matter of thy ditty, 'tis fit only for the ears of chamber knights and green damsels."

The minstrel made a lowly obeisance, and retired from the hall, which he was anxious to quit, having obtained the information which he wanted.

"Hist, minstrel, hist!" said a young damsel, plucking him by the sleeve, as he stepped from under the portal of the banqueting-

hall: "my Lady, who has heard thy ditty, bids thee put this purse into thy bosom, and to bring thy harp to the gallery adjoining her chamber."

The minstrel's eye glistened with delight at the success of his scheme, and the Lord Morice's censure of the stentorian tones in which he had chanted his tender ditty was made amends for, by the fact of their having been loud enough to reach the ears of her to whom they were peculiarly addressed. He entered the gallery where the lady was waiting for him, and, kneeling down before her, placed her hand to his lips.

"Rise, rise, good minstrel," she said; "thanks for thy ditty, which has recalled to me the memory of happy days, long, long gone by and never to return. But of whom didst thou learn that ditty, I pray thee?"

"From one of the noblest and truest knights in Christendom," said John of Raumpayne,—"the victor in this day's tournament."

"Nay, nay, cruel; how thou mockest me!" said the lady, bursting into tears. "The Lord Morice, woe is me! is victor this day; who, although a valorous knight, has little taste and less skill in the art of minstrelsy. Him must I wed, or my dead father's curse will follow me to the grave."

"Lady," said the minstrel, approaching her and addressing her in a suppressed tone—"him must thou not wed, and thee shall thy dead father's curse not follow, unless thou refuse the proffered hand of Sir Fulco Guarine; for the Knight of the Silver Shield is the true victor in this day's tournament, and the Lord Morice is a false traitor and a coward."

"Ha!" said the lady, as an expression of mingled joy and incredulity flashed across her features; "what meanest thou, minstrel?—thou readest riddles to me."

Then did the minstrel approach still nearer to the lady, and speak to her in a tone of voice still more suppressed. The lady listened to his narration wonderingly. She clasped her hands and raised her eyes to heaven. Tears streamed plenteously down her cheeks; but even while they were falling, they were brightened by a smile.

"God prosper the cause, good minstrel!" she said, "and for this thy service, may never minstrel's lay hereafter be heard in vain! Commend me to my own true love. Haste thee, begone! —the minutes are precious; and once again I say, God prosper thee!"

"Farewell, farewell, sweet lady!" said John of Raumpayne; "when to-morrow's sun shall have marked the hour of noon, thy deliverance will be at hand."

The next day was bright and serene as that which had preceded it, and the plumes of the Lord Morice and his retainers floated gaily in the wind, and their well-polished arms shone like mirrors in the sunbeams, as about the hour of noon they crossed the drawbridge from Whittington Castle and took the road to the city of Chester.

"Now, by Our Lady!" said Morice, "some men will deem me scarcely wise, after the injury which the Knight of Guarine has sustained from me, to venture forth while he is lurking in the neighbourhood, and to leave my castle unprotected by the presence of myself or any of my valiant knights."

"Nay, my lord," said Sir Guy of Gisborne, "Fulco is poor and friendless. He wasted all the substance which his father left him, in furnishing forth his expedition to the Holy Land. Before he started on the Crusade, he also managed to quarrel with Prince John while at chess, who, now that he is king, does not seem inclined to forget an insult which the knight then put upon him. But let us hasten to Chester. The Constable will be waiting for our assistance, to enable him to overawe the rabble."

Sir Guy had hardly uttered these words, before the noise as of an immense multitude approaching, and shouts of merriment, of defiance, and of triumph, mingled with the notes of musical instruments, were heard. An abrupt turning in the road, by which they emerged from the forest and issued to the open plain, showed them, as far as the eye could reach, the country crowded with an immense concourse of people. They were armed according to the rude fashion of the peasantry of the day, some carrying clubs, some slings, and some javelins. A very few were mounted, and

two or three wore coats of mail and carried spears in their hands. A numerous party of minstrels preceded the main body, and struck their instruments with an extraordinary animation and energy, which seemed to inspire their followers with an enthusiasm bordering upon frenzy.

"By Our Lady!" said Morice, "it seems as though the fair of Chester had disgorged all its rabble on our path! Hark! hark! what is 't they shout?"

They did not remain long in doubt as to the nature of the cries which the multitude uttered: "Down with the traitors! down with the banditti! Long live the Lady of Whittington! long live the Knight of the Silver Shield!"

An immense shower of stones was then discharged at the knights, which knocked several of them from their steeds, and stretched them senseless on the ground. The multitude then closed around them, and with their clubs and staves commenced so furious and irresistible an attack, that the mounted warriors were constrained to abandon their weapons and cry for quarter. The assailants, after dismounting them, and seizing their horses and their weapons, began to abate in their fury, but not before one of them who was mounted had cloven the Lord Morice's helmet asunder, and stretched him weltering in his blood upon the ground.

"Hold thy hand, Bracy! for the love of Heaven, harm him not!" said another horseman who rode up to him, and was clad in a minstrel's garb, but whose gown of Kendal green unfolding, showed a coat of mail beneath.

"He 's past harming now, Sir Fulco," said the esquire; "he 's as dead as King Harold, who was slain at Hastings."

"I could have wished to have avoided the shedding of blood," said Sir Fulco; "but he was a traitorous and discourteous knight, and scoffed at the laws of honour and chivalry. On with me then, gallants, to the Castle of Whittington, within whose walls the ring-leaders of this brawl shall be screened from the wrath of the Lord Constable, until the King's dispensation shall have arrived, and all shall receive thanks and liberal largess from the Lady Mellent and her affianced bridegroom."

An unanimous shout from the multitude, in testimony of applause and of adherence to his cause, followed the knight's address; and it was not long before the Castle of Whittington reared its stately head and threw its gates wide open before them; while the lady and her attendants crossed the drawbridge to welcome the knight, and to put him with her own white hand in possession of the domain which he had fairly and nobly won.

The minstrels and other leading promoters of this transaction, who were supposed to have made themselves more immediately obnoxious to the Constable of Chester and the other constituted authorities, were safely lodged within the castle, and the rest of the multitude were nobly feasted, and afterwards liberally remunerated and dismissed. The history of these transactions was speedily communicated to King John, who then held his court at Winchester, and who, by the persuasions of his barons and their representations of the flagrancy of Morice's conduct, was induced to grant a full indemnity to all concerned in this affair, and to confirm Sir Fulco in the possession of the castle and domains, and of the white hand of the heiress of Whittington.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

HENRY THE THIRD.

1216.—HENRY, the son of the deceased King John, was crowned at Gloucester in the presence of the Pope's legate, the Bishops of Winchester and Bath, and a few noblemen. The Earl of Pembroke was declared Protector of the kingdom; most of the Barons returned to their allegiance; and Louis quitted the kingdom, only stipulating for the safety of his adherents.

Soon after this pacification, the Earl of Pembroke died. Peter de Roches, Bishop of Winchester, and Hubert de Burgh, were appointed Regents. The new Regents were not able to keep the discontented Barons in awe, who by their violence and lawlessness kept the nation in a state of continual tumult.

1233.—The King disgraced his minister Hubert, then Earl of Kent, to the great joy of the turbulent Barons.

1234.—The Barons formed a combination against the violent administration of Peter de Roches, (a Poitevin by birth,) who was a great encourager of foreigners, and Henry was obliged to dismiss him, and to banish all foreigners from his Court.

1236.—Henry married Eleanor, daughter of the Count of Provence.

1242.—Henry went over to France and carried on a war against Louis IX.; but he was defeated at Taillebourg, and obliged to return to England with the loss of the province of Poitou.

1255.—The Pope having a wish to carry on a war against Sicily, without himself incurring any expense, gave, as Vicar of Christ, the crown to Henry for his second son, Edmund.

1257.—Richard, the King's brother, was elected King of the Romans.

1258.—The Barons, at a parliament convened by Henry, in the hope of getting money for his Sicilian war, declared that they would not give him any money till the government was reformed; and that till then, they would take the affairs of the nation into their own hands. At the head of the discontented Barons was the Earl of Leicester.

Henry promised that all their complaints should be redressed; and signed certain articles called the Provisions of Oxford, by which he gave up his royal authority to twenty-four persons twelve chosen by himself, and twelve by the Barons.

1261.—The Pope absolved Henry, and those who had taken the oath, from the observance of the Provisions of Oxford.

1263.—The Welsh commenced an invasion of England, which was the signal for the Barons to rise in arms.

The battle of Lewes was fought between the King and the Barons, and Henry was defeated; himself, his son, and his brother the King of the Romans, were made prisoners.

1265.—Leicester first instituted the House of Commons, by ordering two knights from each county, and two burgesses from each borough town, to be returned to Parliament.

Prince Edward escaped from prison, and was soon at the head of an army, by which Leicester was defeated and slain at Evesham, on the 4th of August. The King and his brother were consequently released from their confinement

1270.—Prince Edward undertook a crusade to Palestine, where he gained great glory by his heroism.

1272.—Henry died at St. Edmondsbury.

Earl Randulph and his Page.

Four Cknightes of Lewis there was slain,
Th' Erle of Perche was slain on Lewis syde,
And many fled with Lewis sothe agayne.
Th' Erle Randolph of Chester knowen wyde,
The felde there gate y^t^ daye with mykell pryde.

HARDYNG.

THE grave closed over John Lackland at a time when the affairs of his kingdom were in a very critical state. His perfidy and tyranny had alienated from him the affections both of the nobles and the people. Foreign princes took advantage of his situation. The Pope held him in a state of vassalage. The King of Scotland ravaged the northern provinces of England, and the King of France possessed himself of John's continental dominions.

Prince Louis, the Dauphin, too, being invited by the discontented Barons to take possession of the crown, landed in England with a formidable French army, marched to London, where the citizens received him with enthusiasm, and did homage to him, and took possession of Dover, Windsor, and other fortified places; so that John, who, at the time of his accession, was possessed of more extensive dominions than any English monarch who had preceded him, at last acquired the surname of *Sans-terre*, or Lackland. His death too, at a time when his heir apparent was only nine years of age, confirmed the hopes of his enemies; and Louis marching triumphantly through the kingdom, almost every city before which

he appeared opened its gates to him and received him with the utmost enthusiasm. Another circumstance favourable to the invader was, that immediately after the death of the King, the young Prince Henry disappeared. Either he had been entrapped and made away with by the malice and cunning of his enemies, or he had been induced, by the caution and prudence of his friends, to seek a place of concealment at a time when the country was overrun by the partisans of Louis, and in an age in which the blackest means were resorted to for the purpose of promoting the projects of the ambitious and the violent.

Still there were some noblemen who were prevented by personal attachment to the monarch, or indignation at seeing their country possessed by foreigners, from joining the ranks of his enemies, and who remained steadfast in their allegiance. The most distinguished among these was Ranulph Earl of Chester, a nobleman of great talent and personal prowess, who had signalized himself under Richard Cœur de Lion, in the Holy Land and in Normandy, and who, after attending the celebration of his royal master's obsequies in the cathedral of Worcester, threw himself with a formidable band of warriors into the castle of Lincoln, for the purpose of defending it from the expected attack of the Dauphin.

The Earl of Chester was short of stature, and his personal appearance altogether was not such as to arrest the attention of the common observer.

> "Robust, but not Herculean to the sight,
> No giant frame set forth his common height;
> Yet on the whole, who paused to look again,
> Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men."

His forehead was high and pale; his eyes, large, black, and sparkling, in moments of excitement seemed to flash fire; his limbs were sinewy, muscular and agile; and in the ardour of battle or debate, his form seemed to expand to Herculean proportions. Indifferent to danger or fatigue, prepared to undergo any extremity in an enterprise which he once embraced; idolized by the soldiers, and looked upon as something more than mortal by the common people, he seemed a being created expressly for the crisis at which

the country had arrived. His devotion to the cause of young Henry was only equalled by his hatred of Louis and the French; and in the ranks of the enemy his name was never pronounced without an expression of detestation and fear.

On the evening of the funeral of King John, he arrived at the castle of Lincoln, some hours before his retinue, attended only by a single page, with whom, as they rode along the road, he had been observed to converse with an apparent familiarity, which corresponded but ill with their relative situations in life. On arriving at the castle-gates, the warder was astonished to see the haughty Earl dismount first, and then with the most tender carefulness assist his youthful attendant from his saddle. Then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he strode proudly through the castle-yard; and the page, bareheaded, and with an expression of the utmost humility on his countenance, followed him. The stripling was of a slight and fragile form, but his features were uncommonly beautiful, and exhibited an air of intelligence which was far beyond his years and station. His long flaxen locks flowed down to his shoulders; and as he followed his master through the ranks of vassals who marshalled his entrance to the castle, a deep blush mantled on his fair cheek, and his bosom heaved as if agitated by some strong and inexpressible emotions.

"'Tis a wench, 'tis a wench," said Adam Forrest the falconer, in a whisper to the warder. "By the holy rood! I think now that I can guess the reason why our Earl was in such speed to be divorced from the Lady Constance. She was a noble and a most beauteous dame, albeit somewhat cursed in her temper. The deaths of her first husband and of her princely son Arthur (may God assoil the soul of King John for that deed!) drove her nigh to distraction. This wench, doubtless, is to supply her place; and by'r Lady, the Earl has shown his wonted taste in the selection."

"Peace, Master Adam," said the warder; "thy wit is ever a mile forwarder on the road than that of thy compeers; but why should our master bring his bride to the castle in such an unseemly guise as this? 'Tis a right comely stripling, and has doubtless

been recommended to the Earl for qualities which will well justify the estimation in which he seems to hold him."

"You may talk, and you may think, as you list, Walter Locksley," returned the falconer; "whether he means her for his bride I know not; but may my noblest bird prove haggard, when I have staked a hundred marks on her prowess, if 'tis not a wench that Earl Ranulph has brought to Lincoln Castle. Mark me, when the barons whom he has summoned arrive hither, if the jealous Earl venture to let this seeming page appear in their presence."

The Earl's subsequent conduct fully confirmed the suspicions of Adam Forrest. Haughty and distant as his bearing commonly was to his inferiors, and barely courteous to those who were his equals in rank, he paid the most respectful and unremitting attentions to the young stranger. Occasionally the boy might be seen holding his stirrup, or bearing his lance; but these were services which the Earl rather endured than enjoined, and received with an ill-disguised feeling of uneasiness and deprecation. Whatever time he could spare from his necessary duties in completing the defences of the castle, and in receiving the numerous messengers who arrived from all parts of the kingdom, was spent in the society of the page. At length the nobles and knights whom he had convened to the castle, for the purpose of deciding upon the steps to be taken for repelling the invaders, and maintaining the rights of young Henry, began to arrive, and Adam Forrest shook his head and looked very wisely at the warder, as he observed that young Master Fitzjohn was no longer to be met with on the terrace, or in the hall, or in any of his accustomed haunts, but carefully confined himself to the seclusion and privacy of his chamber.

"'Tis a wench, 'tis a wench," said he to the warder: "what sayest thou now, Master Locksley?"

"Nay, thou art a wonderful man, Master Forrest," replied the other; "of a surety, thou must deal in the black art."

The falconer looked wiser than ever, and put his finger on his lip as if to enjoin his companion to secrecy; for although he did not choose to avow that he was a proficient in studies which were punishable by hanging and burning, yet he was not willing to

deprive himself, by a direct denial, of the reputation for sagacity and wisdom which the warder gave him credit for.

In the course of time the warder whispered the discovery which the falconer had made to the Earl's esquire, and the Earl's esquire whispered it to the esquire of Sir Richard Plantagenet, and the esquire of Sir Richard whispered it to his master, and his master whispered it not, but told it outright to his associate knights and barons, and many and loud were the jokes which it called forth from them at the expense of Earl Ranulph and the lady errant in disguise.

"God you good den, my lord," said Plantagenet, as he saw the Earl approaching with anxiety and apprehension depicted in his countenance; "you seem somewhat troubled this morning. You have been reading the *Liber Amoris*, and it does not please you as well as it has been used to do. If so, let me advise your lordship to direct your attention to *another page*."

An expression of concern and dismay, which was not often seen in the countenance of the Earl of Chester, mantled over his features for a moment; but it quickly passed away, and he resumed his wonted serenity.

"You seem unusually merry this morning, Sir Richard," said Ranulph; "may I crave to be admitted a companion of your mirth?"

"Nay, nay, my Lord of Chester," returned Plantagenet, "'twas of your mirth that we were speaking, and in which none of us are presumptuous enough to seek companionship. We were carousing to the health of young Fitzjohn, the courteous and accomplished page, with whom we marvel that your lordship hath not by this time made us better acquainted."

"'Tis a comely youth," said the Earl, "and one who has seen better days. His father fell at my side while valiantly defending the Castle of Chester against the Dauphin, and with his dying breath commended his orphan to my care. I have made him my page, and will at a fitting age raise him to the rank of my esquire. Nay, I doubt not, so much have I observed of his good qualities, that I shall be able very early to procure him the honour of knight-

hood. His great fault is bashfulness, which has prevented him from being about my person while my castle is honoured by the presence of the distinguished persons whom I am now addressing."

An incredulous smile played on the lip of Plantagenet, and his associates seemed to participate in the feeling which it indicated. Earl Ranulph gazed haughtily upon them, and then hastily added: "But, Lords and valiant Knights, I came not to prate with you on the affairs of my household, or to ask your opinions on the merits of my page. I have matter of graver import for your ear. Prince Louis is on his march towards this city, accompanied by the Count de Perche, the soi-disant Earl of Lincoln, and other nobles, and at the head of a numerous army. They will be here before sunset; and the rebellious citizens of Lincoln will doubtless be eager to open their gates to them."

"Say you so, my lord?" said Plantagenet: "and have you no news yet of the young king?"

"None yet, Sir Richard; but I doubt not that he is in a place of safety. My Lord of Pembroke would take charge of that. Concealment is his greatest security. If the foe knew where he could be found, I question whether even the walls of this castle would be strong enough to shelter him from the force or fraud which would be set at work to effect his capture or his death. When once we have struck a decisive blow in his favour, we shall not be long without having his presence among us."

"True, true, my lord," said the Knight thoughtfully; "and yet his presence now would be a rallying point for our friends; 'tis perhaps best, nevertheless, that he should remain concealed for a season. But is the Dauphin to be allowed to enter this city?"

"Yes," said the Earl; "with submission to these noble and gallant warriors, I say yes. The city is not worth the effort which will be requisite for its defence; and when once the enemy, who is ignorant of our strength, and thinks that this castle is only manned by an ordinary garrison, is encamped within it, the arrows of the archers on our turrets will reach him, and by a well-timed sally we may be able to surprise him, to animate the revolted citizens to return to their allegiance, and to deliver our country from the fetters with which these Frenchmen have loaded her."

A shout of approbation and applause from the assembled leaders followed the address of the Earl, which had scarcely subsided when one of tenfold loudness and vehemence was heard to pervade the streets of the city. "*Montjoie St. Denis! Dieu nous defend et notre Seigneur Louis!*" burst from the French forces as they passed the city gates, and was enthusiastically echoed by the populace of Lincoln.

"They come! they come!" said the Earl: "now, Lords and Knights, to the turrets, and let our ancient word of courage ring in their ears as loudly as their own insulting cry."

Before, however, the leaders could reach the turrets, the soldiers had sent forth a deafening shout of "God and St. George!" which not a few among the multitude in the now crowded streets, especially such as were within reach of the arrows of the besieged, caught up and repeated with apparent sincerity and zeal.

"They have taken possession of the cathedral," said the Earl, whose keen eye had carefully watched the proceedings of the enemy; "but by Our Lady, who is its protectress, they shall not rest long within those holy walls! Lords and Knights," he added, "I have certain intelligence that the attack upon the castle will not be made until to-morrow, by which time our reinforcements will arrive and enable us to defy them. Meanwhile I will proceed to the cathedral and demand a parley."

The Earl's resolutions were no sooner formed than executed; and he was speedily mounted and on his way to the cathedral, preceded by a flag of truce. The people gazed with a mixed feeling of admiration and terror as they saw the grim warrior, at whose very name they were appalled, riding quietly and unopposed through the streets then lined with hostile troops. The French soldiery, too, seemed to regret that the laws of honour would not allow them to terminate the war by a single blow; and as the Earl alighted from his palfrey and advanced up the cathedral aisle amidst the foreign leaders and revolted barons, who were ranged on either side, murmurs of mingled fear and execration met his ear.

On a throne, erected in front of the high altar, sat the Dauphin, beneath a superb canopy, on which the arms of France and

England conjoined were embroidered. The Comte de Perche, a renowned warrior and statesman of France, who, at the special request of King Philip, had accompanied his son on his expedition into England, stood on his right hand; and Gilbert de Gant, an English knight who had revolted from King John, and had been created Earl of Lincoln by Louis, stood on his left. The latter scowled and grasped his dagger as the Earl of Chester approached the throne, and sinking on one knee was received by the Dauphin with extended hand.

"Rise, valorous Earl! rise, thrice-renowned Ranulph!" said the Prince. "It gives us great delight to see thee return to thy allegiance, and bend thy knee in testimony thereof at the throne of thy lawful sovereign."

"Prince," said Ranulph, starting to his feet and drawing himself up proudly, "mistake me not—but no, I know thou dost not. I bowed myself before thee, to show my respect for a prince renowned for his valour and courtesy. That mark of respect shown, I now, as a loyal subject of King Henry, ask thee why thou traversest his realm, girt with the grim habiliments of war, and why with bands of armed men thou appearest before the gates of the castle which my royal master has committed to my charge?"

"Earl Ranulph," said Louis, smiling, "may surely guess the purport of my visit. However, to aid his intellect at arriving at a correct conclusion, I will inform him that I come to demand possession of that fortress which was delivered over to him by a sovereign who has been since deposed by the authority of the barons of the realm, and whose crown therefore reverts to me in right of the Lady Blanche, whom I have espoused—the niece and lawful successor of the deposed monarch."

"Prince," said the Earl, "I come not to play the casuist with you: wrong and violence are never in want of arguments wherewith to justify the ills which they commit; and the only reasoning which I shall oppose to that of your Highness, will be such as you may see arrayed upon yon battlements. Still, to my poor illogical brain, it does seem difficult to understand the legality of the authority by which, you inform me, King John was deposed,

and still more difficult to comprehend, even if he were so deposed, is the argument which makes his niece his successor in preference to his own begotten issue, King Henry, whom God preserve!"

"We hear much, Earl Ranulph," said Louis, "of King Henry, but we see marvellously little of him. How are the noble barons of England, by whom I am surrounded, to be convinced that the son of John Lackland is alive, or that the stout Earl of Chester is not pursuing this war in the hope that the diadem may be girt around his own brows?"

"'Tis doubtless marvellous," said the Earl, with a significant gesture, "that while wolves are prowling o'er the plain, the lamb should seek for a hiding place in the forest.—But we lose time——"

"In truth, we do so," said the Count de Perche, advancing, who was somewhat impatient of the courtesy and forbearance with which Louis had received the defiance of the Earl. "Is this the man," he added, scanning with his eye the dimensions of Ranulph, "at whom our wives and children quake for fear—this dwarf—this puny abridgment of humanity?"

"Say you so! my Lord de Perche," said the Earl, while his eye flashed fire, and his hand grasped his sword: "I vow to God and our Lady, whose church this is, that before to-morrow evening I will seem to thee to be stronger and greater, and taller, than yonder steeple!"*

A smile of grim defiance was exchanged between the two incensed barons; and Ranulph, making a respectful obeisance to the Dauphin, departed from the cathedral.

The next morning by daybreak the castle resounded with the busy note of preparation, alike for defence and for assault. For the former, indeed, the fortress was already so well prepared, that the active operations of the Earl and his adherents seemed superfluous, unless a formidable attack was intended to be made upon the enemy. At an early hour the bugle of the invaders was heard sounding cheerily in the streets of Lincoln, and daring the besieged to come forth and meet their enemies on equal terms.

---

* Dugdale.

"The Count de Perche is braving us," said Plantagenet, "and loading us with every ignominious epithet that his fancy can suggest. Let us sally forth, my Lord of Chester; our force is fully equal to the encounter, although the insolent foe imagines that we are far inferior to him in numbers."

"In five minutes, Sir Richard," said the Earl, "we will convince him of his error. Within that time I will be ready to conduct the attack."

"He has gone to take leave of his Epicene," said Plantagenet, smiling: "for so stout an Earl, methinks that his heart is one of the softest. Nevertheless, let us proceed towards the sally-port, that we may be ready when occasion calls for us."

The chieftains proceeded to descend the winding staircase of the turret, which led towards the great yard of the castle. As they passed a chamber-door, which opened upon the staircase, they heard the voices of the Earl and the Page; and although the nice sense of honour of these knights and nobles would not allow them to pause and listen, yet they did not feel themselves bound to close their ears to the following dialogue; and their descent did certainly (although, no doubt, involuntarily) proceed rather more tardily than before.

"Nay, nay—'tis impossible!" said Ranulph. "It will be a needless exposure of yourself, and can answer no useful purpose. Doubt not but that I will humble the insolent Frenchman, and return to thee very shortly."

"But I will not, and must not, remain inactive here," replied the Page, "while you are exposed to so many dangers. I will be at your side to share the glory or the disasters of the day."

"'Tis a noble-hearted wench," said Plantagenet, "and yet a somewhat silly one. They talk now in so low a tone that I cannot catch a syllable. Yet hist! hist! the Earl's voice is again audible."

"If it must be so, then I call God to witness that it is contrary to my will and counsel; but if you go forth, you must not go unarmed; and yet these tender limbs will scarcely support the habiliments of a warrior. I do remember though, that in my boy-

hood, when I played in mimicry that iron game, which since no one has followed in better earnest than myself, I had a slight and easy suit of mail constructed, which was adapted to my immature strength. Proceed with me, then—myself will be your armourer."

In the mean time the French forces had been endeavouring to concentrate their strength before the castle; but the arrows of the besieged made such dreadful havoc in their ranks, that they were frequently obliged to retire. Stones and other missiles were hurled upon them from the walls of the castle, and one fell close to the feet of the Count de Perche, and killed a knight who was standing by his side.

"This cowardly dwarf!" he said; "he dares not meet us here. His chivalrous spirit will not venture out of those ribs of iron and stone in which it has encased itself. Ha! by St. Denis, though! the castle gates fly open. Montjoie! Montjoie! On, warriors, to the fight!"

The attack, however, of the Earl of Chester was so sudden and fierce, that the invaders were driven back a considerable distance before they could recover from their surprise. They then rallied, and endeavoured, at first with considerable success, to drive back their assailants. The battle now raged with tremendous fury. The air was darkened by the flights of arrows: the two hosts, alternately pressing forwards and retreating, swayed to and fro like the advancing and receding of the waves; and the din of battle, composed of the shouts of some, the groans of others, the clash of swords and armour, and the stentorian ejaculations of the adverse war-cries, "St. George!" and "St. Denis!" seemed like the exultation of some presiding fiend, by whom the elements of anarchy and slaughter had been set in motion. The Earl of Chester seemed to be gifted with ubiquity: at one time he was in the midst of the hostile ranks, dealing forth desolation and carnage; and in an instant afterwards he was in some parts of his own army, where symptoms of weakness or disaffection had appeared, rallying them and inciting them once more to the attack. Now his spear tumbled the Earl of Lincoln from his steed, and his horse's hoofs were on the casque of the vanquished; and now

he snatched the bugle from the herald's hand, and pealed the notes of courage and victory.

"By Heaven!" said the Count de Perche, "this man is a fiend incarnate: he rides through this hideous battle as lightly and unconcernedly as though he were justing at Windsor or Westminster, in honour of his lady fair; yet death is in his right hand, and his shield seems the Egis of Pallas. Who is yon stripling who rides by his side, as if the stature of the knight demanded an esquire of proportionate diminutiveness?"

"'Tis the page, my Lord," said a Norman knight, "of whom we have heard so much talk, and whose garments, it is said, are the only masculine part about him."

A dreadful cry of mingled triumph and despair now arose; and the Count de Perche saw the English division of his army, composed of the revolted Barons and their adherents, fleeing towards the city postern, and hotly pursued by Earl Ranulph and the Knight of Plantagenet.

"By St. Denis! all is lost," he said, "if we cannot rally those traitors. Ha!" he added, as another shout, louder and more unanimous than any which had preceded it, rent the air, and he saw the assailants and the assailed join their forces, and bear down in one body upon him and the exhausted and reduced band of his own countrymen who surrounded him. "The apostates! the double traitors!—Frenchmen, one effort more for your own honour and that of your country. Shout, God and St. Denis! and set upon the foe."

"God and St. Denis!" shouted the chivalrous Frenchmen, as they encountered the attack of a force now far superior to their own. The Count de Perche maintained his reputation for gallantry and strength: on no one did his battle-axe fall whom it did not cleave to the ground; and no one encountered his spear whom it did not send reeling from his saddle. At length, he perceived the Earl of Chester approaching him. The two warriors at first eyed each other silently and motionless for a moment; and then, spurring on their horses, joined in the dreadful conflict. At the first encounter, the spears of each shivered into a thousand

atoms. The Count then lifted his battle-axe and directed a furious blow at Ranulph; but the latter received it on his shield with so much force and adroitness, that the weapon flew out of his assailant's hand. The Earl, perceiving the unequal terms to which his opponent was reduced, threw his own battle-axe from him, and unsheathing his sword, the Count followed his example. They then closed in a short but deadly struggle. The Frenchman directed a blow at Ranulph which cleaved his shield in two and wounded him in the arm; when the latter rising in his saddle, and striking him on the head with his sword, the weapon cut through his helmet, and entering his brain, the Count fell, reeking with blood and lifeless, to the earth.

The French, seeing their leader fallen, became panic-struck, and fled in all directions. The English with shouts of victory pursued them, and the carnage was immense. "On to the cathedral!" said Earl Ranulph; "the Dauphin is there, and the effort of one minute may now terminate this disastrous war."

The victorious forces pressed forward to the cathedral just as Louis and the few adherents who remained there with him were endeavouring to force their passage out. Having beaten them back, and sent in some of the soldiery to disarm and secure them, Earl Ranulph and the principal knights and barons in his army dismounted, and entered the sacred edifice.

"My Lord Dauphin!" said the Earl, approaching the Prince, who was standing near the altar; "we now meet on somewhat different terms from those on which we met yestereen, and you will scarcely now imagine that I come to tender you my allegiance."

"The fortune of war, Earl of Chester," answered the Prince, "has made me your captive; and all that, as a captive, I have to hope for is, that having fallen into the hands of so renowned a warrior, he will not sully his fair fame by exercising any unnecessary rigours towards those whose misfortunes constitute his triumph."

"Your Highness, and your Highness's friends," answered Ranulph, "are free and fetterless as the wind, upon one condition."

"Name it," said Louis doubtingly.

"Swear upon this holy altar, and in the presence of Our Lady, whose church this is, and by the sacred relics upon this shrine, that you renounce all claim to the kingdom of England; and that you will speedily hasten out of this realm with all your followers; and that, when you shall be King of France, you will restore Normandy to the crown of England."

"All this I swear," said Louis; "and may God prosper me as I keep inviolate my oath!"

"Amen! amen!" responded every voice in the cathedral.

"Then now, noble Lords of England, and valiant and chivalrous Knights," said the Earl, "we have but one duty to perform, and that is, to proffer on the same holy shrine on which Prince Louis has sworn, our humble duty and allegiance to King Henry, of that name the Third, our lawful King and Sovereign."

"Pardon me, my Lord of Chester," said William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, one of the peers who had just deserted the French party; "we are not prepared to swear allegiance to a person who may not be in existence. Produce the young King, and on our knees we are ready to tender to him our homage."

"My Lord of Salisbury's returning loyalty," said Plantagenet, "seems to be growing cool again. The King is under the guardianship of the Earl of Pembroke, who no doubt has taken steps to provide for his safety, and will produce him when he knows that his loyal barons wish to behold their sovereign."

"Nay, nay," said Ranulph, smiling; "my Lord of Salisbury's objection is most reasonable, but I am prepared to obviate all his scruples.—Approach, Sire, and receive the homage of your faithful subjects."

Thus saying, he led the Page into the centre of the circle formed by the assembled barons, and unbarring his visor, the fair face, the blue eyes, and the long flaxen ringlets of young Henry were immediately recognised by all.

"God save King Henry!" said Earl Ranulph; and the exclamation was echoed by a thousand voices. The young monarch was then led to the throne before the altar, which had but a short

time before been occupied by Louis; and the Earl of Chester, delivering to him seizin of his inheritance by a white wand instead of a sceptre, did homage to him for his estates and titles, and his example was followed by the rest of the nobles present.*

---

* Dugdale. Hardyng.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

EDWARD THE FIRST.

EDWARD was crowned at Westminster, August 19th, 1274, with his Queen Eleanor. He immediately sent commissioners into different parts of England to redress grievances and reform abuses, which gave the people a good opinion of his reign.

Two hundred and eighty Jews were hanged for clipping and coining, and a short time afterwards Edward ordered all the Jews to be seized and to be transported out of the kingdom. He also confiscated their effects.

1276.—Edward went to war with the Welsh. Their Prince Llewellyn was slain in battle, and Wales was annexed to the English kingdom.

1291.—John Baliol, Robert Bruce, and the other competitors, having agreed to refer their respective claims to the crown of Scotland, to the decision of Edward, the States of Scotland met on the 12th of May, at Norham. Edward then desired them to acknowledge his sovereignty over Scotland : a proposition which astonished them so much, that they were silent. He chose to construe that silence into an acknowledgment of his right ; and all the claimants having allowed his pretensions, every castle in the kingdom was delivered up to him.

1292.—Edward declared Baliol King of Scotland, and delivered him up the fortresses on his doing homage and swearing fealty to him.

1293.—Edward, having forced Baliol by acts of despotism into rebellion, invaded Scotland.

1296.—During this year all Scotland was subdued, its strongholds taken, and Baliol defeated near Dunbar, and sent prisoner to the Tower of London.

1298.—The Scotch having revolted under the conduct of William Wallace, Edward marched an army to the North. The Earl of Warren also collected an army in England, and marched into Scotland, but was entirely defeated by Wallace at Cambuskenneth.

1305.—Wallace was betrayed into Edward's hands, who sent him in chains to London, where he was executed on Tower-Hill as a rebel.

Robert Bruce raised forces to resist the English, and drove them entirely out of Scotland.

1307.—Edward, while on his way to Scotland at the head of a powerful army died at Carlisle.

The Little Battle of Chalons.

He played agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did sing,
Oh! ladye, this is thy owne true love,
Noe harper———

KING ESTMERE.

IT was a bright and balmy summer's night, and the moon was pouring a flood of the purest radiance on a landscape of unrivalled beauty. An ancient Gothic castle, embosomed in majestic woods, stood on the brow of a hill, at whose foot flowed the river Marne, glittering splendidly and tranquilly in the moonbeams. The river wound in many a shining link down the valley, and would have bounded the horizon, but that, on its opposite bank, in one dusky solid mass, towered the battlements of the City of Chalons. Beyond the outward wall of the castle was a gay parterre, adorned with innumerable flowers of every hue and odour, and fenced in with wooden palisades, into which opened four wickets. At one of these wickets stood a person clad in the garb of a minstrel, with a harp slung about his waist: but as the night breeze stirred the green mantle which formed his outward garment, the coat of mail beneath it, which it was intended to conceal, glittered brightly in the moonbeams. Two horses, richly caparisoned, were feeding at a short distance from him. He gazed often and anxiously towards the eastern turret of the castle, and at length began to exhibit signs of great anxiety and impatience.

"Perchance," he said, "she doubts that I am true to my engagement. I will sing her favourite ditty to my harp, which will assure her that I am here; and should it be heard by any one else, it will be supposed that some wandering minstrel is greeting the lords of Marne with a lay as he passes by their venerable mansion."

This resolution was no sooner formed than executed. The harper struck his instrument, and with a voice of considerable power and sweetness sang the following serenade:—

"Wake, lady, wake! the midnight moon
Sails through the cloudless skies of June,
The stars gaze sweetly on the stream
Which in the brightness of their beam
One sheet of glory lies;
The glow-worm lends its little light,
And all that's beautiful and bright
Is shining on our world to-night,
Save thy bright eyes.

Wake, lady, wake! the nightingale
Tells to the moon her lovelorn tale;
Now doth the brook that's hush'd by day,
As through the vale she winds her way,
In murmurs sweet rejoice;
The leaves, by the soft night-wind stirr'd,
Are whispering many a gentle word,
And all earth's sweetest sounds are heard,
Save thy sweet voice.

Wake, lady, wake! thy lover waits,
Thy steed stands saddled at the gates;
Here is a garment rich and rare,
To wrap thee from the cold night air;
The appointed hour is flown:
Danger and doubt have vanish'd quite,
Our way before lies clear and right,
And all is ready for the flight,
Save thee alone.

Wake, lady, wake! I have a wreath
Thy broad fair brow should rise beneath;
I have a ring that must not shine
On any finger, love, but thine;
I've kept my plighted vow.
Beneath thy casement here I stand
To lead thee by thy own white hand
Far from this dull and captive strand:—
But where art thou?

Wake, lady, wake !—She wakes, she wakes !
Through the green mead her course she takes ;
And now her lover's arms enfold
A prize more precious far than gold,
Blushing like morning's ray ;
Now mount thy palfrey, maiden kind,
Nor pause to cast one look behind,
But swifter than the viewless wind,
Away, away !

The last stanza was improvised ; for, just as the singer was concluding his song, a person in the habit of a page appeared at the wicket. The masculine attire, however, did not conceal the heaving bosom and the flowing ringlets of the seeming page, who sunk, exhausted with fear and anxiety, into the arms of the knight ; he in the mean time warbled the concluding stanza of the serenade, and, suiting the action to the word, after tenderly embracing his companion, and assisting her to her saddle, he mounted his own, and both rode away rapidly in an opposite direction to that of the city of Chalons.

"Sweetest Adelaide," said the knight, "we must instantly proceed to the English camp. King Edward and his knights have, fortunately for us, declined the invitation of the Earl of Chalons to take up their quarters in the city, and preferred abiding in their tents ; there thy habit will effectually conceal thee, and the gentle Adelaide shall for a short season wait upon her own true knight as his page, and that short attendance upon him will he afterwards repay with the service of a life devoted to her."

"Gallant Eustace," said the lady, "with thee by my side, I ought to feel assured of happiness and safety ; dismal forebodings, nevertheless, weigh down my heart. Oh ! for the hour when the billows of the sea shall roll between me and my treacherous guardian, and the hated being with whom he would have me wed."

"That hour, my sweetest," said the knight, "is near at hand. To-morrow is the third and last day of the tournament ; and on the next day, King Edward and his gallant knights, whose superior prowess on the two preceding days has won them no good will in the minds of the Burgundians, will proceed on their way home to merry England ; there, sweet Adelaide, the bride of Eustace de

Mortimer will be a welcome guest at the court of the gallant Edward and the good Queen Eleanor."

While the knight and the lady are pursuing their route to the English tents, we will take the opportunity of putting the reader in possession of some facts with which it is necessary that he should be acquainted. Eustace de Mortimer was a young and gallant Englishman, who was knighted on the field by King Henry the Third, after the battle of Evesham, for his services in contributing to that memorable victory; he afterwards accompanied Prince Edward in his expedition to the Holy Land. The English forces passed through the city of Chalons on their way, where they were joined by a party of Burgundians under the command of the Lord of Marne, to whose daughter Adelaide, Eustace de Mortimer had been betrothed. The lovers took a tender leave of each other, after they had exchanged protestations of constancy and fidelity, and after the Lord of Marne had commended his daughter to the guardianship and protection of his kinsman the Earl of Chalons.

Edward and his little band of English performed prodigies of valour in the Holy Land. His fame and prowess, and the reputation of his great uncle, King Richard, struck terror into the hearts of the infidels. The withering influence of the climate, and the overwhelming superiority in the numbers of their enemies, nevertheless compelled the crusaders to conclude a truce with the Sultan and to return to Europe. The Burgundians preceded the English on their return homewards, after having lost their leader, the Lord of Marne, who was slain at the siege of Joppa. Edward, at the head of about five hundred followers, the wreck of the forces which he had led out of England, proceeded through Italy and France towards his native country. In Sicily he received intelligence of the death of his father, King Henry the Third; and that the Barons had all taken the oath of fealty to him, and desired his immediate presence in England, to take possession of the throne of his ancestors. As he passed through Burgundy, the Earl of Chalons requested his presence at a tournament which was to be made in the neighbourhood of that city, and even sent him a sort of challenge. Though a King of England might have honourably

declined measuring swords with an Earl of Chalons, yet Edward, who had acquired a high character for valour and courtesy, accepted the challenge without a moment's hesitation. The English encamped in the neighbourhood, and a tournament, which was to last for three days, was proclaimed; to which, attracted by the celebrity of the principal person challenged, the most renowned knights flocked from all parts of Europe. Eustace de Mortimer took this opportunity of seeking out his betrothed bride, for the purpose of condoling with her on the death of her father, and of making arrangements for carrying her with him to England. He found, however, that the Earl of Chalons, who had been appointed guardian of her person and estates by her father, had grossly abused his trust. He had suffered his son, Rudolph de Chalons, to persecute her with his addresses, although she had, with her father's consent, been solemnly betrothed to the English knight; and on her refusing to consent to receive the addresses of Rudolph, he had shut her up in her own castle, which was on the banks of the Marne, at a distance of about three miles from the city, and seized her estates, and converted the revenues to his own use. It was in vain that Eustace remonstrated with him, and insisted on obtaining an interview with his bride.

"Sir Knight," said the Earl, "if you really felt that affection for this unhappy maiden which you profess, you would cease from urging your suit at this moment. Her father's death has so wrought upon her young and ardent mind, that she is bereft of reason, and seclusion and quietness are absolutely necessary for her restoration to a state of mental and bodily health. Proceed, Sir Knight, to England; and myself will, when the maiden is able to endure the journey, escort her thither, and be present, as the representative of her father, at your nuptials."

"My Lord," said Sir Eustace, shaking his head incredulously, "I fear that when King Edward and the five hundred good lances which follow him have turned their backs on the city of Chalons, Eustace de Mortimer may wait for his bride till her auburn locks have grown grey, and her bright eyes are dim with age,

and the hue of her cheek resembles more the grave-stone than the rose."

"Doubtest thou the plighted word of Chalons?" said the Earl, affecting displeasure, and turning to go away.

"Nay, my Lord!" said Eustace, intercepting him, "I doubt no longer; for I know that though that word was plighted to perform the will of her father, who affianced her to me, yet Rudolph de Chalons has been suffered to present himself to her as her suitor, and that the scorn with which she rejected him has been followed by the loss of her liberty."

"Young sir," said the Earl, "you wear a more imperious brow, and talk in a bolder tone than the Earl of Chalons is accustomed to confront or listen to."

Thus saying, the Earl abruptly left the apartment in which he had granted an audience to the English knight. "Now, by St. George!" said Sir Eustace, when he found himself alone, "if this be Burgundian faith and honour, Heaven and this right hand alone can work out the deliverance of Adelaide. I must find means to gain admission to the castle; I must—I must speak to her. If I cannot by stratagem procure her liberation, then must I invoke the aid of good King Edward to compel this perfidious Earl to perform the will of her father."

The day after this interview between Sir Eustace de Mortimer and the guardian of his bride, was the first day of the tournament. The lists were erected on the outside of the city of Chalons. Two splendid pavilions were erected for King Edward and the Earl, on one of which were emblazoned the arms of England, and on the other those of Chalons. Queen Eleanor of England and the Countess of Chalons jointly officiated as the fair presidents of the day's sport. The first day was devoted to encounters between individual knights on each side; and neither the King nor the Earl appeared in the lists on that day. In every encounter the English had the advantage so decidedly, that the Burgundians murmured openly, and did not hesitate to accuse their opponents of having made use of spells and enchantments in order to insure the victory; although each knight had, previously to entering the lists, taken

the usual oath administered by the heralds, that he had not resorted to any such practices. The most memorable combat this day was that between Sir Eustace de Mortimer and Sir Rudolph de Chalons. When these two knights entered the lists, they rode up to the place where the heralds were stationed, and took the accustomed oaths. Sir Eustace then held out his hand to Sir Rudolph, in token that he combated not by reason of personal hostility, but for the pleasure of the ladies, and to perfect himself in martial exercises.

"Nay, proud Englishman," said Rudolph de Chalons, "I cannot accept thy courtesy, for there lives not the man whom I would more gladly see stretched upon his bier than thee. Thee, therefore, do I challenge, not to an idle feat of arms, but to peril life and limb against me for the hand of the Lady Adelaide of Marne." Thus saying, the Burgundian knight threw away from him the pointless sword which he held in his hand (agreeably to the regulations of the tournament, which prescribed that no sharp weapon should be used in the lists), and drew from his scabbard a sword which had been the terror of his enemies in many a well-fought field.

"Discourteous knight," said Sir Eustace, "I wished not to show you any ill-will, although both the lady whom you have named and I have small cause to love you or any of your house. Neither need I peril life and limb for the possession of the hand of the Lady Adelaide, since that hand is mine by her father's and her own sweet will. Nevertheless, Sir Rudolph de Chalons, do I accept thy challenge; and now God defend the right."

Thus saying, the English knight also unsheathed his fatal weapon, and both combatants were about to close in a mortal conflict when the herald rushed between them.

"Forbear, gallant knights," said he, "forbear! put up your sharp swords, or instantly leave the lists. Neither personal malice nor private quarrel must disturb the chivalrous sports of this day."

Both knights stood sternly gazing at each other, and both were evidently displeased at the interruption of the herald: for Sir Eustace de Mortimer had by this time become infected with the

hostile spirit of his opponent. "If it must be so," said Rudolph, sheathing his sword slowly and reluctantly, "I will be content with the disgrace instead of the death of this presumptuous Englishman, who dares to aspire to the hand of the Lady Adelaide of Marne."

"I cannot war with words, Sir Rudolph," said Eustance; "and if I could, it would ill become a knight who serves the gallant King Edward of England to emulate thee in thy discourteous speech. To achievement—to achievement!"

The knights then retreated in opposite directions to the extremities of the lists; their pages approached them, and again placed in their hands the pointless weapons which they had thrown aside, and then, at the sound of the trumpet, each rushed towards his adversary and the combat was commenced.

The contest was long and doubtful; with skill, strength, and zeal, the competitors seemed to be equally endowed. At one time Mortimer's horse stumbled; but Sir Eustace at that moment aimed so well-directed a blow at Sir Rudolph's helmet, that it bore him from his saddle, and both knights came to the ground together. They then continued the encounter, knee to knee and breast to breast; the tremendous blows which they directed at each other excited an admiration in the breasts of the spectators, which was only equalled by that caused by the swiftness and dexterity with which they interposed their shields and received those blows as they descended. At length Sir Rudolph's sword broke against the shield of his antagonist, and a shout of applause was rising from the assembled multitude, who thought the combat terminated, when, to the surprise of all, Sir Eustace threw away his own weapon, and once more stood on equal terms with the Burgundian. The combatants paused an instant, and their eyes flashed fire through the steel bars of their visors; then extending their arms, each seized the other in his vigorous grasp. This portion of the struggle lasted a shorter time than was expected. Whether from superior skill and practice in the art of wrestling, or that he had not till then put forth his entire strength, Sir Eustace had scarcely clutched his opponent before he threw him to the ground, and

placing his knee upon his breast, was hailed conqueror by the acclamations of thousands.

"Sir Knight," said the Countess of Chalons, to whom the task of placing the wreath of laurel on the brows of such English knights as proved victorious devolved, as did that of rewarding the triumphant Burgundians to the Queen of England: "wear this wreath which thou hast won so nobly; and although my kinsman has fallen beneath the power of thy arm, trust me, that no feelings towards thee but those of respect and admiration exist in the bosom of Maud of Chalons. Nor," she added, turning to the discomfited knight, "will my kinsman, who has lost neither fame nor honour in this encounter, refuse to meet with a friendly grasp the hand of the gallant Englishman."

"First shall my hand moulder in the grave!" said the Burgundian. "I acknowledge him the victor this day. By what means his victory has been obtained, I leave those to judge who have witnessed the success which has attended his countrymen this day. Nevertheless, I defy the foul fiend! and if this knight will again encounter me on the morrow, I will prove to him that my defeat this day has been owing to accident, or to something worse, with which I will not charge him."

"The time will come, Rudolph de Chalons," said Mortimer "when thy heart's blood shall pay for these foul aspersions. The combat which thou offerest for the morrow I might by the laws of chivalry decline, having already proved myself thy conqueror; nevertheless, will I waive the exemption which I might claim, and on the morrow will I encounter thee again, if thou darest."

"Then," said the Burgundian, smiling grimly, "give me thine hand, which I ere now refused; and know," he added, while he squeezed it in his iron grasp, "that friendship was never plighted with so much fervour and sincerity as I now press thy hand in token of my fixed and irrevocable hate."

Sir Eustace answered only by the vehemence with which he returned the hostile pressure of the Burgundian's hand; and then making a lowly obeisance to the fair presidents of the tournament, both knights departed from the lists.

On that evening a minstrel presented himself at the gates of the Castle of Marne, and was, as the professors of that art usually were, readily admitted into the interior. The porter gazed earnestly at the visitor; for although he did not remember to have seen a minstrel with the features on which he then looked, yet was there something in those features which he thought was familiar to him.

"Adam," said the minstrel, "knowest thou me not?"

"The glance of that eye," said the old man, "breaks upon me like a light to which I have long been unaccustomed, and the sound of that voice is like long-lost but unforgotten music to my ear."

At that moment a bugle was heard sounding, and the minstrel, thrown off his guard, instinctively put himself in an attitude of defence, and darted his hand to his left side, as if to grasp a weapon, but no weapon was there.

"Ha!" said the porter, on whom a sudden light seemed to have broken; "I know thee now—Sir Eustace de Mortimer! Sir Knight, Sir Knight, thine ear must be beyond the blast of bugles and trumpets, and thine eye beyond the flash of sabres and spears, ere the exchange of a steel corslet for a robe of Kendal green can hide thee from the glance either of friend or foe."

"But what meant that bugle note?" asked the knight.

"'Twas but the warder's salutation to my lady," answered the porter, "as she took her evening walk upon the battlement of the eastern turret."

"Thy lady!" said Eustace; "Adam, 'tis with thy lady I would speak."

"Nay, Sir Knight, not for the wealth of England may'st thou speak with her. I am strictly commanded by the Earl to forbid the admission of any one to her presence."

"But thy prohibition, good Adam," said the knight, "cannot extend to a wandering minstrel, who comes to lighten her sad heart with his songs; and especially when that minstrel, instead of craving alms from thee, has wherewith also to lighten the sadness of thine own heart, although, perchance, the remedy differs somewhat from that which he would prescribe to thy lady."

"Tut, tut, Sir Knight!" said the porter, suffering the purse of gold, which the other offered, to sink unresisted into his pouch; "there needed not this; the love which I bore to the good lady's father, and which I still bear to her and to you, Sir Knight, had been enough to procure for you a short interview. Besides, I am not such a churl as to refuse the petition of a minstrel, whom even the grim warrior on the field of blood will smile upon and listen to. If thou be'st not what thou seemest to be, gentle minstrel, Heaven pardon thee! Mine eyes are dim, and my memory fails me, so that I cannot detect thy knavery."

Thus saying, with a significant elevation of his finger he motioned the knight to follow him; and leading him along many a long corridor and winding staircase, which, as the passage through them was not distinguished by any incidents worth recording, we shall not minutely describe, they arrived upon the battlements of the eastern turret of the castle. The lady was sitting at the parapet, lost apparently in the contemplation of the surrounding scenery, which we have already attempted to describe. Her cheek was pale and evidently worn with sorrow and anxiety; but the knight looked on it in vain to discover any traces of that mental disease under which the Earl of Chalons had told him that his ward was suffering. He stole behind and approached so close to her, that her bright auburn tresses mingled with his own; but still she stirred not, spoke not, and was unconscious that any one was near her. At length the minstrel struck his harp and awoke a low and gentle, and scarcely audible strain, but it was one which effectually roused the lady from her trance.

"Ha!" she said, starting from her seat and rushing towards the knight, "what is 't I hear—who is 't I see? Eustace, Eustace de Mortimer!"

She threw herself in her lover's arms. "Sweetest Adelaide," he said, "I come to rescue you from the captivity in which this dishonourable Earl has placed you; to claim you for my affianced bride; to lead you to liberty and peace in merry England."

"Alas!" said the lady, "how is my liberation to be effected? The Earl and Sir Rudolph are now here, and intend to pass the

night here. Every avenue to the castle is narrowly watched; and even the arrival of a wandering minstrel, as thou seemest to be, is by this time known to every person within these walls."

"But on the morrow, Adelaide, the Earl and the Knight sup with the King of England in his tent, and pass the night in the city of Chalons. All their retainers will attend them, as well to add to their importance and dignity, as to be near the spot on which the sports of the succeeding day, which will be the last of the tournament, are to take place. The castle will then be left to the guardianship of our friend Adam, and a few other domestics, who at the hour of eight, will be regaling themselves in the buttery; then, should a minstrel sound his harp on the outside of the castle, and a page trip across the parterre to give him alms, wouldest thou, Adam, gaze too curiously on the features of the latter, to ascertain whether they were male or female?"

"My eyes are dim with age, Sir Knight," said the porter; "so that peradventure a cunning disguise would effectually deceive me."

"Would this disguise be cunning enough for that purpose?" said the false minstrel, opening his wallet, and displaying a pair of hose, a buff jerkin, and a cloak.

"There is enough there, Sir Eustace," said Adam, "to deceive a wiser and a younger man than I."

"Then, gentle Adelaide," said her lover, "to-morrow evening, at the hour of eight, disguised in these garments, meet me at the eastern wicket, where I will have two fleet steeds ready to carry us to the English tents; there thou mayest alike laugh at the tyranny of the Earl, and the importunity of Sir Rudolph."

"Doubt me not, beloved Eustace," said the lady.

"And thou, Adam," said the knight, "doubt not me, that if thou art faithful to thy old master's daughter and to me in this emergency, thou shalt not lack a costly reward. Farewell! sweet Adelaide! a sad, but neither a last nor a long farewell."

The knight bent his knee, the lady waved her kerchief; and then the former, following the guidance of Adam, retraced the steps by which he had approached, and his back was soon once more turned on the walls of the castle.

The next day, being the second of the tournament, was one of great and intense interest both to the Burgundians and the English; the former being anxious to retrieve the honours which they had lost, the latter to preserve and confirm those which they had acquired. The King of England and the Earl of Chalons both entered the lists this day. The martial appearance of the King excited universal admiration. He was then about thirty years of age. He was tall and remarkably well formed, except that his legs were somewhat disproportionately long,—a circumstance which procured for him the popular appellation of Long-Shanks. His limbs were bony and muscular, but extraordinarily agile; and although he possessed almost Herculean strength, his every movement was characterized by the utmost ease and gracefulness. The tournament seemed to be indeed a mere sport to him. Every knight he encountered was unhorsed almost as soon as he lifted his weapon: and, while his antagonist fell to the ground exhausted and breathless, Edward rode on in search of a new opponent, apparently unconscious of any exertion or effort. The English knights in general, inspired by the example of their monarch, were with a very few exceptions uniformly successful. Sir Eustace de Mortimer again stretched Sir Rudolph de Chalons breathless at his feet, while the lists rang with the acclamations of the admiring spectators. The Earl of Chalons alone adequately maintained the reputation of his country: he unhorsed several English knights in the course of the day, and maintained his own seat unmoved. The anxiety of the spectators was very great to see the King and the Earl engaged together; but it so happened that throughout the whole of the day these knights were engaged in different parts of the lists, and had no opportunity of encountering each other. Late in the day, however, the Earl was seen spurring his horse towards the spot on which the King stood with his lance in rest, awaiting his attack; but just as they were about to close in the combat, the bell tolled the hour at which it was appointed that the tournament should terminate, and then the stentorian voices of the heralds were heard shouting, "Fold up the banners!"

"Gallant lord," said the King, "I have marked your feats of

arms to-day with wonder and delight, and am much grieved that I have not had an opportunity of measuring my strength with yours. To fall by your arm will be no disgrace, while to prove myself your victor will win me a wreath of which even Edward of England may be proud."

"Your Grace may have that satisfaction on the morrow," said the Earl proudly but courteously. The King waved his hand in testimony of his acceptance of the challenge, and retired to his tent amidst the sound of bugles and trumpets and the acclamations of the multitude.

That evening, in the English camp, was spent in entertainments and revelry, to which the Earl of Chalons and his knights were invited; while, as our readers are already aware, it was employed by Sir Eustace de Mortimer in putting into execution the stratagem which he had formed on the preceding day for the liberation of Adelaide. That stratagem having been executed without any obstruction, we shall proceed to narrate the events of the succeeding day.

This day was the only one of the three devoted to a tournament, strictly so called, the sports of the two preceding days having been what were more properly denominated justs. These two ancient amusements, in which our ancestors so much delighted, though often confounded with each other, differed materially. The tournament was a conflict with many knights divided into parties, and engaged at the same time. The just was a separate trial of skill, when one individual only was opposed to another. On the two former days each knight had singled out his opponent, but on the third the collective strength of the English and Burgundians were to be drawn out as it were in battle array against each other. The former headed by their King, and the latter by their Earl, appeared in the lists at an early hour in the morning; and no sooner did the heralds sound the signal to begin, than the charge was made with all impetuosity, energy, and apparent hostility of a real combat. "St. George! St. Edward!" shouted the English. "St. George of Burgundy!" returned the Burgundians.—Again, however, had the latter the worst of the engagement; and as

knight after knight of the Burgundian party was unhorsed and declared incapable of continuing the contest, did he mutter imprecations on the diabolical spells to which he attributed his discomfiture. The hope of this party, however, was the reliance which they placed on the prowess of their yet unconquered Earl. "Let the proud English monarch look to his laurels to-day!" was the often repeated exclamation of his knights as they saw their leader careering through the lists, and bearing every man from his saddle who opposed him. At length he rode full tilt against King Edward; with a yell of delight he threw away his sword, cast his arms about the neck of the monarch, and used his utmost endeavour to pull him from his horse. Edward, on the other hand, finding that the Earl would not quit his hold, put spurs to his horse and drew him from his saddle, hanging about his neck, and then shaking him violently threw him to the ground.*

The murmur of applause, which burst not only from the surrounding spectators, but also from the contending knights, at beholding this feat, was astounding. For a moment all seemed stupified with surprise and admiration; then a roar of indignation arose from the Burgundian ranks.

"Death!" said Rudolph de Chalons. "Gallants of France and Burgundy, will ye submit to this? Are the laws of chivalry to be held inviolate by us, when our opponents have invoked the foul fiend to their aid? Let others do as they list; but for me," he added, throwing away his pointless sword, "this bauble shall disgrace my hand no longer; but this," drawing another weapon from his girdle, "is an instrument on which he who bears it may rely."

Thus saying, and before the heralds could interpose their authority, he rushed into the English ranks, and singling out Sir Eustace de Mortimer, aimed so tremendous a blow at him that it cut through his helmet and made a deep incision on his head. Eustace, unprepared for an attack from a more formidable weapon

* Walsingham

than the pointless sword appointed to be used on the tournament, stood ready to receive the blow unresisted, and to return it when his opponent was thrown off his guard by the effort which he made. Rudolph's sword, however, had no sooner struck on his helmet than the unfortunate knight, uttering a deep groan, fell from his horse, and sunk, weltering in his blood, to the ground. "Treason ! treason !" shouted the English knights ; and instantly a score of lances were planted in the bosom of Rudolph de Chalons. The engagement now became general. Each party saw one of their number stretched upon the earth, bathed in blood. The lists were broken through, the barriers overthrown, the heralds, and other official persons connected with the tournament, fled dismayed from their posts, and the shouts of no fictitious battle were mingled with the shrieks and wailings of females, the trampling of horses, and the groans of the wounded and the dying. How long this carnage might have lasted it is impossible to say, had not King Edward, at the head of about a dozen knights, rushed into the midst of the contending parties, commanded them to lay down their arms, and charged, with his sword in hand, alike English and Burgundians who seemed disposed to resist his authority. At length the slaughter and tumult terminated, and the combatants, with sullen and discontented looks, reluctantly retreated to their respective pavilions.

"By St. George ! Knights and Esquires," said the King, "never till this day did I gaze upon gallant gentlemen encountering either in the tournament or the field, with feelings of shame and anger. Who began this fray ? I speak, I know, with the concurrence of my noble brother the Earl of Chalons, that whoever he may be neither his rank nor his valour shall shield him from the punishment due to his demerits."

"He is beyond the reach of your Grace's displeasure," said an English knight ; "having already paid the penalty of his foul trea chery. Rudolph de Chalons lies lifeless in the lists."

"My son, my gallant boy !" said the Earl of Chalons ; "who has dared to lay hands upon thee, the last hope of my house ?"

"My lord," said the same knight, "he drew his fate down on

his own head. He treacherously assaulted and wounded Sir Eustace de Mortimer with a weapon forbidden to be used at the tournament."

The Earl hid his face in his hands, and the deep blush which mantled even to his brow, seemed to be the mingled expression of shame and sorrow.

"Ha!" said King Edward, "the noble Mortimer!—I trust that no evil has befallen that gallant knight."

"Hither he comes, my liege," said the knight, "to express, with his dying breath, his loyalty and devotion to your Grace."

Four knights now approached, bearing the bleeding and almost lifeless form of Mortimer stretched upon his shield. A page hung over him, supporting the dying man's head upon his breast, and bathing his face with his tears.

"Justice, my liege," said Mortimer; "vengeance, justice, for injured innocence, and vengeance upon perjury and treason!"

"Say on, say on, gallant Eustace," returned the King; "thou canst not ask that which I will refuse thee."

"Not for myself, great King, am I with my dying breath a humble petitioner to your grace—my days are past and my moments are numbered;—but behold," he added, pointing to the page, "the heiress of the Lord of Marne, your Grace's gallant companion in arms, who is defrauded of her father's heritage—ay, and of her affianced husband's life, by the treachery of the Earl of Chalons!"

"What! my Lord of Chalons," said the King, his eyes flashing fire, and his hand instinctively grasping his sword, "can this be true that I hear? But I wrong my gallant, dying knight to doubt it."

"'Tis true, most true, great King," said the Earl, falling at his feet. "But am I not sufficiently punished for my treachery? My son, for whom I committed this wrong, is numbered with the dead, and I am a man dishonoured and disgraced."

At that moment a dreadful shriek burst from Adelaide de Marne. "Ha! save him—save him!" she cried; "talk you of heritage and revenues at such a moment as this?"

All eyes were turned towards the shield on which Sir Eustace

lay. His lips were quivering with the last breath that hung upon them—his cheeks wore that hue which is only succeeded by the corruption of mortality: and his lids fell over his eyes only to unclose once more, and exhibit that chill, glassy glare which startles us from gazing upon the relics even of the most beloved.

"Alas!" said the King, "our utmost care will avail the brave knight nothing; but look to the Lady Adelaide."

The unfortunate maiden had sunk in a state of insensibility upon the lifeless body of her lover. Every effort was made to restore her, and at length with success, but a success which was merely temporary: she again unclosed her eyes for a moment, gazed first on the breathless form of Eustace, then on the Earl; hid her face in her hand, while a shudder ran through her whole frame; heaved one long sigh, and then her spirit fled for ever.

Such was the fearful catastrophe of the memorable tournament of Chalons. Several knights were slain on both sides, and scarcely one escaped without having been severely wounded. The King, eager alike to reach his dominions and to flee from a spot associated with so many painful recollections, hastened to England; and the Earl, childless, dishonoured, and broken in spirit, shut himself up in a secluded castle in a remote part of Burgundy. The events of that day caused the tournament, which was intended to have been merely an exhibition of martial but innocent sports, to be called "*The Little Battle of Chalons.*"

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

EDWARD THE SECOND.

1307.—EDWARD THE SECOND's first act of power was to recall his favourite, Gaveston, whom his father had banished the kingdom. He heaped unceasing favours upon him, and gave the sole management of the government to him, though a foreigner. The nobility of England were much disgusted by this appointment.

1308.—Edward married Isabella, daughter of Philip the Fair, King of France. The Barons obliged him to banish Gaveston.

1310.—Gaveston was sent out of the kingdom, not as a banished man, but as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and was soon recalled by Edward. Gaveston, venting his pride and insolence, not only on the Barons but the Queen, the nobility, headed by the Earl of Lancaster, took up arms.

1312.—Gaveston was made prisoner by the Earls of Pembroke and Warren, at Scarborough, and finally beheaded on Blacklow Hill, near Warwick. The King and the Barons were afterwards reconciled to each other.

1314.—Edward was defeated by Robert Bruce at Bannockburn, and Scotland again rendered independent of England.

1319.—The Barons again took arms, in consequence of the King's having attached himself to the Spensers, two new favourites. They were banished the kingdom, the King not being able to protect them ; but soon afterwards, on obtaining some successes against the Barons, he recalled them.

1322.—The Earl of Lancaster was beheaded at Pomfret Castle, and many others of his party were put to death.

1324.—The King of France having seized on Guienne, Queen Isabella went over to France to negotiate with her brother, where she met with many of the Lancastrian faction, and amongst them with Roger Mortimer, who by his person and address soon gained her affections. She entered ardently into all Mortimer's conspiracies against her husband. It was secretly determined to get Prince Edward into their power, for which reason the King was persuaded to resign Guienne to his son. The Prince was sent over to do homage to Charles, and Isabella entered into a treaty with the Earl of Hainault, to whose daughter Philippa she contracted her son.

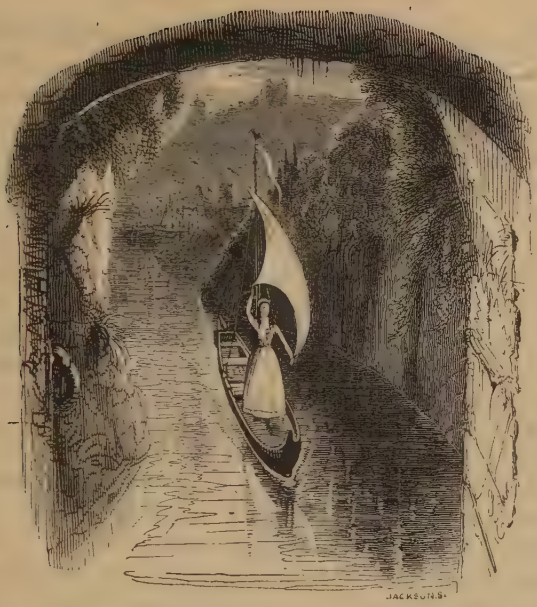
1326.—Isabella landed on the coast of Suffolk with a numerous army, and

was immediately joined by vast numbers of the common people, and many of the principal nobility.

Edward was pursued to Bristol, and thence fled into Wales The elder Spenser was taken prisoner by the Queen's army, and hanged, and his head sent to Winchester.

The King took shipping for Ireland, but was driven back by contrary winds. He then endeavoured to conceal himself in the mountains, but was soon discovered, and put under the charge of the Earl of Leicester. Young Spenser was afterwards taken and hanged, without any trial, at Hereford. The King was sent to Kenilworth Castle.

1327.—Isabella called a Parliament, in which the King was formally deposed, and in a few days, was obliged by menaces to sign a resignation; but everybody now beginning to abhor the Queen for her barbarity to her husband, and infamous conduct with Mortimer, she found that things could not remain quiet whilst the King was alive; and discovering that the Earl of Leicester (at this time Lancaster) pitied and was kind to him, Edward was removed to Berkeley Castle under the charge of Maltravers and Gournay, who put him to death, in a barbarous manner, on the 21st of September.



The Spectre's Voyage.

I see a hand you cannot see,
That beckons me away;
I hear a voice you cannot hear,
That will not let me stay.

THERE is a part of the river Wye, between the city of Hereford and the town of Ross, which was known for more than two centuries by the appellation of "The Spectre's Voyage;" and across which, as long as it retained that appellation, neither

entreaty nor remuneration could induce any boatman to convey passengers after a certain hour of the night. The superstitious notions current among the lower orders were, that, at about the hour of eight on every evening, a female was seen in a small vessel sailing from Hereford to North-brigg, a little village, then distant about three miles from the city, of which not even the site is now discernible; that the vessel sailed with the utmost rapidity in a dead calm, and even against the wind; that to encounter it was fatal; that the voyager landed from it on the eastern bank of the river, a little beyond the village; that she remained some time on shore, making the most fearful lamentations; that she then re-entered the vessel, and sailed back in the same manner, and that both boat and passenger vanished suddenly as they arrived at a certain part of the river, where the current is remarkably strong, within about half a mile of the city of Hereford.

This singular tradition, like most stories of a similar character, was not without a foundation in truth, as the reader will perceive who takes the trouble to peruse the following narrative.

In the turbulent reign of Edward the Second, when the whole of England was one theatre of lawless violence; when might was constantly triumphant over right, and princes and soldiers only respected the very intelligible, if not very equitable principle,

> "That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can;"

the city of Hereford was distinguished by the zeal and patriotism of its citizens, and by the unshrinking firmness with which they adhered to the cause of Queen Isabella and the young prince her son, afterwards the renowned King Edward the Third, in opposition to the weak and ill-fated monarch who then wore the crown, and his detested favourites the Despensers, father and son. Sir Hugh Despenser, the younger, was a man of unquestionable talents, and possessed virtues which, during a period of less violence and personal animosity, might have proved honourable to himself, and useful to his country. The nobles, however, hated him for his obscure birth and his devotion to the service of his prince, who,

however imbecile and unworthy of his high station, was nevertheless unstained by any flagitious crime, and was possessed of a kind and generous heart, and was especially endeared to Despenser, on account of the wealth and honours which he had prodigally lavished upon his family and himself. The discontents of the Queen and the Barons were not vented in fruitless complaints or idle menaces. They flew to arms. The King of France, the Queen's brother, assisted them with men and money; the Count of Hainault, to whose daughter, Philippa, the young prince had been contracted, did the same. The King was driven from London, and forced, with the elder Despenser, whom he had created Earl of Winchester, to take refuge in Bristol. Being hotly pursued to this city by the Earl of Kent and the Count of Hainault, at the head of a formidable army, he was obliged to flee into Wales, leaving the elder Despenser governor of the castle of Bristol. This fortress was immediately besieged, and speedily taken, as the garrison mutinied against their governor, and delivered him into the hands of his enemies. This venerable nobleman, who had nearly reached his ninetieth year, was instantly, without trial, or witness, or accusation, or answer, condemned to death by the rebellious Barons: he was hanged on a gibbet; his body was cut in pieces and thrown to the dogs; and his head was sent to Winchester, the place whence he derived his title, and was there set on a pole, and exposed to the insults of the populace.

When the news of this catastrophe reached the younger Despenser, he was at the head of a fine army, which had sat down before the city of Hereford, for the purpose of reducing it to obedience to King Edward. The formidable force which he commanded had struck terror into the hearts of the citizens, so that notwithstanding their attachment to Queen Isabella, and their detestation of Despenser, they had shown symptoms of their willingness to yield to the latter upon reasonable terms; and he, desirous of obtaining possession of the city without any unnecessary effusion of blood, had granted a truce of a week's duration, to give them time to decide upon the conditions upon which they would open their gates to him. The disastrous intelligence which he received from

Bristol, however, made him doubtful whether he should hold inviolate the truce which he had granted to the besieged. He did not doubt but that the Earl of Kent and his troops, flushed with conquest, would hasten to his destruction, and to the relief of Hereford; and that unless he could possess himself of the city and castle, and by shutting himself up in the latter be enabled to bid defiance to his enemies, the fate of his father must inevitably be his own.

The favourite recreation of the inhabitants of Hereford was then, as it is now, to make excursions, either alone or in parties, upon their beautiful river. This amusement had become so much a custom with them, that the most timid females were not afraid to venture alone and at night in a small skiff, with which almost every family of respectability was provided; and on a bright moonlight night, the bosom of the river was beautifully diversified by white sails glittering in the moonbeams, while sweet female voices would be heard warbling some popular melodies, the subjects of which were, usually, praises of Prince Edward, or execrations of Despenser and those who had corrupted the King. It was on such a night that the incident with which our narrative commences occurred. The moon was riding in an unclouded sky—unclouded except by those light fleecy vapours which hover round the form of the queen of night, increasing rather than diminishing her beauty. The river seemed one sheet of silver, and numerous little vessels, passing and repassing, gave it a delightfully animated appearance. In one, which seemed to be venturing nearer to the camp of the enemy than the others, might be seen a light and delicate female form; and on the shore which she was approaching, a little above the village of North-brigg, stood a soldier, whose accoutrements bespoke him to belong to the army of Sir Hugh Despenser.

The lady landed, and the soldier hastened to meet her. "Dearest Isabel," he said, "blessings upon thy generous trusting heart, for this sweet meeting! I have much to tell thee, but that my tongue dares not utter all with which my mind is stored; and if it dared, it is not on such a night as this, so bright, so beautiful, that tidings dark as mine should be communicated." Isabel, who had laid her

head upon his breast when they met, started from him, and gazed with the utmost terror and surprise at the unwonted gloom which darkened his countenance.

"Walter, what means this? Come you to break the trusting heart which beats for you alone? Come you to cancel your vows, to say that we must part for ever? Oh! better had you left me to the mercy of the wave, when its work of death was half achieved, if you reserved me only for the misery which waits upon a broken heart and blighted and betrayed affections!"

"Sweet, dry these tears!" replied the soldier; "while I have life I am thine. I come to warn thee of sure but unseen danger. The walls of Hereford are strong, and the arms and hearts of her citizens firm and trusty; but her hour is come, and the path of the destroyer, although secret, is like the stream which hides itself for a time beneath the earth, only to spring forth more strongly and irresistibly than ever."

"Thy words are dark and dreadful; but I do not know of any cause for fear, or of any means of avoiding it, if it exists."

"Fly with me, fly!—with thy heart and hand reward my love, and think no more of those grim walls, and sullen citizens, with souls as iron as their beavers, and hearts as cold as the waters of their river."

"Oh! no, no, no! my father's head is grey; and, but for me alone, all his affections, all his hopes, are buried in my mother's grave. He hates thee and thy cause. When I told him a stranger had rescued his daughter from the wave, he raised his hands to Heaven and blessed him. I told him that that stranger was a follower of the Despensers: he checked his unfinished benediction and cursed him. But if he knew thee, Walter—thy noble heart, thy constant love—methinks that time and entreaty would make him listen to his daughter's prayer."

"Alas! my Isabel, entreaty would be vain, and Time is already flapping his wings, loaded with inevitable ruin, over yon devoted city and its inhabitants. Thy father shall be safe—trust that to me; and trust me, too, that what I promise I can perform. But thou, my loved one,—thou must not look upon the horrid face of

war: and though my power extends to save thy father from injury, it would be easier to save the wall-flowers on the ramparts of the city from the foot of the invader, than one so fair, so feeble, from his violence and lust."

"Whoe'er thou art," she said, "there is a spell upon my heart which love and gratitude have twined, and which makes it thine for ever; but sooner would I lock my hand with that of the savage Despenser himself, when reeking with the best blood of Hereford's citizens, than leave my father's side when his grey hairs are in danger, and my native city when treachery is in her streets and outrage is approaching her walls!"

These words were uttered with an animation and vehemence so unusual to her, that Walter stood for a moment transfixed with wonder: and before he recovered his self-possession, Isabel, with the velocity of lightning, had regained her skiff and was sailing before the wind to Hereford. "Curse on my amorous folly!" he exclaimed, "that, for a pair of pale cheeks and sparkling eyes, has perhaps ruined a better concerted stratagem than ever entered the brain of the Grecian Sinon. I must away, or the false girl will awake the slumbering citizens to their defence before the deed is done: and yet, must I devote her to the foul grasp of ruffian violence? No, no! my power is equal to save or to destroy." As he uttered these words, he rapidly ascended the rocks which skirted that part of the banks of the river on which he stood, and was soon lost among the wild woods that crowned their summit.

We shall not enter into any detailed account of the events of that night. The royalists, by means of an unexpected attack during the truce, and aided by internal treachery, hoped to make themselves masters of the city of Hereford. The citizens, however, had by some unknown means obtained intelligence of the designs of the enemy, and were prepared to repel their attacks. Every street was lined with soldiers, and a band of the bravest and most determined, under the command of Eustace Chandos (Isabel's father), manned the city walls. The struggle was short but sanguinary—the invaders were beaten back at every point; their best troops were left dead in the trenches, and above two hundred

prisoners (among whom was Sir Hugh Despenser himself) fell into the hands of the citizens. The successful party set no bounds either to their exultation or their revenge. The rejoicings were continued for three successive days; the neighbouring country was ravaged without cessation and without remorse; and all the prisoners were ordered, by a message to that effect received from Queen Isabella, to be treated as felons, and hanged in the most public places in the city. This decree was rigorously and unrelentingly executed. The royalist soldiers, without any distinction as to rank or character, suffered the ignominious punishment to which they were condemned, and the streets of Hereford were blocked up by gibbets, which the most timid and merciful of its inhabitants gazed upon with satisfaction and triumph.

Sir Hugh Despenser, both on account of his rank and of the peculiar degree of hatred with which each bosom beat against him, was reserved to be the last victim. On the day of his execution the streets were lined with spectators, and the principal families in the city occupied stations round the scaffold. So great was the universal joy at having their enemy in their power, that even the wives and daughters of the most distinguished citizens were anxious to view the punishment inflicted upon him whom they considered the grand cause of all the nation's evils. Isabel was not of this number; but her father sternly compelled her to be a witness of the dismal scene. The hour of noon was fast approaching, and the bell of the cathedral heavily and solemnly tolled the knell of the unfortunate Despenser. The fatal cavalcade approached the place of execution. A stern and solemn triumph gleamed in the eyes of the soldiers as they trod by the side of the victim; but most of the spectators, especially the females, were melted into tears when they beheld the fine manly form of the prisoner, which seemed better fitted to adorn the royal levee, or a lady's bower, than to undergo the melancholy fate to which he was about to be consigned. His head was bare, and his light flaxen locks fell in rich profusion down his shoulders, but left unshaded his finely-proportioned and sunburnt features. He wore the uniform of the royal army, and a star on his breast indicated his rank; while he held

in his hand a small ivory cross, which he frequently and fervently kissed. His deportment was firm and contemptuous, and, as he looked on the formal and frequently grotesque figures of his guards, his features even assumed an expression of risibility. The sight of the gibbet, however, which was raised fifty feet high, seemed to appal him, for he had not been apprized of the ignominious nature of his punishment. "And is this," he said, as he scornfully dashed away a tear which had gathered in his eye, "ye rebellious dogs—is this the death to which you doom the heir of Winchester?" A stern and bitter smile played on the lips of his guards; but they remained silent. "Oh God!" he continued, "in the field, or on the wave, or on the block, which has reeked so often with the bravest and noblest blood, I could have died smiling; but this——" His emotion seemed increasing, but with a violent effort he suppressed every outward sign of it; for the visible satisfaction which gleamed on the dark faces around him, at the state of weakness to which they had reduced the proud heart of their foe, was more galling to his soul than the shameful death to which he was devoted.

By the time he reached the place of execution his face had resumed its calm and scornful air, and he sprang upon the scaffold with an apparently unconcerned alacrity. At the same moment a dreadful shriek issued from that part of the surrounding booths in which the family of Chandos sat; and in another instant a female, deadly pale, and with her hair and dress disordered, had darted upon the scaffold and clasped the prisoner in her arms.

"Walter!" she cried, "Walter! can it be thou? Oh! they dare not take thy life, thou bravest, best of men! Avaunt, ye bloodthirsty brood! ye cannot tear me from him. No! till my arms grow cold in death, I'll clasp him thus, and defy the world to sever us!"

"Oh, Isabel!" he said, "it is too much; my soul can bear no more. I hoped thine eyes had been spared this sight—but the cold tyrants have decreed it thus Oh! leave me, leave me!—it is in vain—unmannered ruffians, spare her!" While he spoke, the soldiers forcibly tore her from him, and were dragging her through the crowd.—"My father! save him! he saved thy child.—Walter!

supplicate him—he is kind." She turned her eyes to the scaffold as she uttered these words, and beheld the form of Despenser writhing in the air, and convulsed with the last mortal agony. A fearful shriek burst from her heart, and she sank senseless in the arms of those who bore her.

Isabel survived this event more than a twelvemonth; but her reason had fled, and her health was so shattered that final recovery was hopeless. She took scarcely any food, refused all intercourse with her former friends, and even with her father, and would sit silent and motionless for days together. One thing only soothed her mind, or afforded her any gratification; and this, as she was an experienced navigator of the river, her friends indulged her in —to sail from the city of Hereford to that spot on which she used to meet her lover. This she did constantly every evening; but when she had landed, and had waited a short time, her shrieks and cries were pitiable.—This practice one evening proved fatal. Instead of steering to the usual landing-place, a little above the city, she entered a part of the river where the current is unusually strong. The rapidity of its waves mastered and overturned the frail bark in which she sailed, and the unfortunate Isabel sank to rise no more.

The tragic nature of these events made an impression on the popular mind which two centuries did not efface. The spirit of Isabel was still said to sail every night from Hereford to Northbrigg, to meet her lover; and the track across the river which this unearthly traveller pursued, was long distinguished by the name of "The Spectre's Voyage."

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

EDWARD THE THIRD.

1327.—EDWARD THE THIRD was crowned when only fifteen years of age. A Regency was appointed, but the Queen-mother and Mortimer engrossed the government to themselves.

Edward married Philippa of Hainault.

1328.—Mortimer concluded a peace with the Scots. David, Robert Bruce's son, was married to Joanna, Edward's sister. Every claim that England had on Scotland was relinquished.

1330.—On the death of Charles, King of France, without sons, Edward laid claim to the crown, in right of Isabella, his mother; but the Peers of France adjudged it to Philip of Valois.

1331.—The conduct of the Queen-mother and the Earl of March becoming notoriously infamous, the former was sent prisoner to Castle Rising, in Norfolk, and the latter hanged. Edward, afterwards the Black Prince, was born, Edward disapproving of the peace made by Mortimer with Scotland, supported the claims of Baliol to the throne of that kingdom, entered Scotland with an army, defeated the Bruce party at Halidon, and having possessed himself of several of the strongest fortresses in the kingdom, received the oath of fealty from Baliol.

1334.—The Scottish nobles revolted against Baliol, returned to their allegiance to David Bruce, and expelled almost all the English from the kingdom.

1344.—The battle of Cressy was fought, in which Edward totally defeated the French King, and the young Prince of Wales gained great glory.

1346.—The Scots were defeated by Queen Philippa at Neville's Cross, and their king, David Bruce, made prisoner.

1354.—John, King of France, was defeated and made prisoner at the battle of Poictiers, by the Black Prince.

1359.—A peace was concluded between England and France, by which nearly as much French territory was ceded to the former as she had anciently possessed, and King John was set at liberty.

1361.—The Prince of Wales married his cousin, Joanna of Kent.

1363.—The Prince of Wales, being created by his father Prince of Aquitaine, kept his Court at Bordeaux.

1366.—The Prince of Wales, carrying a numerous army into Spain, gained the battle of Najara, and restored the deposed King of Castile, Pedro, to the throne.

1369 to 1376.—Edward having grown old and infirm, and the Prince of Wales being dangerously ill, Charles, King of France, took advantage of the incompetency of the generals to whom the affairs of the English in France were entrusted, to recover almost all the provinces which had been ceded to Edward. The Prince of Wales died in 1376.

1377.—King Edward the Third died.

The Chaplet of Pearls.

He was a king indeed!
For wisdom, not a statesman in his realm
Could mate with him; for valour, the right hand
E'en of his stoutest warriors never dealt
Blows like his own; yet was the king withal
Courteous and gracious to the knights who fell
Beneath his weighty arm, like the south wind,
Which, when it breathes upon the summer flowers,
Lays their heads low and kisses them.

THE BATTLE OF CRESSY.

SIR EMERIC DE PAVIA, a valiant Lombard, whom King Edward the Third had made Governor of Calais, was walking moodily on the ramparts of that town; his step was hurried and impatient. He often raised his hand and passed it rapidly across his brow, as if he would by that act wipe away some torturing recollection from his brain. Sometimes he stamped furiously on the ground, and at others sat down on the battlements; and while he leaned his head on his clenched hands, the sweat poured from his brow, and his whole frame shook convulsively. At times he looked towards the sun, which had nearly attained his meridian height, and was gilding the broad expanse of ocean, the town and Castle of Calais, and the distant plains of Picardy, with the full effulgence of his beams;—at others, he stretched his eye across the Channel, and looked wistfully, yet fearfully, towards the white cliffs of Dover. So entirely absorbed in his own reflections was

the Governor, that he did not observe a person near him wrapped in a long black cloak, who seemed narrowly to watch his motions. The stranger's face was enveloped in his cloak. At first he seemed to avoid coming in contact with Sir Emeric; afterwards, however, he crossed his path repeatedly, evidently intending, but still unable, to attract his notice. At length, during one of the most violent of Sir Emeric's paroxysms, the stranger approached him, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said in a low but distinct tone of voice, "Then the tale that was told to me is true."

"Ha!" said the Governor, starting and grasping his sword, "who and what art thou? What is the tale that has been told thee?"

"That Sir Emeric de Pavia is a traitor!" said the stranger.

"Dastard and liar!" said the Governor: "who and what, I say again, art thou that darest to call Emeric of Pavia a traitor?"

"Behold!" said the stranger, flinging back his mantle, and exhibiting the fine majestic features of a man about thirty-five years of age, which were well known to Sir Emeric. The latter fell on his knees, and in a suppliant tone exclaimed, "Guilty, my most gracious Liege, guilty!—Pardon, pardon!"

"Emeric," said King Edward,—for it was he,—"thou knowest that I have entrusted to thee what I hold dearest in this world, after my wife and children,—I mean the town and castle of Calais, which thou hast sold to the French, and for which thou deservest death."

"Ah! gentle King, have mercy on me!" said the Governor. "All that you have charged me with is true, most true; but there is yet time to break the disgraceful bargain. I have not yet received one penny of the filthy lucre for which I agreed to deliver this town and castle to your Grace's enemies."

"Emeric," said the King, raising him from his suppliant posture, "I have loved thee well, and even from a child have loaded thee with marks of my favour. Your plot, well and secretly contrived as it was, could not be kept hidden from me. I had certain intelligence of it a month ago. News was then brought to me at Westminster, that thou hadst sold this place to Sir Geoffrey de

Charni for twenty thousand crowns, and that this day he is to proceed from St. Omers with his forces, and arrive here at midnight, for the purpose of receiving possession from thee.—Was my information true or false?"

"It was most true, my Liege," said Emeric, again attempting to throw himself at the King's feet.

"Listen to me," said the King, preventing him: "it is my wish that you continue this treaty. When Sir Geoffrey's forces arrive, lead them to the great tower; and on this condition I promise you my pardon. I have just arrived from England with three hundred men-at-arms and six hundred archers; but have arrived so privily, that no one knows but thou that I am here. The Prince of Wales and Sir Walter Manny are with me. Go with me, that I may give you directions for placing the men in ambuscade in the rooms and towers of the castle. Sir Walter Manny shall conduct this enterprise; and my son and I, who would at present remain unknown, will fight under his banner."

Again did the repentant Governor throw himself at the feet of his sovereign, and again did the latter raise him from his suppliant posture, and assure him of pardon, and of an entire oblivion of the intended treason, if he remained faithful to him at the present crisis.

Sir Geoffrey de Charni, accompanied by the Lord of Namur, the Lord de Crequi, Sir Odoart de Reny, and numerous others of the most distinguished among the French lords and knights, arrived from St. Omers, with all the forces he could collect, crossed the bridge of Neuillet, and sat down about midnight before that gate of the Castle of Calais, which is called the gate of Boulogne. Here he halted, to give time for the rear of his army to come up, and here he found Sir Emeric de Pavia anxiously awaiting his arrival.

"My gallant Lombard!" said Sir Geoffrey, "is all well, and are you ready to deliver up possession of the castle?"

"All is well, Sir Knight," said the Lombard, "and the castle is yours on payment of the twenty thousand crowns."

"Then Sir Odoart de Reny," said Sir Geoffrey, addressing that

knight, who stood by his side, "take with you twelve knights and one hundred men-at-arms, and possess yourself of the castle. That once in our power, we shall soon be masters of the town, considering what strength we have with us—that strength, should it be necessary, may be doubled in a few days. Myself will remain with the rest of the army here in silence; for I mean to enter the town by one of the gates, or not at all."

Thus saying, he delivered to Sir Odoart the twenty thousand crowns in a bag, with instructions that he should give them to the Lombard as soon as the French forces had crossed the drawbridge.

"Thou art a very knave, Sir Emeric," said Sir Odoart to the Governor, as they rode together towards the drawbridge, "to turn recreant to so gallant and chivalrous a king as thine. Thou hast earned the crowns, doubtless: but Heaven save me from entitling myself in the like manner to such a booty!"

"Thou art marvellously honest on a sudden," said the Lombard; "but to a plain man's apprehension, there seems to be no such wondrous difference between the tempter and the tempted, the briber and the bribed, (especially when the former is breaking a solemn truce,) as to entitle him to plume himself on his superiority over the latter."

"Lead on, lead on, Sir Emeric!" said his companion, "we are e'en haggards, and thou art but a coystril; so, as thou sayest, we need not quarrel as to which soars highest."

At a sign from the Lombard, the drawbridge was let down, and one of the gates of the castle opened. Sir Odoart, having entered with his detachment, placed the bag in Sir Emeric's hands, saying, "The twenty thousand crowns are, I believe, all there. I have not had time to count them, for it will be daylight presently."

Sir Emeric, taking the bag from his hand, flung it into a room, the door of which he locked.

"Now, Sir Odoart," he said, "follow me, and I will conduct you to the great tower, that you may the sooner possess yourself of the castle.—Behold it there!" he added, pointing to a door before them. "Push back the bolts and enter." Thus saying, he disappeared. Sir Odoart and the French advanced; the bolts

gave way at their touch, and the door of the great tower flew open. At that moment a cry of "Manny, Manny, to the rescue!" rang in their ears, and above three hundred men, armed with swords and battle-axes, rushed upon Sir Odoart and his little band. They seemed to be commanded by a knight in green armour, who advanced before them. "What!" said he to Sir Odoart, who, seeing the impossibility of resisting so disproportionate a force, had given up his sword to him, while his followers imitated his example, "do these Frenchman think to conquer the Castle of Calais with such a handful of men."

"Sir Knight," said Odoart, "that double villain, the Lombard, has betrayed us, or the standard of King Philip of France had floated on the towers of this castle ere now.

"The standard of King Edward," said the Green Knight, "King of France and England, floats there now, and ill betide the hand that shall attempt to pluck it down. But let us onward to the gate leading to Boulogne:—guard well the prisoners. Manny, Manny, to the rescue!" Thus saying, the captives were shut in the tower, and the English, mounting their horses, made for the gate of Boulogne.

In the mean time, Sir Geoffrey, with his banners displayed, and surrounded by his forces, was awaiting at the Boulogne gate, with some impatience, the return of messengers from the castle. "If this Lombard," he said to the knights who stood next him, "delays opening the gate, we shall all die of cold."

"In God's name!" replied the knight, "these Lombards are a malicious sort of people: perhaps he is examining your florins, lest there should be any false ones, and to see if they be right in number."

The day was now breaking, and the gate of the castle was distinctly visible to those outside, when on a sudden it burst open, and amidst deafening shouts of "Manny, Manny, to the rescue," a numerous troop of armed warriors, well mounted, galloped towards the French forces. The Green Knight led them on, preceded by the banner of Sir Walter Manny; and numerous other banners, such as the Earl of Suffolk's, the Lord Stafford's, and the

Lord Berkeley's, were seen among the English troops. "Betrayed! betrayed!" said Sir Geoffrey de Charni to those who stood about him. "Gentlemen, if we fly we shall lose all; it will be more advantageous for us to fight valiantly, in the hope that the day may be ours."

"By St. George," said the Green Knight, who had approached near enough to hear De Charni's words, "you speak truth—evil befall him who thinks of flying!" Then retreating a little, the English dismounted from their horses, and advancing on foot, for the most part armed with battle-axes, they attacked the enemy.

The battle was short, but desperate and sanguinary. The English, incensed at the treachery of the French, and the latter infuriated at the unexpected opposition which they encountered, vied with each other in the fury and zeal with which they contested the victory. Six banners and three hundred archers left the main body of the English army, and made for the bridge of Neuillet, where they found the Lord Moreau de Fiennes, and the Lord de Crequi, who guarded it. The cross-bowmen of St. Omer and Aire were also posted between the bridge and Calais, and met a furious assault from their enemies. They were immediately discomfited and pursued to the river, where more than six hundred of them were drowned. The knights of Picardy for a long time maintained their post against very superior numbers; but reinforcements still pouring in to the English from the town, the French were at length obliged to surrender, or seek their safety in flight.

The Green Knight performed prodigies of valour. He was frequently seen surrounded by the enemy, but hewing his way through them with his battle-axe. Sir Geoffrey de Charni, Sir Henry du Bois, and Sir John de Landes were all made prisoners by him; and scarcely had one knight surrendered to him, before he was seen attacking another, or defending himself from the assault of numbers. He had many times during the engagement, attempted to come in contact with a French knight, Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, whose extraordinary prowess struck as much terror among the English, as that of the Green Knight's did in the opposite ranks; they were scarcely able ever to exchange a blow,

before two large bodies meeting where they were fighting, compelled them to break off the engagement. At length, however, the Green Knight and his opponent met without the intervention of any obstacle. The conflict around them was suspended, as if by the mutual consent of the combatants, and the two armies stood by and gazed at the contention between their respective champions. Twice did Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont fell the Green Knight to the ground; but he rose, like another Antæus, from his fall each time, apparently with renewed strength and vigour. Their battle-axes were struck from their hands; their spears, which were then resorted to, shivered into a thousand splinters; their swords were the only weapons left to them. With these they held, for a long time, a doubtful conflict, until at length that of Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont broke against the shield of the Green Knight; and the latter, pressing irresistibly upon him, threw him to the ground, and planted his knee upon his breast. A tumultuous shout of applause immediately burst from the ranks of the English; and the French, who had already, although fighting with the utmost valour, been defeated at every point, threw away their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

"Brave Knight," said Sir Eustace to his conqueror, "I yield to your superior prowess, nor blush to be overcome by strength like yours."

"Sir Eustace," said the Green Knight, raising his fallen antagonist, and returning him the sword which he presented him, "you, of all men, have least cause to blush for the events of this day. By St. George! I have encountered many a tall and stalwart knight in my time, but never one who gave me so much trouble as you have done."

"May I crave your name, courteous Knight," said Sir Eustace, "that when the friends of Eustace de Ribeaumont learn that he has been vanquished, they may know that it was by the hands of one who has doubtless distinguished himself in many a fiercer field than this."

"Sir Eustace," said the Green Knight, "fear not that the most fastidious of your friends will think your fame for honour or valour

tarnished by surrendering yourself to me.—As for my name," he added, lifting his beaver, "when next you see these features, you will know it. Shall you remember them?"

"They are features, Sir Knight," said De Ribeaumont, "which, when once seen, are not easily forgotten; but I would speedily pay my ransom money and regain my liberty—when, therefore, I pray you, shall we meet again?"

"To night at supper, in Calais Castle," said the Green Knight; and as he spake, the conquerors and the prisoners simultaneously moved towards the gate of Boulogne.

That evening a superb banquet was given in the Castle of Calais to which the French and English knights were alike invited. There was no distinction made between the guests of the two nations, except that the tables of the prisoners were more superbly decorated and more profusely supplied than those of their captors. A table was placed on an elevated platform at the end of the room, the seats at which were not occupied at the time that the principal part of the company was assembled; but the astonishment of the French knights was extreme when the doors were thrown open and the King of England, the Prince of Wales, and a numerous train of the most distinguished barons and warriors of England, entered the room. Hitherto they had imagined that the most eminent person in the ranks of their opponents had been Sir Walter Manny. The wonder and interest of Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont were, however, the most intense of all; for, as he gazed on the features of him who wore the crown, he recognised the Green Knight, and perceived that he had been opposed in single combat to the King of England.

The banquet passed off cheerfully, with many expressions, on the part of the Frenchmen, of wonder and delight at the distinguished rank of the persons to whom they had been opposed, and the courtesy with which they were treated. At its conclusion, King Edward rose from his seat, and having laid aside his crown, advanced bareheaded, except that he wore a chaplet of fine pearls around his head, down the hall, attended by his son, and the lords who had sat down at table with him, for the purpose of retiring

from the assembly. As he moved down the hall, the knights rose up, and he entered into familiar and courteous conversation with them, especially with his prisoners. As he approached Sir Geoffrey de Charni, his countenance altered, and assumed a severe expression. "Sir Geoffrey," he said, "I have but little reason to love you, since you wished to take from me by stealth last night, and during the continuance of a solemn truce, that which had given me so much trouble and cost me so large a sum of money to acquire. I am, however, rejoiced to have detected and frustrated your attempt. You were desirous of gaining Calais town and castle at a cheaper rate than I did, and thought that you could purchase them for twenty thousand crowns; but, through God's assistance, you have been disappointed."

This rebuke was given with so much dignity and feeling, that Sir Geoffrey was unable to utter a syllable in his defence, and the King passed on unanswered. The last person whom he addressed was Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, who stood at the hall door through which the monarch was about to make his exit, and fell on his knees before him.

"Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont," said the King, extending his hand to him and raising him, "of all men living, you are the knight whom I have found most valiant, as well in attacking his enemy, as in defending himself. I never found any one in battle who gave me, body to body, so much to do as you have given me to-day. I adjudge the prize of valour as justly due to you, above all the knights of my court."

The knight would have expressed his sense of the honour conferred; but the King stopped him by taking the chaplet of pearls, which was very rich and handsome, from his own brows, and placing it on Sir Eustace's head: "Sir Eustace," he added, "I present this chaplet to you as the best combatant this day of either party, whether French or English; and I beg you to wear it this year at festivals, for my sake. You are a personable gentleman, young and amorous, and well accepted among the ladies; wherefore, if you will only wear it at all festivals, and declare unto them, that the King of England gave it to you as the reward of your

valour, I will now release you from your captivity, quitting you wholly of your ransom."

Thus saying, the King left the hall, after the knight, whose feelings could not find utterance, had knelt down and kissed the monarch's hand in token of gratitude and acquiescence. Not only did Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, as long as he lived, wear the chaplet in remembrance of the gift of so renowned a prince, but his family ever afterwards bore for their arms three chaplets garnished with pearls.*

---

* Froissart.

The Starry Tower.

I tell thee,
There's not a pulse beats in the human frame
That is not govern'd by the stars above us;
The blood that fills our veins, in all its ebb
And flow, is sway'd by them as certainly
As are the restless tides of the salt sea
By the resplendent moon; and at thy birth
Thy mother's eye gazed not more steadfastly
On thee than did the star that rules thy fate,
Show'ring upon thy head an influence
Malignant or benign.

MS. DRAMA.

THE Spanish soil has been the theatre on which, from the earliest period of English history, English valour and chivalry have peculiarly distinguished themselves. In the year 1350 Don Pedro, who was the only legitimate son of Alphonso, King of Castile, and who afterwards earned for himself the surname of The Cruel, mounted the throne. This Prince began his career with the most unheard-of enormities: tyranny, rapine, and murder, were the most common among the crimes which he committed. The beautiful Leonora de Gusman, his late father's mistress, he put to a cruel death: her son, the Grand Master of the Order of St. James, and his father's favourite child, he caused to be assassinated in his presence, and dined in the apartment in which this crime was perpetrated before he would suffer the body

to be removed; and he sacrificed his wife, Blanche of Bourbon, a princess of the blood royal of France, to the hatred and malice of his mistress, Maria de Padilla, who, having the unfortunate princess once in her power, took care that she should never more be heard of.

These crimes, together with the oppression and cruelty which he exercised towards all ranks of his subjects, caused a general revolt. Many of the most distinguished nobles, and multitudes of the lower classes, flocked to the standard of Don Henry, Count of Trastamare, the bastard brother of Don Pedro, who entered Castile, backed by a gallant French army under the command of the renowned Bertrand du Guesclin, and caused himself to be proclaimed King. The arms of Henry and Du Guesclin were everywhere successful, although Pedro (among whose vices cowardice could not be reckoned) fought against them with the most determined gallantry and even heroism. The tyrant was defeated in battle after battle, and chased from city to city, until he was driven beyond the frontier, and obliged to take refuge in Bordeaux. Edward the Black Prince then held his Court in that city as Prince of Aquitaine. To this far-famed warrior Pedro applied for assistance to regain his territories and expel the invaders. The Prince saw in him only a legitimate monarch despoiled of his rights, the victim of the rebellion of his disloyal subjects, and of the invasion of the French. He therefore immediately led an army of thirty thousand men into Castile, and meeting a very superior force of Spaniards and French under Don Henry and Du Guesclin, engaged and completely defeated them, and reinstated Don Pedro on his throne.

Don Pedro for a time affected to be overwhelmed with thankfulness, and to set no bounds to his admiration of the Prince of Wales and the English; but once feeling himself firmly restored to the station and honours which he had forfeited, he began to renew his oppression towards his subjects and to evince the blackest ingratitude towards his preservers. The Black Prince found himself and his army destitute of money and provisions, with which Pedro had repeatedly promised to supply them, and

had as often violated his promise. Want soon bred among the English soldiers a mortality which carried off great numbers; and the fear of losing the rest obliged the Prince to depart from Castile, greatly dissatisfied with the conduct of Don Pedro. He however left behind him a small but gallant band of warriors, under the command of a distinguished knight, Sir Ralph Helme, who was better known by the appellation of "The Green Squire."

To this knight Don Pedro had particularly attached himself, as well on account of his extraordinary strength and valour as that the magicians and astrologers, in whose science he had great faith, had told him that while the Green Squire lived he should himself be safe. Simon Joseph, a Jew, his principal astrologer, had also informed him that his reign should be long and prosperous, and that he should add new kingdoms to Castile. Several magicians, however, whom he consulted as to where he should die, only answered him by saying, "*The King shall die in the Starry Tower.*"* This prediction for a long time gave him great uneasiness; but as he knew of no place which was so denominated, and as all the other predictions were favourable to him, he gradually regained his peace of mind and resumed his career of tyranny and cruelty with redoubled vigour and energy.

In the meantime the Count of Trastamare, who after his defeat had retired to the Court of the Duke of Anjou, heard of the ill treatment which the Prince of Wales had received from Don Pedro, and of the departure of the former from Castile. He again, therefore, applied to the King of France for assistance, and was soon once more, in conjunction with Du Guesclin, at the head of a formidable French army. These he lost no time in leading into Castile, and was immediately joined by multitudes of Pedro's disaffected subjects. The King saw his nobles and soldiers deserting from him daily, and at length almost the only troops on which he could rely were the little band of English under the command of the Green Squire. These, however, could effect but little against the formidable forces to which they were opposed:

* Mariana.

battle after battle was gained by the enemy, fortress after fortress surrendered, and Don Henry was almost universally acknowledged as King of Castile.

In this state were the affairs of Castile when, at about the hour of noon, in a sultry autumnal day, an army, or rather, from its appearance, the sad wreck of one, halted in the valley of Azofre, on the banks of the river Montelbana, for the purpose of taking some repose during the noontide heat. Of the soldiers some lay stretched on the turf beneath the shade of the spreading alder-trees, some preferred the shelter of their tents, and some were enjoying the luxury of bathing in the river. The sky was of the deepest and most intense azure, and the sun poured down upon them a blaze of unclouded brightness, but of almost intolerable heat. A perfect stillness reigned, unbroken even by the stirring of a leaf, for not a breath of air swept across the valley.

The General was sitting in his tent with a map of the surrounding country spread before him. He was yet young, tall, and well formed, and his eye still spoke undaunted resolution and fortitude; but deep furrows were ploughed untimely on his brow, his hair had become prematurely grey, and now, in the solitude of his tent, he did not attempt to repress the deep sobs with which his bosom heaved, or refrain from gnashing his teeth, and beating his forehead with a vehemence which too truly told the bitterness and desperation of his soul.

To such a state was Don Pedro then reduced, who, but a very few years previously, had mounted the Castilian throne full of youthful ardour and hopefulness; in those few years, however, so much of crime and misfortune had been crowded into his career as to account sufficiently for the tremendous change which had taken place. He had become more than ever the tyrant of his people, and the persecutor of his father's children; he had driven his mother into exile—had murdered his wife—and was now a fugitive flying from the indignation and vengeance of his revolted people. He had been retreating for some days before a very superior force, under the command of Don Henry, in the hope of being able to effect a junction with the English under

Sir Ralph Helme, who was posted at the town of Alava, before he should be compelled to give battle to his enemy.

It was while he was in this situation that a messenger arrived, bringing him intelligence of the death of his paramour, Maria de Padilla, the only person to whom he had ever evinced anything like sincere attachment.

"Is't come to this!" he said, and big tear-drops rolled for the first time down his iron features. "I could have borne all besides—defeat, disgrace, dethronement, treachery, hatred—these I could have borne—these I have borne; but this——" His voice faltered, his limbs trembled, and a pause ensued, during which a thousand varied emotions were pictured in his changing features. "She loved me," he added; "she was the only being in the world who did so. She died, however, in her bed, without violence, and with every officious tenderness that she could desire. Not so died Blanche of Bourbon!—not so Ferdinand de Gusman!—not so——" Here he paused, and the cold sweat poured down his cheek as he numbered over in his memory the list of his victims. "I am here," he continued, "a fugitive, and almost a captive; but the stars are with me still. However my destiny may for a season appear adverse, I know that what is written yonder cannot lie. Although clouds may gather in the atmosphere and hide the planets from our gaze, are they therefore less bright? No, no; they shine for ever bright, far, far above the clouds which the tempests of this earth engender."

Soothed, and almost calmed by these reflections, he was about to draw his mantle closer round him, and dispose himself for a short slumber, when suddenly one of the sentinels who kept guard without the tent stood before him, and making a profound reverence, said:

"Sire, a monk of the order of St. Dominique de la Calcada craves admission into your royal presence."

"Trouble me not with monks, of whatever order they may be," said the King: "I cannot see him."

"Sire," returned the soldier, "'tis the famous Antonio Melendez, the holiest of all the fathers of Castile, who says that extra-

ordinary things, which nearly concern your Majesty, have been revealed to him in a dream."

The superstitious curiosity of the King was awakened by this statement; and he had, besides, often heard of the wisdom and sanctity of Father Melendez, who was almost canonized by the lower orders of the people. He therefore commanded his immediate admission.

The old man entered pale and trembling, and prostrated himself at the feet of the sovereign. "Forgive, forgive, Sire," he said, "the humblest, but one of the most loyal, of your subjects, if he be the bearer of evil omens to your royal ear."

"Ha!" said Don Pedro, his brow darkening as he spoke, "talk not to me of evil omens. I am the King of whom the stars have prophesied that his reign shall be long and happy, and that he shall add new kingdoms to his own.—But rise, old man, and let me hear thy tidings."

"Sire," said the Friar, rising, "it was but last night that the holy patron of our order, the blessed St. Dominick, appeared to me in a dream. The majesty of Heaven itself was in his features and in his gait, and a halo of divine glory surrounded his brow. 'Awake, arise, Antonio Melendez,' he cried, 'and hie thee to the valley of Azofre, on the banks of the river Montelbana, where thou shalt find the King, Don Pedro, with his army. Tell him that Heaven is weary of his crimes, and has delivered him over to his brother, Don Henry, by whose hands he shall die, to avenge the blood of the good and the innocent which he has shed.'"

"Death, traitor!" cried the King, rising from his seat, and stamping violently, "this to me!" Then he seized the Friar by the throat, and calling to his sentinels, who immediately entered the tent, exclaimed:—

"Erect a stake yonder, opposite the tent, and bind this accursed sorcerer firmly to it. There let him perish in the flames; and as soon as the pile is lighted, let the order to march be given, lest the rebels should surprise us before we can effect a junction with our friends."

In vain did the wretched victim shriek for mercy; in vain did

he asseverate the truth of what he asserted. The guards dragged him from the royal presence; while the King gave orders for the drums to beat, in order to drown the cries of the victim.

A hundred hands were instantly at work in the erection of a thick iron stake, which was therefore very speedily completed. The Monk made a vigorous but hopeless resistance, in spite of his infirmities and his age. His cries and petitions were inaudible for the reason which has been mentioned; but from his pointing repeatedly towards Heaven, and then towards his knees, he was understood to beg for at least a short respite to enable him to perform his devotions. His executioners were not diverted for a moment from the fulfilment of their stern office, and soon stopped even his signs, by binding his arms closely behind him. He was then made fast to the stake by strong chains of iron bound around him.

They then rapidly piled faggots all around him, and having set fire to them, the trumpet was heard to sound a march, and immediately the whole army was in motion, leaving the miserable man to his fate.*

"Mercy, mercy! save me, save me!" shouted the unhappy wretch; but the martial instruments, playing the gayest and most lively airs, at once stifled his cries and formed the most bitter mockery and contrast to his torments. With a refinement of cruelty worthy of himself, Pedro had ordered that the faggots should be damped before they were placed, in order that the fire might not spread too rapidly, and so make the victim's death less long and lingering than he wished it to be. It was some time, therefore, before it touched even his extremities, and not until the sound of the music was lost in the distance, and the army was hidden from his sight behind the mountain which they had ascended. Then the intolerable pain caused him to utter loud and lengthened groans, with which the shores of the river echoed; and his body writhed and twisted about as much as the chains with which it was fastened would permit. The sound of drums and trumpets was heard proceeding from a direction opposite to that

* Mariana.

which his murderers had taken. "Don Henry's forces approach," groaned out the sufferer; "speed, speed them hither, O God!—Alas! the flames spread higher.—Is there no hope?" The increasing loudness of the music announced that this friendly force was coming nearer. With an incredible effort he managed to burst one of the links which were twisted around his feet, and thus to free them and his legs from the chains. This enabled him to draw them higher up the stake, and out of the reach of the flames; and looking towards the west, he perceived a thick cloud of dust, which the march of a numerous body of men had raised, and which a brisk breeze that had just sprung up, was spreading in every direction. Hope began to animate his breast; but the breeze had fanned the flames, and they rapidly approached his vitals. His legs dropped from the uneasy situation in which he had placed them; the fires encircled his body, and just as the last sigh was escaping him, he was conscious of some friendly but unavailing offices which were being performed in his behalf.

"He's dead, Sire," said a soldier; "the flames have done their worst, and now all that they can effect will be but the pious office of completely converting into ashes the body which they have tormented."

"True, Alonzo," said Don Henry, "and peace be to those ashes! This was doubtless one of my good brother's tender mercies, who seems not to have a very long start of us. My poor fellows, however, can proceed no further in the pursuit, and stand in much need of that repose which it appears that he has already taken. We cannot find a better resting-place than this. Let the order for the army to halt be given."

To return to Don Pedro:—the crisis of his fate appeared to be rapidly approaching. On arriving at the place where he expected to form a junction with Sir Ralph Helme, he learned that the little body of English under his command had, on their march towards the place of rendezvous, been surprised by the army of Du Guesclin, and so completely cut to pieces, that only the commander and four or five followers had been able to effect their escape into the castle of Montiel. Thither the monarch directed

his steps, but so panic-struck was his army at the news which they had just received, that numbers fell away from him every hour; and Don Pedro, with a very slender remnant of his forces, entered the gates of Montiel. Here he found Sir Ralph Helme with a very inefficient garrison, which his own few, broken, and dispirited followers did not materially augment. The enemy also rapidly followed his steps, and soon with a numerous and triumphant army invested the town and castle of Montiel.

The King and Sir Ralph Helme were not men to be easily daunted. They defended the castle for months against the unwearied assaults of Don Henry. A more terrible foe, however, than had yet assailed them now made its appearance. The stout hearts which had defied the arrows and bullets of the besiegers, began to wither beneath the restless agency of Famine. At length, one evening, Sir Ralph, with agitated looks and hasty steps, sought the King in the turret of the castle which he usually occupied.

"Sire," said the Green Squire, "it is in vain to attempt to defend the fortress any longer. The few men whom we have left, threaten to mutiny and deliver it up to the besiegers, unless your Majesty can make some terms with them."

"Terms with the Bastard!" said Pedro, scornfully; "never, even were it practicable!—Hence, hence, thou glittering bauble!" he added, throwing away the sceptre which he held in his hand, —"I have preserved thee in battle, and amidst death: when surrounded by hostile armies, or by concealed traitors, this hand hath grasped thee firmly; but now I am about to betake myself to an inglorious flight, and the sceptre of Castile must not be the companion of my shame."

"Sire," said Sir Ralph, "it is in vain to struggle against the decrees of destiny. Your garrison is reduced to a number not sufficient to man the outward wall, and there is not so much as a single day's provision left in the castle. It were better that your Majesty and a few of your chosen adherents should escape by flight. To those who remain, the victors will not refuse to grant safe and honourable terms."

"Is it come to this?" said Don Pedro, clasping his hands and

stamping violently on the ground. "Is there not even one poor castle in which the once mighty monarch of Castile can rest in safety? Where is that deceiver, that Simon Joseph, who promised me extent of territory and uninterrupted triumphs over all my foes?"

"He is here," said the Astrologer, stepping forward and meeting the lion-like glance of the King calmly, but boldly and unabashed.

"Wretch!" said the Monarch, "didst thou not say to me, 'Don Pedro, do not hope for peace and quietness,' (and Heaven knows that in that particular thou hast not lied, but didst thou not add) 'thy reign shall be long and prosperous, victory shall wait upon thy banners, and new kingdoms shall be added to Castile?'"

"Such," said Simon Joseph, "was the language of the stars; and as such I faithfully interpreted it, O King, to thee;—but," he added emphatically, "however cold the season may be, he who will plunge into a heated bath must not marvel should he perspire."*

The King for a moment gazed upon the Astrologer without speaking a word. Then throwing away the dagger which he held in act to bury it in the Jew's bosom, and lifting up his hands towards Heaven, he exclaimed: "It is most true! However benign the influences which the planets would shed upon us, the passions, the inclinations, and the habits of men, are stronger even than the influences of the stars themselves.—Sir Ralph Helme, lead on! I follow thee."

Thus saying, the fallen monarch passed on amidst the lamentations and tears of his followers, who forgot in the contemplation of his personal bravery, and the resignation with which he met his fate, the cruelties and the vices which had reduced him to so low a condition. Sir Ralph Helme preceded him, and twelve of his most trusty partisans followed. They descended a long winding flight of steps, which ended at a small door, that opened into the great yard of the castle. Don Pedro looked back at the tower which he had just quitted, and inquired by what name it was known.

* Mariana.

"Sire," said one of his adherents, "it is called the Star Tower."

"Ha!" said Pedro, smiling, but as he always smiled, grimly and darkly, "then one of the delusive tales of astrology is proved untrue. In my youth I consulted men learned in the occult arts, as to the place where I should die, and they told me that all that the stars revealed to them was that the King would die in the Starry Tower. I have never met with a place so designated, until now that I am quitting it for ever."

While the King was thus speaking, the Green Squire lifted up the trap-door which led to the subterraneous passage, and the whole party descended. They traversed it for a long time mutely and dejectedly. At length the King broke the silence, and said, "I like not, Sir Ralph, such dark and dreary passages as these! On such a night as this, I would rather be beneath the canopy of Heaven with my own bright planet shedding down its benign influences on my head."

"Sire," said the Knight, "let us steadily pursue our course, and light will soon break in upon our path."

And as he uttered these words, a light was seen gleaming at a considerable distance from them, which by its increasing in size appeared to be approaching them, and the sound of footsteps was heard.

"Ha!" exclaimed Don Pedro, "betrayed, betrayed!"

At the sound of his voice the light disappeared, but footsteps were still heard approaching them, and at length a multitude of lights were suddenly flashed upon their faces, and in the stupor which their dazzling effect occasioned, they all found themselves made prisoners by a very superior force.

Sir Ralph Helme, however, for a long time struggled with the captors. After the King and all his attendants had surrendered, he continued to use his sword with no small effect against the French. He had felled three men to the ground, and was about to sheath his weapon in the breast of a fourth, when he received a mortal stab in the back, and fell lifeless to the ground.

"Ha!" exclaimed Pedro, less affected at the death of his faithful

and gallant adherent than by the recollection of the prophecy which associated his fate so intimately with his own; "is the Green Squire dead?—then is my hour at hand."

"On with me, fellows," said one, who appeared to be the leader of the assailants, "and secure the castle." A numerous and well-armed body immediately passed by, carrying dark lanterns in their hands. A smaller party remained to take charge of the prisoners, and bring them along with them. "And now," said he who appeared to have the command of this smaller party, "whom have we here?"

"First, sir," said Don Pedro, "may we crave to know who it is that addresses us, and by what authority he detains us?"

"I," said their captor, "am the Begue of Villaines, commanding that part of the army of Henry, King of Castile, which is appointed to guard all the outlets of this castle; and having learned the secret of this subterraneous passage from a fugitive from the castle this day, I have marched to take possession of it, and to arrest all its inmates."

"Then," said Pedro, "I am in the hands of a very valiant and noble knight, and I surrender myself your prisoner. I am Pedro, King of Castile, the only legitimate son of King Alphonso."

A tremendous shout was heard at that moment. "Ha!" said the Begue of Villaines, "our brave fellows have made themselves masters of the castle. Bring King Pedro along with us. Our master little knows how rich a prize we have secured, or he would have halted on his way, and left the castle to remain in the hands of those who then held it."

From these words Pedro gathered that some person of rank, superior to the Begue of Villaines, had gone forward with the more numerous party to the castle. Various and violent were the emotions which agitated his bosom, but resistance was vain, and he quietly paced the dark windings of the subterranean passage until they arrived at its termination, and emerged into the great yard of the castle.

"Is Don Pedro secured?" were the first words addressed to

the Begue of Villaines, by the officer who commanded the troops drawn up in the yard.

"I have him safe," said the Begue. "What are his Majesty's commands?"

"He waits his arrival in yonder tower," said the officer, pointing to the Starry Tower.

"Ha!" said Don Pedro mentally; "then Henry himself is here, and in yonder tower;" and an involuntary shudder ran through all his frame. "But," he added, and his thoughts were now audibly expressed, "does not this bastard call himself King of Castile?"

"Even so, sir," said the Begue.

"Then," said the fallen monarch, and a momentary brightness passed over his features, "the King may die in the Starry Tower, and yet Don Pedro be safe.—Lead on, Sir Begue! lead on!"

The party then ascended the long winding steps which Pedro had heavily and mournfully, but still under happier circumstances than the present, so recently descended. A very short time brought him and his guards into the room which he had lately quitted, and there he found Henry surrounded by his guards, wearing the royal robe, and holding in his hands the sceptre which Pedro had so recently thrown from him in the agony of his despondency.

"Ha!" said the latter. "Bold traitor, who art thou, who darest to assume the pomp and majesty of the monarch of Castile?"

"I," said Henry, with a bitter smile, "am he to whom alone that pomp and majesty of right belong. I am the King."

"Sayest thou so?" said Pedro, with one of those grim smiles which expressed all the malignity of his soul in his features: "then meet the fate which the stars have destined should befall the King in this tower."

Thus saying, he sprang upon Henry with all the fury and the agility of a tiger, and, seizing him in his vigorous arms, wrestled with him, and in an instant threw him; then planting his knee upon his breast, and drawing a dagger from his belt, he was about to plunge it into his bosom, when a soldier who stood by, and whom, until now, surprise had rendered motionless, held back his

hand, and placed his own upon his throat. Don Henry immediately sprang upon his legs, and unsheathing his own dagger, drove it to his opponent's heart.*

"Ha!" said Pedro, "then the prophecy of the Starry Tower was true, and so was that of the villain whom I devoted to the flames.—Henry," he added, fixing his eyes upon the Prince, while a bitter smile played upon his lips, "with my latest breath, take my——"

The malediction which he would have uttered was suspended by the death-rattle in his throat, and his head sunk lifeless upon the ground. Still the fierce and bitter smile lived upon his dead lip, and in his eye the cold, stern expression of hatred triumphed even over the glassy glare of mortality.

"He died, as he had lived," said Don Henry, "pitiless, and without remorse. And now are thy sufferings avenged, Castile; and your deaths, my beloved and noble-hearted brothers; and thy injuries also, thy ill-deserved injuries, sweet Blanche of Bourbon! Rest now, rest in peace, perturbed spirits, for the triumph of the just has arrived, and honour, valour, and beauty may find protection even in Castile."

The events of that day, fearful and bloody as they were, had no sooner become generally known than they were hailed with rapture throughout the whole kingdom. Don Henry mounted the throne amidst universal acclamations. The neighbouring princes courted his alliance. He swayed the Castilian sceptre with honour to himself and advantage to the nation, and at his death transmitted it to his posterity.

---

* Mariana. Froissart.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

1377.—On the death of Edward, his grandson Richard was crowned without any opposition, though only eleven years of age. His three uncles, the Dukes of Lancaster, York, and Gloucester, were appointed regents.

The House of Commons, which was now growing into great consequence, for the first time chose a speaker, Peter de la Mare.

1378.—The war was carried on between England and France, but in a very languid manner, when Charles V. died and was succeeded by his son Charles VI., a minor.

1381.—To assist the Government to carry on the war with France, the Parliament ordered a poll tax, which led to the rebellion of Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and others, who marched to London at the head of 100,000 men. The King held a conference with Tyler in Smithfield, where the latter was put to death by Walworth, the Mayor of London, upon which his followers submitted to the King.

The King married Anne of Luxembourg, daughter of the Emperor Wenceslaus.

1385.—The Scots, having no cavalry, applied to the regency of France, who sent over John de Vienne with 1500 men; about the same time an army of 60,000 men, with Richard and the Duke of Lancaster at their head, entered Scotland by Berwick. The Scots, leaving their country to be pillaged, entered England by Carlisle, and committed horrid devastations in Cumberland and Westmorland; but Richard, instead of waiting for the enemy on the west borders, returned to England, to his pleasures and amusements.

1386.—The Duke of Lancaster, having some pretensions to the kingdom of Castile by marriage, carried over the flower of the English army to Spain.

Great discontents arose in England, amongst the nobles headed by the Duke of Gloucester, against Richard, on account of his unbounded affection for the Earl of Oxford, whom he created Duke of Ireland, and whom he allowed to govern the kingdom as he pleased. Richard retired to Eltham; but the Parliament sent him a message, saying, that if he did not return and consent to the

banishment of his favourites, they would proceed to choose another King. He then banished his favourites, but soon afterwards recalled them.

1387.—The favourites stirred up the King to revenge; on which the Duke of Gloucester and other lords took to arms. The Duke of Ireland fled to Cheshire, and raised some forces, with which he was marching to London to the relief of the King, but was encountered in Oxfordshire by Gloucester and totally defeated. He fled into the Low Countries, where he died in exile a few years after; his papers, being taken, exposed the King's pernicious designs. A Parliament was assembled, by which several of the King's ministers were sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn, and others banished. To restore peace entirely, the King was persuaded to issue a general pardon.

1389.—The Duke of Lancaster, having sold all right to the crown of Castile, returned to England.

Richard took the reins of Government into his own hands, and changed the ministry. He made William of Wickham, Bishop of Winchester, his Chancellor.

1392.—The Scots made an irruption into England, when a battle was fought near Otterbourne, in which the son of the Earl of Northumberland was taken prisoner, and Douglas, the leader of the Scots, was killed.

1394.—The Queen died; she was a great favourer of the followers of Wickliffe, or Lollards. This sect had been founded for some time, and was gaining ground very fast.

1396.—The English and French courts concluded a truce for twenty-eight years; and to render the amity between the two crowns more durable, Richard was affianced to Isabella, Charles the Sixth's daughter, though she was only seven years of age. Richard went over to Ireland to quell a rebellion that had broken out there, and to revenge the death of the Earl of March, who had been slain; he had been declared presumptive heir to the crown, as Richard had no children.

1398.—The Duke of Lancaster died, and his son the Earl of Derby, who had been created Duke of Hereford, and was suffering banishment on account of a quarrel between him and the Duke of Norfolk, succeeded him. Taking advantage of the King's absence in Ireland, he landed in England, at Ravenspur in Yorkshire, with several nobles, pretending that he only wished to be reinstated in his possessions as Duke of Lancaster. Richard, arriving from Ireland, found that almost the whole nation had joined Henry of Lancaster, for the purpose of making him King. Even the very army which Richard brought from Ireland deserted him. He retired to the Isle of Anglesea, to embark either for Ireland or France; but the Earl of Northumberland got possession of his person, and carried him to Henry, at Flint Castle. Henry immediately conducted him to London, where a Parliament was assembled, which formally deposed Richard as unworthy to reign. One of the acts alleged against him, was the seizing his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, sending him over to Calais, and there having him privately murdered.

Henry laid claim to the Crown as being descended by his mother from Edmund Earl of Lancaster, the pretended elder brother of Edward I., but who had been set aside on account of some deformity in his person.

The Parliament, having been gained over by Henry, would not examine his pretensions too narrowly; and on the 10th of September, 1399, they declared him King of England and France.

1400.—Richard died in Pomfret Castle. Some historians affirm that he was starved to death; others, that he was assassinated.

The Spaniard's Ransom.

He was the soul of honour,
And all our praises of him are like waters
Drawn from a spring, that still rise full, and leave
The part remaining greatest.

BEN JONSON.

AT the great battle of Najara, in Spain, gained by Edward the Black Prince over the French and Castilian army, commanded by Bertrand du Guesclin and the Count of Trastamare, the English performed acts of romantic heroism, which, although less generally known than those by which they distingusihed themselves

at the battles of Cressy and Poictiers, were neither in themselves less splendid nor less honourable to the national character. Among those who, as the reward of their chivalric deeds on this occasion, received the honour of knighthood on the field of battle from the hand of their illustrious commander, were two esquires, named Robert Hawley and John Shackell. These gentlemen had also been fortunate enough to secure a more substantial reward for their valour, by becoming the joint captors of the Count de Denia, a Spanish grandee of the first class, whose ransom-money would be sufficient to render them henceforth free from pecuniary cares. This nobleman having been fairly, by the laws of arms, adjudged their prisoner, they brought him with them to England, where he was held in a state of honourable captivity, being admitted into the presence of the King and the great nobles, until such time as the sum of ten thousand marks, which had been agreed upon as the price of his ransom, should be remitted to him from his own country. Days, and weeks, and months rolled over his head, and still the expected remittances did not arrive. Either there was some difficulty in extracting the stipulated sum from his vassals in the absence of their lord, or, in the then precarious mode of communication between the two countries, there was some hesitation as to the means by which it should be transmitted to England, or danger of its having fallen into improper hands, even although it had already been forwarded thither. The haughty spirit of the Don now became indignant, and impatient of the delays of his vassals; although his captors, in the fullest reliance on his honour and generosity, never pressed him for payment of the ransom, and continued to treat him with the utmost respect and courtesy. At length, however, the Spaniard came to an agreement with the two knights, that he should be permitted to return to his own country for the purpose of levying his ransom, leaving his son, a youth of about seventeen years of age, behind him in the hands of the Englishmen as a hostage for the due performance of his engagements with the latter.

"Farewell, noble Count," said Sir John Shackell, as he assisted his captive to his stirrup: "health and prosperity attend thee!"

Sir John's colleague, Sir Robert Hawley, expressed similar senti-

ments: while the youth clung to his father's hand, and bathed it with his tears.

"Farewell, my generous captors," said the Count, "a long and grateful farewell—and thou, my son, ere I breathe to thee a shorter adieu, swear, as God and Our Lady shall help thee, swear on thy father's sword—that sword which was never yet dishonoured, either by the grasp of cowardice or the breath of perjury—that thou wilt remain the true and faithful captive of these knights, nor seek by any means, direct or indirect, to withdraw thyself from their custody without their consent, until the ten thousand marks due to them for thy father's ransom-money shall have been well and truly paid."

The youth knelt down, took his father's sword, and kissing the handle (a very frequent substitute upon emergencies for a crucifix in those days), exclaimed—"All this I solemnly swear, and so may Heaven prosper me in my after days as I shall observe or violate this oath!"

"And now then," said the Count, throwing his arms round his son's neck, "farewell, my own beloved Guzman; not long shall the sincerity with which thou canst keep an oath be tried; yet the honour of De Denia might be trusted, although the period during which it were to be put to the test were to extend throughout the whole duration of his existence. Farewell, my brave boy—a sad but not a long farewell!"

Thus saying, he mounted his gallant steed, which, together with the arms that he had borne in the battle, had been restored to him by his captors, waved his hand once more, in token of his farewell, to Guzman and the knights, and putting spurs to his horse, took the road leading from London to a port on the western coast, which had been fixed upon as the place of his embarkation.

The young Lord Guzman de Denia, after his father's departure, lived a very retired and secluded life in the house which the knights occupied in Westminster. He never could be induced to accompany them to Court, or to mingle in those gaieties and hospitalities in which his father had not scrupled to participate. Even King Richard and the Duke of Lancaster had expressed their anxious

desire that the young Count de Denia should be introduced to them ; but the Spaniard resolutely maintained his privacy. Time lingered on, and still the expected ransom did not arrive from Spain, nor any intelligence of the Count. This delay, however, was sufficiently accounted for by the information contained in the public despatches which arrived in England. It appeared that Pedro the Cruel, who had been restored to his throne by the victorious arms of Edward the Black Prince, had again by his tyranny and oppression, goaded his subjects to such a state of exasperation, that they had once more taken up arms against him, and proclaimed his bastard brother (Henry Count of Trastamare) King of Castile. The Count de Denia, who had now made his peace with Don Pedro, and entered with the utmost ardour and devotion into his service, had suffered his duty as a subject to supersede for a time his anxiety to procure the liberation of his son, and was engaged in active warfare against the Count of Trastamare and the rebels. That struggle, as the reader has already learned from the perusal of the tale entitled "The Starry Tower," terminated in the overthrow and death of Don Pedro, and the peaceable assumption of the sovereign authority by his rival. The same messengers who brought this intelligence to England, informed the young Count de Denia that his father had been slain while gallantly fighting by the side of his sovereign, and that he was now therefore heir to his title and estates ; but that the new King had seized upon the latter as a punishment for what he called the rebellion of De Denia. Deprived at one blow of his father, his fortune, and his liberty, Don Guzman resigned himself to the most profound grief, which not all the tender and delicate attentions of the English knights could in the slightest degree alleviate.

The knights in the meantime, besides their sympathy for their young captive, or rather guest, felt considerably embarrassed on their own account. In the full expectation of shortly receiving the princely sum of money which the Count had agreed to pay for his ransom, they had launched out into expenses, and incurred debts which the slender pay of two simple knights was far from being adequate to meet and answer. The news of the death of the

Count de Denia drew a host of clamorous creditors to their doors, and the prospect of beggary and imprisonment stared them in their faces. Still, as long as they held the noble young hostage their hands, they were in hopes that they might still be able to retrieve their fortunes. The Duke of Lancaster, John of Ghent, who had married the Lady Constantia, the eldest daughter of the deceased King Pedro, laid claim to the crown of Castile in her right, and was levying a formidable army in England for the purpose of proceeding to Spain and enforcing that claim. Should his invasion prove successful, he would no doubt restore the Count de Denia to the wealth and honours of which he had been deprived, who would then be able to pay them the stipulated ransom. The Duke's claim, however, which had at first revived the hopes of the two knights, ultimately proved the total destruction of them.

The Duke of Lancaster, to whose scheming and intriguing brain everything conducive to the advancement of his own interest readily suggested himself, soon perceived how materially the object of his expedition into Castile might be furthered by his carrying in his train thither a young nobleman of so ancient a family and such extensive possessions as the Count de Denia; one too, who had such substantial reasons for wishing to depose the present monarch as the desire to revenge his father's death and recover his own patrimony. John of Ghent's avarice, however, or perhaps his poverty, did not permit him to tender to the two knights the amount of the ransom money which was due to them, but he briefly and peremptorily summoned them to deliver up their prisoner to him upon pain of the King's and his own especial displeasure. The knights, on receipt of this summons, took the precaution to remove the young Count out of the way, and returned word, in answer to the Duke's message, that the Count de Denia was by the law of arms their prisoner, and that they would not give him up until he had paid his ransom. As they knew that this answer could not fail to exasperate the Duke of Lancaster, they were prepared to expect the worst; and accordingly neither went abroad, nor even remained at home, unarmed, except when they retired to rest at night, in order that they might be able to repel

any attempt which might be made to seize their persons. The Duke would have been very willing to overlook the insult which the knights had shown to his authority, could he have discovered the hiding-place of the young Count, who he did not doubt was held in strict and unwilling durance by his captors; but although he, by his emissaries, made the strictest search and inquiries in every place where it appeared probable that they had secreted their treasure, it was without being able to obtain any satisfactory information.

Sir Robert Hawley and Sir John Shackell were one afternoon seated moodily and gloomily at a table in the middle of one of the large and superbly furnished apartments of their house at Westminster: the contrast between the scantiness of their present means and their splendid anticipations was marked by the disorder and confusion which reigned around them in the midst of all their finery, the neglected and tarnished state of their rich hangings, the old and worn rushes with which the chamber was strewn, and the single domestic who, instead of the numerous attendants in rich liveries accustomed to wait upon them, now remained in the apartment, and who seemed so fully aware of the altered state of his master's fortunes, that instead of standing as befitted his station, he was actually seated at his ease in a chair at the opposite end of the apartment.

"Our affairs look sufficiently gloomy, Shackell," said Sir Robert Hawley: "Would that we had never seen the Count de Denia, or heard of the battle of Najara! Yet this robber Duke, who rides through England sword in hand, and demands our persons and our goods as if King, Lords, and Commons spake by his mouth, must not be tamely suffered to rob us of the prize which we have purchased by our toils and by our blood."

"Sooner, by Heaven!" said Shackell, "shall the sword which I drew at Najara be sheathed in John of Ghent's bosom. 'Sblood! man, while King Richard lives it will be no treason to kill the Duke of Lancaster."

At that moment a loud outcry was heard in the streets, and the door of the knights' house seemed to be violently assailed with the butt ends of lances, at if some persons were anxiously desiring

admission. Sir Robert Hawley and the servant immediately drew their swords.

"They must be resisted to the death," said Hawley. "They are the Duke's men-at-arms, who have come to complete what the Duke's summoners have begun; and to seize upon our persons and property, in the hope of compelling us to acquiesce in the injustice of their master."

"Nay, nay!" said Shackell, "they will not go to that extremity yet. 'Tis but a repetition of the summons. Let us hear them, for perchance we may find that they have somewhat moderated their demands."

As Hawley seemed tacitly to accede to his companion's proposition, the servant left the apartment, and shortly afterwards returned, ushering in two knights armed from head to foot, except that their visors were down, and followed by three men-at-arms. Hawley and Shackell immediately started to their feet and drew their swords.

"What mean you my masters," said Shackell, "thus cased in iron, and with naked weapons, to intrude upon the privacy of peaceful and inoffensive men? Sir Ralph Ferries, we have fought side by side with you at Cressy and Najara; and you, Sir Alan Buxhall, cannot be ignorant of our reputation and character; what crime can we have been guilty of, to be subjected to this outrage?"

"You look very like peaceful men, indeed, Sir John," said Ferries, "when, even while sitting round your own hearth, you think it necessary to be clothed in armour. Guilt is naturally suspicious, and fears even the shadow which its own timorous steps cast around it."

"I am not aware of having committed any crime, Sir Ralph," retorted Shackell, "unless it be one to have entitled myself to the gratitude of those who wish to bury the recollection of my services in oblivion, and to rob me of their hard-earned recompense."

"Sir John Shackell and Sir Robert Hawley," said Buxhall, "you have contumaciously resisted the King's commands, by refusing to deliver up the Count de Denia into his hands, when even Majesty has condescended to make such a request to you."

"Let his Highness," said Shackell, "still further condescend to order the payment to us, from his royal Exchequer, of the poor sum of ten thousand marks, and the Count is free from all obligation to us."

"Sir John, Sir John," said Ferries, "do you parley and make terms with your sovereign? Either discover the Count de Denia's hiding-place, or prepare to accompany us to the Tower."

"Neither," said Hawley, "will I do voluntarily. Force may compel me to the latter; but the former will I not do, though you take my heart's blood in lieu of it."

"Then arrest them, fellows," said Buxhall, turning to his men-at-arms,—"arrest them in the King's name."

The men-at-arms immediately advanced to assail the knights; but the latter put themselves in a posture of defence, and assisted by their servant, who seemed a vigorous and powerful stripling, parried their blows so dexterously that Ferries and Buxhall were obliged to step forward to the support of their adherents. "Are ye madmen," said Sir Alan, "thus rashly to dispute the King's authority?" But his interrogatory was only answered by a blow from Sir Robert Hawley's sword, which cut through his helmet and extended him on the ground; while Hawley, rushing past him with the utmost velocity, escaped out of the house. The four remaining assailants then bent all their strength against Shackell and the servant, and soon succeeded in overpowering them. "It is in vain, it is in vain, my trusty Alfred," said Shackell, as he saw the domestic zealously seconding his ineffectual efforts; "we must for the present yield to the violence of the oppressors; but if there be law and justice in England that violence shall not go unpunished. A time may come too, my bold-hearted lad, that I shall be able to reward thy fidelity and courage as they deserve."

"I ask for no reward, my beloved master," said Alfred; "but to see you restored to liberty, and in possession of the ransom-money which you have so nobly earned."

"Cease, cease your prattling!" said Sir Ralph Ferries, as he assisted in binding Shackell. "Talk not, Sir Knight, of what rewards you will bestow on your accomplice, until we see how you will yourself be able to answer for your resistance to the King's authority. Go, some of you, and seek for the other culprit.—How,

now, gallant Sir Alan?" he added, as he raised his companion from the ground; "I trust that thou art not hurt!"

"Not much," said the other, wiping the blood from his brow; "but the villain's blow was well intended. Let not him escape, whatever may become of his fellow-traitor."

"Bevis and Walters," said Ferries, "are in search of him, and will, I doubt not, soon terminate his travels. Ha! hither they come. How now, sirrahs! what means this? so soon returned, yet unaccompanied by your prisoner!"

"Sir Knight," answered one of the men-at-arms, "he is not likely to deserve the name of prisoner very speedily. He has taken sanctuary in the adjoining abbey."

"Now may the foul fiend," said Sir Alan Buxhall, stamping violently on the ground, "retain in his especial keeping the souls of those drivelling monks who first provided for the safety of murderers and traitors, by erecting places of sanctuary! Nevertheless, bring away the prisoner whom we have secured. The secret of the Count de Denia's hiding-place will not be less valuable because it is extracted only from one pair of lips instead of two; and unless the gallant knight is inclined to dance a caper some fine morning for the amusement of the King's lieges assembled at Tyburn, the secret will not long remain in his own keeping."

Thus saying, the two knights and their party were moving away with Sir John Shackell in their custody, when Alfred flung himself on his knees before them, and taking hold of Sir Ralph Ferries' hand, earnestly besought that he might be allowed to accompany his master to the Tower. "Back! back, idiot!" said Ferries, "and thank thy obscurity and insignificance that thou hast escaped from being carried thither as a prisoner along with him. By Heaven! I have seen a younger neck than thine made acquainted with the gallows, when the head upon its shoulders chose to become too busy in state affairs."

"Nay, nay, Sir Knight," said Alfred, "will you let a gallant gentleman remain untended in a gloomy dungeon in the Tower, and deny him even the consolation of the kind offices of a faithful servant?"

"It must not be, young sir," said Buxhall, "until, at least, the

knight shows some disposition to return to his duty and allegiance as a loyal subject of King Richard's. I will not, however, deny to a gentleman, who has distinguished himself in arms, some slight indulgence. If, therefore, thou art willing to bestow upon him one hour's attendance on each day of his confinement, thou mayest visit him at his dinner-hour, the hour of noon, when thy services may be needful to him."

"Thanks, gallant Knight!" said Alfred, "a thousand thanks! On the morrow, then, my noble master, expect a visit from your faithful servant." Sir John Shackell had scarcely time to listen to this fresh evidence of his domestic's attachment and fidelity, before he was hurried away to the place of his confinement.

That night was passed by the domestic Alfred, in a state of feverish anxiety, which sufficiently evinced his attachment to his master, and the sympathy which he felt for his unmerited sufferings. This youth was tall and elegantly formed; brawny and muscular; of a quick fiery eye, and of a dark and even swarthy complexion. As he paced the apartment of which he was now the only occupant, he gazed on its splendid decorations with a look of mingled pity and contempt. Sometimes he threw himself on a couch and endeavoured to compose himself to slumber; but he as often, after a short interval, started up, again paced the chamber with a hurried and uneven step, and seemed to be deeply pondering on some internal schemes or troubles. Occasionally he would wring his hands and sigh heavily, draw his sword from his belt and carefully examine its point, or with his face resting on his clenched hands, seem sunk for hours in silent and intense meditation. "He must be liberated," he would often say aloud,—"he must be liberated, though I should spill my blood in the attempt." As he strode through the apartment, his manly form, his noble countenance, and his expressive features, lighted up by the variety and the intenseness of his emotions, seemed to indicate a being who was not born to the humble station which he then filled. The civil wars, however, at that time had effected so many and such strange reverses in the fortunes of the most distinguished families, that it was by no means a rare occurrence to meet, employed in menial or

laborious occupations, persons whose demeanour and language irresistibly suggested the inquiry whether they had not seen better times; but who only answered the interrogatory with their sighs or their tears. The alacrity, however, with which Alfred had performed his services to his masters, and the almost ostentatious manner in which he showed that he considered himself infinitely below them in rank and importance, seemed to preclude the idea that he belonged to the class of persons which has just been described. The look, however, of disappointed pride which he occasionally assumed during the night, as he paced sullenly the floor of his solitary apartment, certainly did not seem in accordance with his menial garb. At length he appeared to be worn out by anxiety and fatigue; and wrapping his cloak round him, he stretched himself on the couch and soon sunk into a profound slumber.

Sir John Shackell, in the meanwhile, had passed in a little confined apartment of the Tower of London a night of still less ease and refreshment. At times he felt inclined to disclose the secret of the Count's retreat to the myrmidons of the Duke of Lancaster, since even the loss of his rich reward was preferable to that of his liberty, or even it might be of his life, of which he now stood in jeopardy. Then he reflected on the improbability of even the lawless John of Ghent going to such an extremity, and also of the injustice of which he should be guilty to Sir Robert Hawley, should he give up their captive without his concurrence in such a proceeding. The last consideration determined him resolutely to refuse making his oppressors acquainted with the place in which he had concealed the young Count. Early in the morning he was doomed to listen to the importunate solicitations of Ferries and Buxhall, who represented to him the folly and inutility of his opposing the wishes of the King and the Duke, and that by releasing the Count he was losing nothing, because the latter was utterly incapable of ever paying a single farthing for his ransom. Sir John was however inexorable; and at length, in order to rid himself of their importunity, told them that he had come to a determination to give them no farther answers, but to maintain an unbroken silence as long as he remained a prisoner—a determination which he held

inviolate, until, at the hour of twelve, his own servant, the faithful Alfred, entered his apartment.

"Generous being!" said the knight; "how have I deserved this kindness at thy hands? Come to my heart, thou miracle of faithfulness."

"Nay, nay!" said Alfred; "I came not to waste these precious moments in idle protestations and endearments. As soon as your meal is placed upon the table, and your gaolers have left you to my attendance, I have something for your ear." The servants of the Tower soon entered, and having spread the prisoner's meal, disappeared. "Eat, eat," said Alfred, "and that right heartily, lest they should discover that you have had business to attend to of even more importance than that of eating. You must flee from this place and make the best of your way to the sanctuary at Westminster."

"My good friend," said Sir John, shaking his head, while a melancholy smile moved his features, "now thou mockest me: how or by what means am I to escape from this place? Were such an adventure possible, trust me that I would lose but little time indeed in finding my way to the sanctuary."

"Thou and I, Sir John," said Alfred, "are so nearly of a height, and so much alike in form, that wert thou to exchange thy armour for my serving-man's doublet and hose, and shroud thy face in my hood as effectually as I will hide my own in thy visor, thou mightest walk a free man out of the gates of the Tower of London, and leave me behind thee to supply thy place."

A tear gathered in the knight's eye, and he grasped his servant's hand in token of his cordial gratitude. "Nay, nay, it must not be: thanks, faithful heart, a thousand thanks; but John Shackell would rather resign the ransom-money, his liberty, and his life, than place thee in such jeopardy.—Fare thee well! if this be thy scheme, thou hadst better leave me instantly, lest I be tempted to act so unworthy a part as to concur in it."

"Now this is absolute midsummer madness!" said Alfred. "What harm can happen to me? When they find out the cheat, it will do them no good to retain a poor serving-man cooped up in

the Tower of London; while, if thou remainest, thou wilt be in hourly peril of thy life. A short imprisonment, for the purpose of curing me of such follies in future, will be the utmost penance to which I shall be subjected."

"True, true," said the knight; "and hesitate not to secure thy own indemnity, whatever may be the risk to me."

"Then haste thee, haste thee," said Alfred; "unbuckle, lest your lynx-eyed janitors should enter before these iron accoutrements are removed."

Thus saying, he assisted his master in disencumbering him of his armour, a work of some time, and one in which, to say the truth, he did not seem to be remarkably expert. As he slowly succeeded in removing the basinet, the breast-plate, and the morion, he could not help ejaculating curses on his own unskilfulness. He managed, however, with the knight's own assistance, to disencumber him of these; and was about to take off his cuisses, when, to the dismay of both, they heard the key of the dungeon turning harshly in the wards of the lock, and presently afterwards, Sir Alan Buxhall stood before them.

"How now, sirrah!" said Buxhall; "what means this?"

"A plague, Sir Knight!" said Alfred, whose self-possession did not desert him for a moment—"a plague, I say, on your serving-men of the Tower, for letting Sir John Shackell's armour remain a whole day unscoured. He would not have been able to have made his appearance before his Excellency the Lord Constable, into whose presence, I have been told, he is to be summoned this day, had not your gracious permission that his faithful servant should pay him a short visit given me an opportunity of putting his accoutrements into a decent plight." Thus saying, he affected to be busily engaged in scouring the pieces of armour of which he had just divested his master, while he seemed to be muttering to himself a continuation of his censure on the unseemly neglect of which the serving-men of the Tower had been guilty.

"Drivelling idiot!" said Sir Alan, laughing; "thy master will shortly have other cares to occupy his mind than the brilliancy of his coat of mail, or the gracefulness with which his plume shall

dangle from his helmet. I came to inform you that your time of remaining here is nearly expired; and that you, Sir Knight, must prepare yourself to appear with me before the Duke of Exeter, the Lord Constable of the Tower."

"'Twas a critical moment," said Alfred, as Buxhall left the dungeon, and locked the door after him; "but, by the exertion of a little speed, all will yet be well. Now, Sir Knight, we must exchange characters for a short season, and thou must begin thy offices of a serving-man, by assisting, in thy turn, thy new master to buckle on his armour. Methinks that I feel as easy under its weight as if I were, like thyself, a true knight, and had borne arms at the battle of Najara. Trust me, I do not believe that they will be able to penetrate this disguise."

As the youth strode about the dungeon, he did indeed seem so well to become his new habiliments, that the serving-man appeared to be in an instant transformed into a knight. Sir John Shackell lost no time in arraying himself in his servant's cast-off apparel, and had scarcely finished his toilet, before the key again turned in the wards of the dungeon, and Sir Alan Buxhall once more made his appearance. "Now, troop thee, good friend," he said to Shackell, "the time of thy departure is arrived; yet ere thou partest, let me search the folds of these garments, lest peradventure thou shouldst be the bearer of some traitorous communication; or, by Our Lady, thou mayst have that about thee which may assist us in the discovery of this springald Count." Thus saying, he proceeded, with little ceremony, to explore every part of the disguised knight's garments which could possibly be supposed capable of secreting a letter or a packet. The fictitious serving-man stood in no very enviable state of nerves while this scrutiny continued; but fortunately, Sir Alan was so anxiously engaged in exploring his pockets, that he never once thought of looking into his face. "Thou may'st troop," he said, at length; "myself will safely see thee beyond the precincts of the Tower, that thou may'st have no opportunity of creating spies or emissaries on thy passage. — Sir Knight," he added, addressing Alfred, who, clad in Shackell's armour, had sunk down in his seat in a state of the greatest apparent dejection, "I shall

speedily return, when thou must accompany me into the presence of the Duke of Exeter." The counterfeit knight made a lowly obeisance, but wisely refrained from using his tongue; a circumstance which called forth no observation from his jailor, for Sir John Shackell had, as we have seen already, told him that he should preserve an unbroken silence towards him as long as he remained a prisoner. Buxhall and Shackell then disappeared from the apartment, leaving him in total solitude.

Nearly half an hour elapsed before Sir Alan Buxhall rejoined his prisoner. "Uprouse ye, Sir Knight," he said, "the Duke of Exeter would question you, as he kindly means to exert his own influence to persuade you to obey the King's commands, before sterner measures are resorted to for the purpose of enforcing your obedience. Follow me."

Alfred slowly and sullenly obeyed this mandate, and followed Sir Alan through the long windings of the ancient fortress, which led from the dungeons to the Constable's apartment. He had determined not to throw off his disguise until he arrived in the presence of the Duke of Exeter, because he knew that every moment during which the discovery was delayed, was adding to the probability of his master being able to effect his escape to the Sanctuary at Westminster Abbey. He had also every hope that the Duke, whose admiration of generous and chivalrous deeds was well known, would be inclined to look with a lenient eye on the offence of which he had been guilty in being accessary to the flight of his master. "By Heaven!" said Buxhall, as every now and then he looked back and saw the stalwart form of his prisoner stalking after him through the gloomy avenues of the Tower—"sword-cuts and dungeons do not seem to have tamed this proud knight's spirit. They have made no alteration in him, save that I misdoubt me if he does not now tread with a firmer step and carry a more erect gait than he did yesterday. The Lord Constable, however, may bring him to reason; if he does not, the only privilege granted to him will most likely be simply that of making his choice between Tower Hill and Tyburn."

In a chair of state, placed on an elevated platform at the end

of a long Gothic apartment whose gloom even during the day required to be dispelled by the large torches which were held by the attendants in various parts of the room, sat the Duke of Exeter. This nobleman was one of the most distinguished warriors of the age, and was doubly allied to the royal family; he being himself half-brother to the King, Richard the Second, and his wife being a daughter of the Duke of Lancaster. Two secretaries sat at the table below him, while various official persons connected with the despatch of business in the Tower stood around him on the platform; and on his right hand sat his only daughter, the beautiful and accomplished Lady Elizabeth Holland. This young lady was now just entering her seventeenth year, and to the graces of her person was reported to add endowments of mind and manners of a no less transcendent quality. She was accustomed to take her seat by her father's side, when the discharge of his functions, as Constable of the Tower, called upon him to act in a judicial character, and often performed the offices of the Angel of Mercy in tempering the stern and severe, although rigidly just and impartial sentences of her father.

"Sir Alan Buxhall," said the Duke, "produce your prisoner." Sir Alan immediately stepped forward and produced the disguised serving-man to the Constable.

"Sir John Shackell," said the latter, in a severe tone, "it grieves me to be called to sit in judgment on so renowned a Knight as you, upon no less a charge than that of treason. You have wilfully denied and resisted the King's authority, have drawn your weapon upon his Highness's officers while in the execution of their duty, and even now, as I am informed by the good Knight Sir Alan Buxhall, continue contumaciously to reject the King's offers of the kindest terms, by accepting which you may regain your liberty. Speak! Are ye still determined to reject those gracious offers?"

To this wily address, in which the grossest and most outrageous tyranny was coloured as a distinguished piece of grace and favour, the prisoner made no answer. Indeed, the purport of the address scarcely deserved an answer, even had his situation been

such as to enable him to give one; but the truth is that neither his critical situation nor the nature of the Duke's harangue was the occasion of the prisoner's silence, for he was wrapt in speechless wonder as he gazed on the features of Elizabeth Holland. "Speak!" repeated the Duke. "Sir Knight, are ye still determined to reject those gracious offers?"

"'Tis she! 'tis she!" exclaimed the prisoner.

"What is't ye mutter?" said the Duke. "Sir Alan, have ye brought me a madman hither? Neither this demeanour, nor this voice belongs to Sir John Shackell. Unbar his visor—let me see his face."

The Duke's command was instantly obeyed, and the prisoner's visor being unbarred, discovered features which were totally unknown to all but two persons in the apartment.

"'Tis the Knight's serving-man!" exclaimed Sir Alan Buxhall. "By Heaven! this knave has tricked me by smuggling his master out of the Tower, and remaining himself in his place."

"Say you so!" said the Duke, rising from his seat and stamping violently on the ground, while his lip foamed with wrath—"then, by St. Paul! he shall supply his place in the halter as well as in the dungeon. Away with him to the ramparts!—hang him there till every breath in his serving-man's carcase has mingled with the element that floats above London town."

"Nay, nay! gentle father," said the Lady Elizabeth, whose blushes and whose air of surprise when she first beheld the features of the prisoner had fortunately passed unobserved, except by him who had occasioned them, and now faded from her cheek and gave way to an expression of the utmost anxiety and alarm—"hear the young man ere you devote him to a cruel and ignominious death. Speak, young sir," she added, addressing the prisoner, and seeing that her father did not forbid the course which she was pursuing—"what were your motives for assisting the prisoner in making his escape from the Tower?"

"The prisoner was my master, my patron, my preserver," said Alfred, "and my motives for assisting his escape were gratitude and esteem, in addition to that motive, fair lady, which binds to

thee so many devoted adorers—admiration of excellence and virtue."

"Prisoner!" said the Duke of Exeter, "your master is a traitor."

"I am no logician, my Lord Duke," answered Alfred; "but I will grant you, that if a loyal heart and a valiant arm, and a head grown grey in the service of his country constitute a traitor, that then my master, Sir John Shackell, is one."

"Who, in the devil's name, have we here?" said the Duke. "This is not the language of a serving-man; nor are those the features of a low-born hind. Sirrah! tell me thy name—who and what art thou?"

"My name, great Duke," answered the prisoner, "is Alfred Bohun, and I am the poor slave and serving-man of the valiant knight Sir John Shackell."

"We will talk to thee more of this anon," said the Duke, whose admiration of the self-devotion and bold bearing of the prisoner had already extinguished the feelings of anger and exasperation which had at first been enkindled in his bosom. "In the meantime, Sir Alan Buxhall, see that you take better care of the serving-man than you did of the master. Conduct your prisoner back to his dungeon, and await our farther orders as to his ultimate destination."

Alfred was again conducted to his place of confinement, again heard the harsh grating of the dungeon locks, and found himself the solitary tenant of the same low, narrow, and melancholy chamber as before. He found his spirits, notwithstanding, comparatively buoyant and exhilarated, on account of the conviction which he felt of the safety of his master; and he began to perceive that his own share of punishment was not likely to be very overwhelming. His mind, therefore, had now leisure to expatiate on more agreeable ideas than such as had lately occupied it. It was now filled with the image of Elizabeth Holland: once, and once only, had he beheld that paragon of female beauty—their eyes had met for an instant, but that instant had sufficed to fix the image of each on the soul of the other. That sylph-like form, that sparkling eye, that high pale brow, had lived in the memory of Alfred Bohun ever since, and the perilous adventures in which he

had been subsequently engaged had not been able to erase them. The undefinable impression which the first sight of the lady had made on his mind, was deepened by their recent and unexpected interview. To her intercession, too, on that occasion, he was indebted for the preservation of his life. Can it therefore be wondered at, that with a youthful and susceptible heart, with so peerless an object to rouse all that heart's warmest affections, and with the concurrence of so many circumstances of an extraordinary and romantic nature, Alfred Bohun should find himself in love? He had not long made this discovery of the state of his feelings, before he heard his prison door slowly unbarred, and with a beating heart he beheld by the dim twilight, which was all that now illumined his cell, a female form approaching. The gaunt, grim figure of Sir Alan Buxhall followed, bearing a lamp in his hand, which he placed on the ground. "Lady!" said Buxhall, "it is impossible to refuse the request of so fair a petitioner. You will, however, be pleased to make your interview with this youth of as short a duration as possible; and I will wait without, for the purpose of escorting you to your chamber when it shall be over." Thus saying, he retired and left the Lady Elizabeth and Alfred Bohun alone in the apartment.

"Sweet lady!" exclaimed the youth, "how do I deserve this kindness and condescension? You have already saved my life, and you now bestow upon me that which, above all things, renders life desirable to me,—the bliss of being in your presence."

"Speak lower, gentle sir, for Heaven's sake!" said the lady. "Misconstrue me not, I beseech you. I fear that I have taken a bold and unmaidenly step in paying you this visit; but impute it not to any other motive than the interest naturally excited by your extraordinary situation and conduct this day, and a desire to know whether I can in any manner alleviate the situation of one who is evidently far superior to the character which, for a season, he has chosen to assume."

"And do not *thou* misconstrue *me*, sweet lady," said Alfred, "nor believe that I am any other than what I seem to be."

"Nay, nay," said the lady, half smiling; "credulous and con-

fiding as our sex are known to be, I am too much of a sceptic to give credence to the story of Sir John Shackell's serving-man. When I first met you, you were coming out of the Palace at Westminster, richly habited, and in the company of a person well known about the Court."

"I do beseech you, madam," said the youth eagerly, "question me not on that subject. I am for the present what I appear to be; my honour and my duty forbid me to be otherwise."

"'Tis marvellous," said the lady, "that you, who seem fitted to shine at Courts, should choose to be immured in a dungeon! Tell me thy real name and rank. Perhaps thou art one of those misguided lords whose traitorous designs have lately been discovered and frustrated. My father is all-powerful with the King, and I am all-powerful with my father; I will procure thy pardon. Save thyself, I beseech thee!"

The lady uttered these words with great animation, and in the warmth of her appeal she seized the youth's hands and pressed them in her own. A deep blush suffused her cheeks as she became conscious of her inadvertency; and she would have withdrawn her hands, but Alfred now retained them in his vigorous grasp. "Gentlest lady! accept all that Alfred Bohun has to give,—his soul-felt thanks for this generous sympathy in his behalf; still let the poor prisoner live in your memory; and a time may yet come that he may venture to utter from his lips that which you would now think in him an almost impious boldness to have nursed in his heart."

The lady looked upon him with a stare of assumed vacuity and unconsciousness; but the blood that rushed to her cheek told that her heart had interpreted, with sufficient accuracy, the meaning of his expressions. She shaded her face with her small white hand for a moment; and when she again exposed it to the youth's view, the intrusive glow had passed away from it, and left it as pale as marble.—"If then, sir," she said, "the proffer of my poor services in your behalf is declined, fare you well! Forget not, nevertheless, should any emergency occur on which they may be useful, that you may rely on the good offices of Elizabeth Holland."

"Stay, stay, sweet lady!" said the youth: "leave me not thus. Say that I shall see you yet again—if it be but to give me an opportunity, in the presence of so sweet a counsellor, of talking over your proposal. Your reasons may yet convince me. I have need, too, of some one to whom I may confide my sorrows. Say that you will grant me but one more interview."

"I scarcely know," said the lady, "that I ought to say so much; yet, having ventured on this boldness, I will even go a little farther in the hope of rescuing you from that which is, I fear, a situation of great peril. On the morrow, therefore, at this same hour, expect once more to meet me."

"Thanks, generous fair one!" said Alfred, kneeling down and kissing her hand. "All good angels guard the friend of the mourner and the captive!"

While these events were passing at the Tower of London, the two knights, Sir Robert Hawley and Sir John Shackell, had secured themselves from the violence of the Duke of Lancaster and his emissaries in the Sanctuary at Westminster Abbey. Numerous invitations arrived to them from the King and the Duke; flattering promises, angry threats, specious arguments, all were unremittingly employed to induce them to come forth from the Sanctuary, and to avow in what place their prisoner was to be found. The stout knights, however, remained inexorable; they said that the prisoner or the ransom-money was theirs; and that as the King and the laws would not protect them in the maintenance of their just rights, they would continue under the protection of God. Above six months passed over their heads, and still they remained in the Sanctuary, in the neighbourhood of which the Duke's emissaries continued to prowl, in the hope of being able to catch them straying beyond the sacred boundaries. The principal anxiety which Sir John Shackell had at first felt during this period, was as to the fate of his generous servant, Alfred; but he afterwards received several communications from him, saying that he suffered no inconvenience at the Tower beyond the restraint upon his liberty; which, so far from being felt as a grievance by him, was, from circumstances which, he said, he should on a subsequent

occasion have an opportunity to communicate to Sir John Shackell, the source of his greatest earthly comfort. The Duke of Lancaster's expedition to Castile was in the meantime fully equipped and on the point of sailing. John of Ghent was, however, very unwilling to quit England unaccompanied by the Count de Denia, whose name, he knew, would be like a watchword in his favour in the ranks of the native Castilians. He therefore determined to venture on the bold step of violating the rights of sanctuary for the purpose of possessing himself of the persons of the two knights, on whom, should it be necessary, he determined even to try the torture for the purpose of compelling them to give up their prisoner. He therefore put his chosen emissaries, Sir Ralph Ferries and Sir Alan Buxhall, at the head of a band of fifty men, and commanded them to proceed to the Abbey, and endeavour, if possible, by persuasion or stratagem, to induce the two knights to surrender themselves to them; but if they should be unable to do this, to seize them even at the very altar and carry them prisoners to the Tower. These banditti, on arriving at the Abbey, found the knights engaged with the Abbot and the monks at mass. Sir Robert Hawley was in the midst of the worshippers; but Sir John Shackell was kneeling in the outer circle, and near the very extremity of the boundary line of the sanctorial limits. Both, however, as well as the monks, were so fervently engaged in their devotions, and the solemn strains of religious music which swelled through the long aisles of the Abbey so completely filled the ear and rapt the imagination, that the invaders had marched up to the choir and surrounded Sir John Shackell before any one had observed their presence.

"Seize him—bind him!" was the immediate mandate pronounced in the stern, harsh tones of Sir Alan Buxhall. The music of the choir instantly ceased, the sacred symbols dropped from the hands of the terrified worshippers, and the monks would have rushed out of the Abbey, had not the Abbot, in loud and most imperative accents, commanded them to stand firm.

"What?" he exclaimed, "do you fear the enemies of the Lord, while ye have hold of the very horns of the altar?—Back, sons

of Belial, back!" he added, advancing his silver crosier above the heads of the soldiers: "profane not the dwelling-place of the Most High with your naked weapons."

"Most Reverend Father," said Buxhall, bending his knee, and affecting a look of the most profound reverence and humility, "we come only in obedience to the King's command, to seize two arrant traitors. We come to purify the Church, not to offer violence in its holy places. The rights of sanctuary, holy Father, were surely never meant to extend to perjured traitors?"

"Sinful brother," said the Abbot, somewhat softened by the knight's respectful tone, "if thou hast erred through ignorance, we will ourself intercede for forgiveness for thee from on high, upon thy expressing penitence and contrition, and releasing the knight whom thou has seized at the very altar, from thy grasp. But, that thou mayst know that he is entitled to the privileges of sanctuary in this place, listen while our brother reads to thee the grant of the blessed King Edward the Confessor."

Thus saying, he motioned to a monk who stood near the altar, and who, advancing, unrolled an ancient parchment which he held in his hand, and read the following words:—

"Edward, by the Grace of God, King of Englishmen. I make it to be known to all generations of the world after me, that by especial commandment of our Holy Father Pope Leo, I have renewed and honoured the holy church of the blessed Apostle St. Peter, at Westminster; and I order and establish for ever, that what person, of what condition or estate soever he be, from whencesoever he come, or for what offence or cause it be, for his refuge into the said holy place, be assured of his life, liberty, and limbs: and moreover I forbid (under the pain of everlasting damnation) any minister of mine or my successors, to intermeddle them with any of the goods, lands, or possessions of the said persons taking the said sanctuary; for I have taken their goods and livelihood into my special protection; and therefore I grant unto every and each of them (inasmuch as my terrestrial power will suffice) all manner of freedom or joyous liberty; and whosoever presumes or doeth contrary to this my grant, I will that he lose his name,

worship, dignity, and power; and that with the great traitor, Judas, who betrayed our Saviour, he be in the everlasting fire of hell. And I will and ordain this, that this my grant may endure as long as there remaineth in England either dread or love of the Christian name."

Ferries and Buxhall listened with the most profound attention as the monk read, in the hope of being able to find something in the grant on which they could ground a pretence that the two knights did not come within its provisions. "Casuistry will not help us," said Sir Alan to his colleague. "But blows will," said the other. "Is the will of a living king to be thwarted by that of one who has been dead these three hundred years?—Fellows," he added, elevating his voice, and addressing his men-at-arms, "seize Sir Robert Hawley!"

"Forbear, forbear!" said the Abbot of Westminster, "or, in the name of the holy and blessed Trinity, I pronounce you accursed and excommunicate."

"Mind not the ravings of these effeminate priests!" said Sir Ralph Ferries.—"Soldiers of King Richard, do your duty."

The soldiers did not hesitate for a moment as to whether they should obey the Abbot or their commander. They advanced, with their pikes fixed, upon Sir Robert Hawley. The monks fled in all directions, leaving the knight standing alone in the middle of the church. "By Heaven!" he exclaimed, drawing his sword and striking aside the first halbert that was presented at him; "what strength God has given me shall be exerted to resist your unjust and unholy purpose." He then raised his arm and stood in an attitude of defence, when one of the men-at-arms, rushing upon him, struck him a violent blow on the head with his halbert; and amidst the shrieks of the spectators who now filled the Abbey, the oaths of the soldiers, and the deep muttered anathemas of the Abbot and the monks, the unfortunate Hawley sunk, a bleeding corpse, upon the pavement.

The indignation of the spectators now seconded the holy horror of the ecclesiastics. "Curse them! curse them to the lowest pit of Tophet!" they exclaimed. The monks did not need this excitement to urge them to put their threats in execution. The

consecrated tapers were lighted, and threw a sudden blaze of splendour over the whole church, which seemed almost preternatural; while the Abbot read the sentence of excommunication. "In the name of Christ,"—thus the sentence ran,—"we, the Abbot and brethren of the holy church of the blessed Apostle St. Peter, at Westminster, in behalf of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, and in behalf of St. Peter, the chief of the Apostles, and in our own behalf, do pronounce to be excommunicated and accursed, you, Sir Ralph Ferries,—you, Sir Alan Buxhall,—and all your aiders, abettors, and confederates, who have this day violated the privileges of sanctuary, and committed foul murder in this holy place. Be ye, therefore, excommunicated and accursed, and separated from all the society, and from entering into the Holy Mother Church, where there is forgiveness of sins; and be you *anathema maranatha* for ever with the devils in hell. Fiat! Fiat! Fiat!—Amen."

As the Abbot concluded the sentence, the lights were as suddenly extinguished as they had been kindled, and the assembly was enveloped in darkness, while a noisome stench proceeded from the quenched tapers; and the monks exclaimed, each raising his voice to its utmost pitch, "So may every soul which has incurred this sentence, be extinguished and stink in hell."

"Let us away, Ferries!" said Buxhall. "I fear that our masters will have little cause to thank us for this day's business. The prisoner whom we have taken alive must be carried to the Tower; and let the monks, if they will, canonize the carcase of the other."

Thus saying, the soldiers made towards the gate of the Abbey, with Sir John Shackell in their custody. The mob seemed at first inclined to oppose their departure; but after a moment's pause, they made way, and even shrunk back from them; while a general shudder ran through the assembly, as if they were fearful lest their very garments should suffer contamination by coming in contact with the excommunicated persons. Sullenly, and in silence, therefore, and amidst curses, not clamorous and boisterous, but deep and low, the two knights, with their men-at-arms, and their prisoner, passed out of the Abbey.

The reader must now, once more, direct his attention to the

Hall of Justice in the Tower of London, where, on the day after the occurrence of the events which we have just narrated, the Duke of Exeter again presided for the purpose, among other things, of examining Sir John Shackell on the charges of treason which were preferred against him. The Duke wore the same severe and dignified aspect by which he was generally distinguished; but traces of personal and private sorrow were visible on his countenance; his voice was low and broken; and he often seemed with difficulty to suppress a sigh which struggled in his bosom. The Lady Elizabeth Holland was also there; but, instead of being seated as formerly at her father's right hand, on the bench, she stood on the floor of the court, in the place appropriated to the accused. She leaned on the arm of a female attendant; her eyes were red with weeping, and her gentle form trembled like an aspen-tree. Near her was placed Alfred Bohun, with his arms bound behind him, but with head erect, and his stately form drawn up to its utmost stature. At the other end of the bar stood Sir John Shackell, not bound, but in the custody of Ferries and Buxhall, one of whom stood on each side of him with a naked sword in his hand. The background was filled up by the yeomen of the Tower in their scarlet liveries, and with their halberts in their hands; while some of the domestics, and other inhabitants of the fortress, crowded into the midst, anxious to be spectators and auditors of the proceedings.

Before, however, the events of that day are narrated, the reader must be informed of what took place in the Tower after the interview between Alfred Bohun and the Lady Elizabeth, which we have already described. The lady had, it will be remembered, promised to repeat the interview on the following day, and she was faithful to her promise. That meeting, however, was not the last. She found herself more interested in the fate of the prisoner at each succeeding visit; their interviews became longer and oftener repeated. The high spirit, the polished manners, and the cultivated mind of Alfred, combined with his fine form, handsome features, and romantic situation, began to make an impression on the susceptible heart of Elizabeth. The wild notion too that his

birth and fortunes were superior to his apparent condition, took complete possession of her mind, and she at length resigned herself to the influence of a passion which she entertained for a person who, she fondly and confidently hoped, was not her inferior in rank and blood. Sir Alan Buxhall became uneasy at these frequent and protracted interviews, and quickly divined the nature of the feelings which the young persons entertained towards each other. Conscious of his own share in the fault committed, and fearful lest the Duke of Exeter should learn from some other quarter that he had been so negligent of his trust, Sir Alan determined himself to inform the Constable of his daughter's visits to the prisoner. The offended pride and indignation of that nobleman raged beyond all bounds. It was with the utmost difficulty that he was restrained from ordering the immediate execution of Alfred Bohun; and had not Buxhall placed himself against the door of the apartment, so as to prevent his egress, he would have rushed to his daughter's chamber, and buried his sword in her bosom. He at length contented himself by commanding that Alfred should be heavily ironed and his daughter confined to her own room, and that both should be brought before him on the morrow, to receive such sentence as he should pronounce. As Buxhall and Ferries in the evening of that day made Shackell their prisoner, it happened that the knight was arraigned at the tribunal of the Constable at the same time with the two lovers.

"Sir Knight," said the Duke of Exeter, "although our mind is at this moment oppressed with our own weighty cares; although a princess, in whose veins runs the blood of Plantagenet, now stands before us, charged with having so far forgotten her father's honour and her own as to place her affection on a vile and low-born hind"—here, for a moment, he was unable to proceed, from the violence of his passion—"yet," he added, "offences committed against our Lord the King claim our first notice; and therefore, Sir John Shackell, we again call upon thee, to say whether thou art yet determined to resist the gracious pleasure of his Highness, and to refuse to give up to him the person of the Count de Denia. Thou seest what has already resulted from thy contumacy; blood has

been spilt within the walls of the holy sanctuary, and the soldiers of the King have been placed under the ban of excommunication."

"It is too true, O Duke," said Sir John Shackell, "that the holy sanctuary has been violated, and that the blood of my friend has stained its sacred floor. Peace be with his ashes," he added, crossing himself, "and may thy vengeance, O Heaven! fall on their heads who have alike profaned thy shrine, and robbed him of his life and me of my liberty."

"The errors of the past, Sir Knight," said the Duke, "cannot be retrieved; and the life of a man is as water spilled upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again. Peace be with Sir Robert Hawley's spirit! Thou, Sir Knight, wilt best show thy attachment to thy deceased friend, by doing that which will prevent the recurrence of similar violence. Give up your prisoner, and accept the King's pardon."

"I have committed no crime; I require no pardon," said the knight. "My Lord Constable, it is thou who oughtst to sue to me for pardon, for thus holding me a prisoner, in defiance alike to the laws of God and man."

"Bear him back to his dungeon," said the Duke. "On the morrow at noon, if he does not think better of his determination, let him die the death of a traitor on Tower Hill."

A dreadful groan burst through the whole assembly as the Duke pronounced the fatal sentence. At the same moment a loud shout was heard from without, mingled with cries of "Make way! make way! Room for the Lord Bishop!" The doors at the end of the hall flew open, and the Bishop of London, the Abbot of Westminster, and a number of other ecclesiastics, in their sacerdotal robes, entered the apartment.

"John Holland, Duke of Exeter, Constable of the Tower of London," said the Bishop, "I demand of thee the body of Sir John Shackell, Knight, unlawfully and impiously carried away from the place of sanctuary in the Church of St. Peter at Westminster."

"Thou mayest have it on the morrow, my Lord Bishop," said the Constable, "shortly after the hour of noon."

"Bethink thee, Duke of Exeter," said the Bishop, "to what

wrong and scandal thou art lending the sanction of thy high and honourable name."

"My Lord Bishop," said the Duke, "I am but obeying the commands of my master the King, under whom I hold this fortress."

"In the name of thy master's Master, Duke of Exeter, in the name of the King of kings!" said the Bishop, "I command thee to release this man from thy custody; otherwise I pronounce thee excommunicated and accursed."

The Duke changed colour, and his bosom was seen to heave violently beneath his robes. The censures of the Church were in those days such as not even a nobleman of his great power and station could defy with impunity. He seemed to be deliberating for a season on the course which he should pursue; and as each eye was fixed on his countenance, the most intense silence prevailed in the hall, which was at length broken by a loud flourish of trumpets, and shouts of "Make way! make way! Room for the King of Castile and Leon!" The hall doors once more flew open, and, bearing a sceptre in his hand, clothed in royal robes, and wearing a crown on his head, John of Ghent entered the hall, followed by a numerous retinue of lordly and knightly adherents. All present rose up to receive this personage; and the Duke of Exeter, descending from the tribunal, led him up to the seat which he had just occupied, and took his own station on his left hand, a little below him.

"Sir John Shackell," said the Duke of Lancaster, addressing the prisoner, "we, as well as our royal master and nephew, are anxious to put an end to the commotions which now afflict the good cities of London and Westminster, by reason of the unhappy events of yesternight. We are also, my good Lord Bishop, anxious to make reparation for the fault committed by our retainers, in the excess of their zeal, and to provide for the repose of the soul of the unfortunate knight who was slain in the sanctuary."

"Thou speakest like a Christian prince," said the Bishop. "The Holy Church is willing to receive even the most heinous offenders once more into her bosom, on their expressing sincere repentance and repairing the offences which they have committed."

The Duke bowed his head with such an expression of penitence and humility as he could mould the haughty and imperious cast of his features to. "Now, Sir John Shackell," he said, "hear the gracious proposition of our Sovereign Lord the King. Discover and deliver up the Count de Denia, who is doubtless now languishing in some miserable obscurity, under the guardianship of your myrmidons, and the King will settle upon you lands to the value of one hundred marks a-year, and pay you down five hundred marks in ready money, in lieu of the noble Count's ransom. The King will also, for the satisfaction of the Church, at his proper charge, erect a chantry of five priests for ever, to pray for the soul of Sir Robert Hawley! Say, Sir John—say, reverend prelates, are ye content?"

"In the name of our Holy Mother Church," said the Bishop of London, "I accept the King's offer, and remove the excommunication pronounced upon those concerned in the death of Sir Robert Hawley."

"And I too," said Shackell, "should be content, on being assured that these terms proposed shall be truly and faithfully performed."

"By the word of two Kings," said the Duke of Lancaster, unrolling a parchment, "and by the great seal of England, hereunto annexed, art thou assured. Moreover, my treasurer, who stands beside thee, shall on the instant count thee down the sum of five hundred marks as soon as thou sayest that thou art content."

"Then, may it please your Grace," said Sir John Shackell, "I am content."

The Duke's treasurer immediately advanced to the knight, and placed a purse of five hundred marks in his hand.

"Now then, Sir Knight," said John of Ghent, "it remains for you to produce your prisoner."

"He is in your Grace's presence," said Shackell.

"How! what sayest thou?" exclaimed the Duke, looking round the room, "We understand thee not?"

"Unloose these vile bonds," exclaimed the knight to those

around him, and advancing towards Alfred Bohun, who, with head depressed and fettered limbs, stood a culprit before the tribunal. "Come forth, thou paragon of honour and fidelity, Guzman Count de Denia, who, rather than break thy plighted oath, hast consented to perform menial services towards a poor knight, to resign thy liberty, and even to endanger thy life."

"The Count de Denia thy serving man!" exclaimed the Duke of Exeter. "Fellows, unloose his bonds. Pardon, most noble and chivalrous gentleman, the ignorant indignities which I have shown thee!"

"And welcome, thrice welcome, fair cousin!" said the Duke of Lancaster, descending from his seat and approaching the Count, "on thy restoration to liberty!"

"Liberty," said the Count, "is now indeed welcome to me, for it has not been purchased at the expense of my honour. If I can by my own efforts, most gracious Sovereign, for the restoration of your royal spouse, the Lady Constantia, to the throne of her ancestors, repay you for my liberty, I shall feel prouder and happier than if I had never been a prisoner."

The hall rang with the acclamations of all present; but the Count de Denia, raising his hand, motioned them to silence.—"Peace, gentle friends," he said, "I pray you peace! I have something for the ear of his Grace of Exeter. My liberty may prove advantageous to the cause of my Sovereign; but it cannot in any way be conducive to my own happiness, if unaccompanied by another boon—the hand," he added, approaching the Lady Elizabeth, and clasping her in his arms, "of this fair lady."

"Thou hast it, Count," said the Duke of Exeter, "with as hearty good-will as that with which, but half an hour ago, I would have refused it thee."

"Gentle Elizabeth," said the Count, pressing his blushing but unresisting bride to his heart, "on my return from my first and only visit to the palace of Westminster, in which I accompanied my honoured father, it was my chance to cross thee on thy path. Within the walls of the Tower of London only have I since beheld thee. Let us hope that the acquaintance which was begun within

sight of a palace and matured in a prison, may continue through many happy years in the ancient and princely mansion of my ancestors in Castile."

There is nothing to add to the story of "the Spaniard's Ransom," except that the wish thus expressed by the Count de Denia proved prophetic.

The Pennon of St. George.

Hang out your banners.
MACBETH.

IN the year 1380, when the crown of England was worn by Richard the Second, and that of Portugal by Ferdinand the First, the latter monarch had involved himself in a war with the King of Castile, in which he succeeded so ill, that instead of making conquests upon his enemy, he had drawn him into his own dominions. He immediately applied for assistance to England; and although that nation was already sufficiently troubled both by foreign and intestine broils, the Duke of Lancaster, who swayed the realm during the minority of the King, and who himself laid claim to the crown of Castile, by reason of his marriage with Constantia, the daughter of Peter the Cruel, was in hopes that, by sending troops into Portugal, they might be serviceable in promoting his own affairs. With this view, after the Parliament had approved of the intended expedition, and granted a supply to carry it on, he caused the chief command to be given to his brother the Duke of Cambridge.

The Duke of Cambridge and his army, composed of English and Gascons, remained for a considerable time with the King of Portugal at Lisbon. The news of their arrival was of itself sufficient to cause the Castilians to retreat. The visitors had therefore leisure to reconnoitre the country, to enter into intrigues, and to form alliances. A marriage which was agreed upon between the

daughter of the King of Portugal and the son of the Duke of Cambridge, also lengthened their stay in Lisbon and the neighbourhood, and drew more closely the ties of intimacy and good-fellowship between the English and the Portuguese.

One of the most renowned knights in the army of the Duke of Cambridge, both for valour and courtesy, was Sir John Sounder, an illegitimate son of Edward the Black Prince. This knight had already greatly distinguished himself in the wars in France, Flanders, and Spain, and now burned with desire to add to his laurels. He was therefore somewhat annoyed at the state of inaction in which the English army remained at Lisbon, although he stood high in the favour both of the King and the Duke, and both princes took every opportunity of testifying the sense which they entertained of his merits. Circumstances, however, soon occurred which rendered his residence at Lisbon less irksome to Sir John Sounder than it had been, and made him look forward with uneasiness to the period at which it was to terminate.

In the palace of the King of Portugal, and in attendance upon the Queen, resided the Lady Isabella de Medina, a beautiful and accomplished maiden, who was distantly related to the royal family, and who formed one of the principal attractions of the court. This lady had been contracted, much against her inclination, to Don Guzman, the brother of the King of Castile; and the war which soon afterwards broke out, between that monarch and her own sovereign, was hailed by her as the happy means of her deliverance from this detested union. Sir John Sounder, young, gallant, and amorous, no sooner beheld the Lady Isabella than he became deeply fascinated with her charms. Her participation in the royal blood of Portugal rendered it little less than madness in the English knight to foster the passion which he felt for her. Illustrious as the arms upon his shield denoted him to be, yet the bar of bastardy there presented what appeared an insuperable obstacle to the completion of his happiness. He, however, had the satisfaction to perceive that Isabella did not regard him with indifference, and that his society seemed to be more than ordinarily acceptable to her. It was a long time before he found any opportunity for a

private interview with her, but that opportunity at length occurred. He then disclosed to her the secret of his passion, and received with rapture a declaration from her lips, that she returned it with an ardour equal to his own.

Their interviews now became frequent; although, from prudential motives, they kept them as secret as possible from the rest of the household. The heart of the English knight beat with rapture, and his whole thoughts were turned to the project of effecting his mistress's escape from the palace and solemnizing their nuptials. One evening, however, when the knight met his fair one at the accustomed hour, in that part of the gardens of the palace which were appropriated to her use, his pallid face, the distraction of his speech, and the cloud upon his brow, denoted that some unforeseen misfortune had befallen him.

"Dearest Knight!" exclaimed Isabella, as she returned the fervent pressure of his hand, "what has happened? Tell me all! Ill news flies apace; and if I must hear it, let it be from the lips of my beloved."

"We must part, Isabella," said the knight despondingly.

"Part! Oh, never, never!" said Isabella; "it must not, shall not be! I will wander over the wide world with thee. I will cast this palace and all its pleasures behind me. Come weal or woe, come wealth or want, I will share them all with thee."

"Nay, we *must* part," said Sir John Sounder; "but only for a time. A few months, or weeks, or perchance days," and his features brightened as he spake, "will restore me to my Isabella."

"Days, and weeks, and months!" said Isabella, weeping. "Oh! name not to me Time's odious portions, they never disturbed my thoughts till now; for while thou wert near to me, life seemed but one long day of happiness and love."

"Sweetest!" said the knight, "dry these tears. To-night does the Duke of Cambridge leave the city to take the field against the Castilians. The important and honourable command which I hold in his army compels me to acompany him. I shall return, Isabella, and speedily—perhaps more worthy of thy love. I go to gather fresh laurels; to combat for the rights of the good King Ferdinand.

He may, perhaps, when I return, after having bared my sword and shed my blood in the defence of his kingdom, smile upon the hopes which he would now annihilate with his frown ; and every barrier which opposes itself to our happiness, may then be removed for ever."

Slender as was the foundation upon which this wild hope rested, still it shed a ray of light upon the darkened spirits of the lovers, and almost reconciled Isabella to the departure of her betrothed. At that moment the sound of a trumpet was heard, which was the signal for the followers of the Duke of Cambridge to assemble round their leader.

"I must away, I must away!" said the knight. "Farewell, beloved! Thine, thine am I, whate'er betides; and thou," he added, "art——"

"Thine, thine!" she exclaimed, interrupting him, "for ever, and for ever!"

These mutual vows they sealed upon each other's lips, a few hasty but fervent embraces were exchanged, and then the knight pressed the hand of his fair one, and disappeared through the wicket by which he had entered.

Days and weeks and months rolled on, but neither Sir John Sounder nor any intelligence of him reached Lisbon. The war, which it was expected would have been prosecuted with the utmost vigour, languished in an unaccountable manner. It was suspected that the King of Portugal held secret intelligence with the enemy, and the English and Gascon army remained by his express command totally inactive at their quarters in Estremoure and Besiouse, and were expressly prohibited from making any attack upon the Castilians. The King of Portugal, moreover, neglected to furnish his allies with the stipulated pay and provisions, so that their camp resounded with expressions of anger and discontent. At length, however, intelligence arrived at Lisbon that the English, becoming weary of their quiescent situation, had, notwithstanding the King's commands, attacked and beaten the Castilians in several desperate skirmishes ; had taken from them the castle of Fighiere, and even menaced the city of Seville, in

which the King of Castile had fixed his head-quarters. In one of these skirmishes a small band of English had been surrounded by a very superior force, and either cut to pieces or carried prisoners into Seville. Sir John Sounder was engaged in this encounter; but no certain intelligence could be gained respecting his fate. He had been seen in the thickest of the fight, performing prodigies of valour, and it was considered but too probable that he had fallen to rise no more. When the lapse of time, without bringing any information as to his fate, had, in the opinion of all, converted this probability into a certainty, Isabella saw no longer any necessity for keeping her secret, and revealed to the King and the household the passion which she had entertained for the unfortunate English knight. The monarch chid and pardoned her in the same breath, telling her that he scarcely knew how to lament the death even of so famous a knight, since it had probably saved the royal race of Portugal from degradation and dishonour. He then added that her future welfare had long occupied his thoughts, and that he had at length fixed upon a bridegroom who was her equal in birth.

"Alas! my Liege," she exclaimed, "talk not to me of nuptials and of bridegrooms! I have no heart to bestow; it is buried in the grave of the gallant Knight of England."

"Girl," said the King sternly, "talk not thus. Thou art the first of thy race who ever dreamed of corrupting the pure stream in thy veins by mingling it with baser blood; the first, too, male or female, who ever made effeminate wailing for the dead, however beloved or however famous."

"I mourn not for the ignoble and the plebeian," she replied; "I mourn for the gallant son of the most renowned prince in Christendom."

"Child," said the monarch, "England may well be proud of the fame and memory of Sir John Sounder. Had his mother's descent been as illustrious as his sire's, his claim to thy hand should have been preferred to all competitors. But for my sake, and for thy country's, as well as for thine own, thou must let him sleep forgotten in his grave. The wounds of Portugal must be

healed—the discords with Castile must be appeased—the English, who now overrun the country to distress and ravage both nations, must return to their island. To-morrow Don Guzman of Castile will be here to conclude a treaty between his kingly brother and myself, and to crave an interview with thee for the purpose of renewing that nuptial treaty which the war between the two kingdoms, now so happily about to terminate, has so long interrupted. Treat him as his worth and dignity deserve, and as you value your place in my favour."

As the King left her apartment, Isabella renewed her vows of eternal fidelity to Sir John Sounder, whether living or dead. The next day the Prince of Castile sought and obtained the interview which he desired. He was young, handsome, accomplished, and Isabella could not hate him. A second interview took place, and she thought that, had she never known Sir John Sounder, she might possibly have loved him. This was followed quickly by a third, and she remembered that the English knight was dead, and that the Castilian prince was living. Pressed by the importunities of her lover, impelled by the commands of the King, and forbidden but feebly, if at all, by the dictates of her own heart, she at length gave her consent to the proposed arrangement, and a day was fixed for the celebration of her nuptials with Don Guzman of Castile.

In the meantime, the news of the treaty between the Kings of Castile and Portugal reached that part of the English army, about a thousand in number, which was encamped at Besiouse, and was received there with the utmost indignation and surprise. Their pay had been for a long time in arrear, and no notification had been made to them of the negotiations between the kings. At first they were disposed to disbelieve the intelligence; but the arrival of orders to release their prisoners, and the return of such of their own countrymen as had been captured by the enemy, soon confirmed it. Among the latter was Sir John Sounder, who was received with a shout of exultation and wonder by his comrades, they having mourned for him as one numbered with the dead.

"Gallant knights," he said, "this news concerns us all, but me

especially; the ingrate King of Portugal would sacrifice my affianced bride on the altar of his treachery. One decisive step would restore us all to our rights."

"Name it, name it, noble Sounder!" exclaimed his comrades.

"The city of Lisbon," he said, "is now unguarded and reposing in security, relying on this dishonourable peace for immunity alike from its enemies and its allies. The marriage between the Lady Isabella and Don Guzman is to take place three days hence, and unless that accursed event be prevented, we shall be expelled by the joint forces of the Kings from the soil, and forced to return to England dishonoured and unrewarded. We are here five hundred archers and as many spears. Gallants of England and Gascony, what hinders us from marching on Lisbon? We shall reach it by night-fall on the day of the intended nuptials. Myself will penetrate disguised into the palace, while you prepare to force the city gates when you hear my bugle sound. Said I well, gallants, said I well?"

A murmur of unanimous acquiescence and applause followed the interrogatory with which the knight concluded his address.

"Form then," he added, "a strict union among yourselves; hoist the pennon of St. George, and declare yourselves friends to God and enemies to all the world; for if we make not ourselves feared, we shall not have anything."*

"By my faith," said Sir William Helmon, "ye say well, and we will do it."

The pennon of St. George was then hoisted amidst deafening acclamations. The soldiers crowded around the national standard, uttering shouts of exultation and defiance. "A Sounder! a Sounder!" they exclaimed; "friends to God, and enemies to all mankind!"

In the meantime, great and splendid were the preparations which were made at Lisbon to celebrate the nuptials of the Lady Isabella and Don Guzman. On the appointed evening, all the apartments of the palace were one blaze of splendour and magnifi-

* Froissart.

cence. The tables groaned beneath the weight of the rarest wines and the most delicious viands, and all the rich and noble of the kingdom were assembled under the royal roof. In the principal saloon were gathered together the monarch, the bride and bridegroom the prelate who was to perform the nuptial ceremony, and the more distinguished of the guests. Here the song and the dance delighted the ears and employed the limbs of all. A celebrated poet and minstrel was present, who charmed his auditors by the exquisite manner in which he sang and accompanied himself on the harp, both song and tune being of his own composition. It was during one of the pauses of the dance that the poet, after trying the strings of his instrument with more than his accustomed care, sang and played the following canzonet:—

"Sir Knight, heed not the clarion's call,
From hill or from valley, or turreted hall;
Cease, holy Friar, cease for a while
The anthem that swells through the fretted aisle;
Forester bold, to the bugle's sound
Listen no longer, though gaily wound,
But haste to the bridal, haste away,
Where love's rebeck is tuned to a sweeter lay.

Sir Knight, Sir Knight, no longer twine
The laurel-leaf o'er that bold brow of thine;
Friar, to-day from thy temples tear
The ivy garland that sages wear;
To-day, bold Forester, cast aside
Thy oak-leaf crown, the woodland's pride,
And bind round your brows the myrtle gay,
While the rebeck resounds love's sweetest lay.

Sir Knight, urge not now the gallant steed
O'er the plains that to honour and glory lead;
Friar, forget thy order's vow,
And pace not the gloomy cloisters now;
Chase no longer with bow and with spear,
Forester bold, the dappled deer,
But tread me a measure as light and gay
As ever kept time to the rebeck's lay."

The applause which succeeded the poet's song was astounding, and the company of both sexes were standing up to comply with the mandate at its conclusion, when a stern, solemn voice at the

other end of the room warbled the following lines to the same tune :—

"Sir Knight, couch thy lance to humble the pride
Of the treacherous bridegroom and fair false bride ;
Holy Friar, I crave of thee
Thy curse upon falsehood and perjury ;
Forester, truth to the woodlands is fled,
Here fraud and inconstancy dwell instead ;
Haste all from the bridal, haste away,
Ere the rebeck is turned to a sterner lay."

The consternation which this unexpected incident occasioned was indescribable. All heard the voice, but none could tell whence it proceeded. The company in general split into little parties, and each was inquiring of his neighbour what each was anxious to learn of him. The bride turned pale as death, the bridegroom red as fire ; and the King was engaged in anxious whispering with those around him. At length Don Guzman, shaking off the stupor which his surprise had occasioned, stood up and said, "Let him, whosoever he may be, who, contrary to the laws of courtesy and honour, has disturbed the peace of this fair meeting, come forward, if he dare, and meet the vengeance of Guzman of Castile."

"That dare I," said a voice from the quarter of the room whence the interruption had proceeded.

A tall thin figure approached, enveloped in a black cloak. The cloak was quickly thrown aside, and exhibited the features of Sir John Sounder.

An expression of surprise burst from a hundred voices. The bride hid her face in her hands, and sank into the arms of her attendants ; the bridegroom drew his sword, but his hand seemed paralysed with wonder ; while the King gazed on in astonishment, and advanced towards the English knight with looks in which surprise and displeasure were blended.

"Don Guzman of Castile," said Sounder, "I am here to defy thee with life and limb."

The Castilian's hand grasped his sword, and he advanced towards the English knight. "Beware, malapert bastard!" he said, "beware how you provoke the wrath of Guzman of Castile!"

"I fear nought! I will beware of nought but infamy and dishonour," retorted the knight. "I claim the hand and heart of this fair maiden, plighted to me by a thousand sacred vows, confirmed by a thousand chaste embraces, and remembered by at least one constant heart, amidst battle and amidst sickness, in famine and in captivity, in suffering and in solitude, and here!"

"Patience! patience! good Sir John," said the King, "and listen to me. The Lady Isabella is the affianced bride of Don Guzman. Yon colours," he added, pointing to the other end of the apartment, where the banners of Portugal and Castile waved together, "which have so long flouted each other in the hostile field, are now unfurled in amity, and this union will cement still more firmly the auspicious peace which has been just concluded!"

"Perish that inglorious peace!" said Sir John Sounder; "and Heaven forfend that so unholy an union should take place. At least, O King, the rights of English knights and warriors must be respected, let yonder banners be twined together as closely as ye please!"

"Speak reverently of the banners, haughty Englishman," said Don Guzman; "or tell me what standard dare be unfurled in opposition to them?"

"The pennon of St. George!" said the knight, in a voice like thunder. Then, stamping violently on the floor, he drew a bugle from his bosom and blew a note, with which the palace reverberated. This note was soon echoed from without. The clash of sabres and the trampling of horses were then heard, followed by a shout of "A Sounder! a Sounder! the pennon of St. George!" and immediately afterwards the gates of the palace were burst open, and a body of armed men, over whose head floated the English banner, forced themselves into the royal presence.

"Ha!" said the King, as he recognised the English knights and commanders among these intruders, "what means this?"

"Sire," said Sir William Helmon, "public and private grievances have alike compelled us to intrude, somewhat perhaps unwelcomely, into your Majesty's presence. Since our arrival in this country, we have had neither loan nor payment from you. Who-

ever wishes to obtain the love and service of men-at-arms must pay them better than you have hitherto done, the neglect of which we have some time taken to heart; for we know not on whom we depend, and have thrown the blame, as it turns out, most unjustly, on our leader, the princely Duke of Cambridge. Now know for a truth, that we will be paid our full pay; and if you will not pay us, we must pay ourselves from your country."

The blunt hearing of the English captain seemed to disconcert the monarch not a little. "It is but just, Sir Knight," he said, after a moment's silent reflection, "that you should be paid; but you have displeased me by making excursions against the Castilians, contrary to my orders, and that too at a moment when I was endeavouring to bring about a peace with them. Within fifteen days at least, however, ye shall be fully satisfied. My royal truth and honour do I pledge thereto."

"But, Sire," continued Sir William Helmon, "Englishmen in arms cannot be insensible to the grievances endured by a gallant comrade, and the durance and violence in which a fair damsel is held. Sir Guzman of Castile, we entered this land your enemies; but we expected to encounter a generous and chivalrous foe, not one who wars upon the affections of fair damsels, and lends himself to the infraction of plighted holy vows."

"Nor shall your expectations be disappointed, Sir Knight," said Don Guzman. "If this fair lady's hand be not bestowed upon me as freely as the winds of Heaven breathe their blessings on the rose, I renounce it, and Heaven prosper the more fortunate knight upon whom it shall be so bestowed."

A murmur of applause burst from the lips of all. The King looked uneasy and displeased, but seemed unwilling to be outstripped in the race of generosity and courtesy. "Speak, Isabella!" he said; "it is for thee to make thy choice between the brother of the Castilian King and a wandering English knight, who has risen this day from the grave to disturb the evening's festivities."

"Then here does my choice rest," said the lady, rushing into Sir John Sounder's arms. "Pardon, gallant knight, my fickleness; but I thought that thou wert dead, and importunities and

commands were not spared to force me into an union with thy rival."

"Now Heaven's blessing reward thee, sweet Isabella!" said the knight, kissing the fair forehead of the lady. "Return, return, to these arms, dearer to this heart than ever."

"Princes, and Lords, and Knights," said Sir William Helmon, "then our purpose in making this evening's visit is accomplished. Sir John Sounder, hasten with us to present your fair bride to our prince; and let Portugal, and Castile, and Europe know, that insult and injury must not be offered with impunity to those who fight under the pennon of St. George."

Thus saying, the Englishman left the astounded monarch. Their pay was punctually received at the period stipulated; and then, seeing no chance of being able to disturb the peace concluded between Castile and Portugal, they returned to England, when Sir John Sounder presented his fair bride at court, where she was received into great favour by the King, and his newly-married Queen, Anne, the sister of the Emperor Wenceslaus.

THE LINE OF LANCASTER.

Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

SHAKSPEARE.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

1399.—THE Duke of Lancaster was crowned King, by the title of Henry the Fourth, in October.

The Parliament settled the succession on the House of Lancaster.

1400.—A conspiracy was entered into to assassinate Henry, which was discovered to him by the Duke of Aumerle, and suppressed by the vigour and activity of the King.

Robert III., King of Scotland, refusing to do homage, Henry marched to the North, and ravaged all Scotland.

Next year the Scots, commanded by Earl Douglas, made an irruption into England; but they were met and defeated by the Percies at Homeldon, near the borders. Whilst Henry was in the North the Welsh revolted, and chose Owen Glendower, a private gentleman, for their prince; and in their excursions they took the Earl of March prisoner.

Emanuel Paleologus, Emperor of Constantinople, arrived in England to crave help against Bajazet, Emperor of the Turks. Henry dismissed him with presents, and promises of aid when his own affairs should be more firmly established.

1401.—Henry, to conciliate the clergy, allowed them to burn William Sautre, a clergyman, for heresy, he being a Wickliffite. This was the first execution on account of religion in England.

France demanded Isabella, widow of Richard, as the marriage had not been consummated on account of her youth. Henry, not choosing to quarrel with the regents of that nation, complied with their demand.

Henry marched into Wales; but was obliged to content himself with destroying the country, as Glendower had retired into the mountains.

1403.—The Earl of Northumberland, who had been very serviceable in placing Henry on the throne, quarrelled with him concerning some Scotch prisoners, and entered into a league with Owen Glendower; but falling sick, his troops were commanded by his son Percy, who was encountered by the King (before Glendower could join him) and entirely defeated and slain near Shrewsbury. Northumberland came to the King at York, endeavoured to excuse his conduct, and was pardoned

1405.—Another insurrection broke out, which was quelled by the Earl of Westmorland.

The Prince of Wales gained two victories over Glendower.

1407.—Robert, King of Scotland, alarmed for his son James's safety, owing to the violent and turbulent disposition of his own brother, the Duke of Albany, sent the Prince, then about nine years of age, to France for his education; but the vessel was taken, and the young Prince was carried to Henry, who detained him a prisoner for many years, but gave him an excellent education.

The Earl of Northumberland, who had again broke out into rebellion, was defeated and slain by Sir Thomas Rokesby, Sheriff of Yorkshire. Soon after this battle Glendower died, and the Welsh insurrection was put an end to.

The imprisonment of Prince James occasioned the death of his father Robert; and Henry kept the Duke of Albany, the Regent, in awe, by threatening to release the young King.

1413.—King Henry died.

The Abbot's Plot.

How now, Father Abbot, I heare it of thee
That thou keepest a farre better house than mee
And for thy house-keeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

THE deposition and imprisonment of Richard the Second having left the throne of England vacant, the Duke of Lancaster mounted it amidst the acclamations of the nation, and was crowned king by the title of Henry the Fourth. On the day of

his coronation he caused it to be proclaimed, that he claimed the kingdom, first by right of conquest; secondly, because his predecessor had resigned his estate, and designed him for his successor; and thirdly, because he was of the blood royal, and next heir male to King Richard. The last was the most futile and groundless claim of all; for Edmund, Earl of Mortimer, who was then living, was nearer akin to King Richard than the Duke of Lancaster, and was, in fact, heir presumptive to the throne. When this Earl heard that Henry claimed to be the heir male of the deposed King, he is said to have exclaimed: "*Hæres malus*, indeed! and so is the pirate to the merchant, when he despoils him of all that he possesses." Mortimer, however, saw that the times were not favourable to the prosecution of his claims, and therefore retired to his estates at Wigmore, where he lived a life of seclusion and privacy. King Henry, soon after his coronation, created his eldest son, Henry, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall and Aquitaine, and Earl of Chester; and the Parliament declared him the heir apparent and successor of his father as the King of England.

King Richard, notwithstanding the follies and vices which had characterised his rule, had nevertheless still many and powerful friends, who looked with great jealousy on the assumption of the sovereign authority by the Duke of Lancaster. The province of Aquitaine, of the chief town of which, Bordeaux, the deposed king was a native, rose simultaneously in his favour; and it was not until after Henry had sent a formidable force, under the command of the Earl of Worcester, to overawe them, and planted strong garrisons in their principal towns, that he was able to reduce his transmarine subjects to obedience. This difficulty, however, had scarcely been surmounted, when another, still more desperate and dangerous, threatened the authority, and even the life, of the new monarch. Several noblemen, who had either originally dissembled, or now repented the assistance which they had given to the advancement of King Henry, conspired together for his destruction. The historians of the time differ as to the motives which led to this conspiracy; whether it resulted from compassion for the fallen fortunes of Richard, or envy of the sudden greatness

of Henry, or from some slight or affront shown by the latter to the great nobles who entered into it: neither is it ascertained with precision, by what means the conspirators were drawn together, or the secret devices of some imparted to the rest: but the following narration will put the reader in possession of the details of the plot.

There was at that time an Abbot of Westminster, remarkable alike for the depth of his erudition and the fervour of his piety, but who was at the same time a bold and daring schemer, and of a haughty, active, and ambitious spirit. His manners were also bland and insinuating; he was reverenced, and almost canonized by the common people, and was in high favour and reputation with the nobility, especially with such of them as had espoused the fallen fortunes of King Richard. To that Prince the Abbot had ever been warmly attached, and from him had received many marks of consideration and esteem. He also had long cherished in his remembrance a saying which had some years before fallen from the lips of King Henry, when he was but Earl of Derby, and which is supposed to have had no slight influence in alienating the good Abbot from the new King's cause; namely, that princes had too little, and religious men too much. At that time the riches of the Church had increased and accumulated to a vast extent, so that many began to regard the holy persons who benefited by it, with a somewhat unloving eye. What open violence dared not grasp, concealed policy endeavoured to inveigle away. The excess of the Church's wealth was alleged to be dangerous, both to the King and the clergy, "as very likely," says an old author, "to cause want in the one, and wantonness in the other." Many bills were accordingly brought into the Parliaments which were held during the reign of King Richard, for the purpose of repressing the increase of religious possessions. In these measures it was proposed that inquisition and redress might be had against such religious persons as, under the licence to purchase estates of the value of ten pounds annually, extended their purchases to the yearly value of fourscore or a hundred pounds; and also against such as caused their vilaines to marry free women inheritable,

whereby their lands eventually came into the hands of the clergy. It was even proposed in open Parliament, that the King should seize into his own hands all the temporal livings of religious houses, as being rather a burden than a benefit to religion. On such occasions the Archbishops of Canterbury and York were often compelled, for themselves and the clergy of their provinces, to make their solemn protestations in Parliament, that if anything were attempted in restraint of the liberty of the Church, "they would in no wise assent, but utterly withstand the same."

Partly, therefore, from affection to King Richard, and partly from fear lest King Henry should prove as ready to invade as he had been to inveigh against the riches of religious houses, this Abbot was the first fomenter and agitator of this conspiracy. His project was not more boldly and daringly conceived, than it was craftily and subtilly executed. Cautiously and timidly at first he tried the dispositions of the nobles whom he wished to inveigle into his plot. First he observed their tempers and dispositions towards King Henry; then he searched more nearly and narrowly, but at the same time warily, moulding his speeches according to the disposition in which he found his hearer, and talking so dubiously and equivocally, that if his plans were approved by the person whom he addressed, he could unhesitatingly avow them; and if otherwise, he could as easily disclaim any sinister intention. At length, on a day in Michaelmas term, he invited to his house such persons as appeared to enter most cordially into his views, the greater part of whom were men whose reputation for loyalty was already somewhat equivocal, and who had in some degree fallen under the censure of the Parliament and the King, but by pardons or mitigated punishments had expiated their offences. These were, John Holland, who had been degraded from the rank of Duke of Exeter to that of Earl of Huntingdon; Thomas Holland, his brother's son, who in like manner had ceased to be Duke of Surrey, and was now merely Earl of Kent; and Edward, lately Duke of Albemarle or Aumerle, but at present only Earl of Rutland. To these were added the Earl of Somerset and the Lord Spenser, formerly Marquis of Dorset and Earl of Gloucester; the Earl of

Salisbury, the Bishop of Carlisle, Sir Thomas Blunt, and a priest of the name of Magdalen, who formerly belonged to King Richard's chapel, and so nearly resembled that unfortunate prince in form and feature, that many persons who were well acquainted with the former frequently mistook the latter for him.

These personages, with a few others, were highly feasted by the Abbot; and after the banquet was over, they withdrew into a secret chamber to devise the means of carrying their project into execution. The Abbot had disclosed the whole details of his plot to the Duke of Exeter—for so we shall style him, and indeed we shall designate the other nobles by the titles of which they had been deprived, as in their conversations they ascribed those titles to each other. This nobleman was the half-brother of the deposed King, and the inveterate enemy of Henry, although he had married his sister. He therefore entered enthusiastically into the Abbot's scheme, and undertook to expound and advocate it to the confederates. He reminded them of the allegiance which they had sworn to King Richard, of the honours and preferments to which he had advanced them, and of their obligations therefore, both in conscience and in gratitude, to take his part against all men. "Did not," he added, "this new King, this Bolingbroke, despoil him of the royal dignity of which he has unjustly possessed himself?—and did not we stand still, and show neither the obedience of subjects nor the love of friends, as though we were men who knew better how to do anything than to defend, and if need were, to die for our lawful prince and loving patron? King Henry, having violently invaded, or fraudulently insinuated himself into the kingdom of his natural and liege prince, is but a tyrant and an usurper, and such an one as it is lawful for any man by any means to put down. The laws and examples of the best governed commonwealths, have not only permitted such an action as the overthrow of a tyrant and an usurper, but have highly honoured it with statues, and garlands, and titles of nobility. The deposition of Henry of Lancaster will not only be profitable but necessary for the commonwealth, by extinguishing those wars which the Scottishmen have menaced, the Frenchmen have prepared,

and the Welshmen have already begun upon this occasion and quarrel. I doubt not but that our purpose might be accomplished by open arms; but I hold it to be more sure for us, and more safe for the public weal, first to put in proof some secret policy. Therefore, noble lords and gallant gentlemen, my counsel is this, that a solemn joust be challenged to be kept at Oxford at Christmas, between me and twenty men on my part, and the Earl of Salisbury and twenty men on his part, to which King Henry shall be invited. The occasion will sufficiently account for our gathering together a large number of armed men; and when Henry's attention is most attracted by the sports, let him be surrounded and slain, and Richard of Bordeaux once more proclaimed King of England."

The Duke of Exeter had no sooner concluded his address, than the applauses of all present testified their unanimous assent to the wily scheme which had been projected by the Abbot of Westminster. "Then now, my Lords," exclaimed the Bishop of Carlisle, "what remains but to take the oaths, and to seal the deeds which are to bind us to this righteous and patriotic enterprise?" An oath was immediately taken upon the Evangelists, that each would be true and faithful to the other, even to the point of death; and indentures by which the lords bound themselves to essay their best for the death of King Henry and the deliverance of King Richard, were sealed and subscribed by all, and a counterpart delivered to each confederate. Then having determined what forces should be drawn together, and by whom they should be commanded, the meeting separated, having ushered through the first stage of its existence the Abbot's plot.

Things being thus contrived, and their minds swelling high with hope, and their imaginations filled with dreams of power and glory, the Duke of Exeter was deputed to attend upon the King at Windsor, and to crave that, for the love which he bore to the noble feats of chivalry, he would vouchsafe to honour with his presence the martial exercise that was appointed between him and the Earl of Salisbury, and to be the judge and arbiter, should any controversies or disputes arise.

The King not suspecting any treachery, and glad by an act of such easy performance to conciliate the affections of the nobles, readily acceded to the request of the Duke of Exeter. The latter, and the rest of the conspirators, now conceiving their purpose to be half accomplished, returned to their respective homes, and busily bestirred themselves in raising men, and preparing horse and armour for the approaching enterprise. The Duchess of Exeter, King Henry's sister, soon perceived that her husband was engaged in some secret and desperate undertaking. The private conferences with strangers whom she had never before seen at their house, the Duke's long and frequent absences from home, and the abstraction of his manner and demeanour, convinced her that he was engaged in some plot for depriving her brother of the crown, and restoring his own kinsman to the station of which he had been deprived. The contest between conjugal and fraternal affection in the bosom of this lady was severe and long continued. To discover her suspicions to the King would, in the event of their turning out well-grounded, prove the ruin of her husband. To lock them in her own breast would be to become an accomplice in the destruction of her brother. "And what," she said, as she one day paced her apartment in solitude, while the tears streamed down her cheeks—"is this love then against nature or above it? Shall I be undutiful to my prince, or is there no duty comparable to that of a wife? In what perplexities am I plunged, to see my two dearest friends in this case of extremity, that one must certainly be ruined by the other!"

At that moment the Duke entered the apartment, and, perceiving her in tears, exclaimed, "What means this, Bess? why weep you?—take comfort; all will yet be well."

"Comfort!" she replied; "do but give it me, and I will readily take it; give it me by saying that you are not a party to any design for robbing good King Henry of the crown, and replacing it on the brows of him who has been declared by the voice of all England unworthy to wear it."

"Sweetest," replied the Duke, "content yourself; whatever happens, evil cannot befal you, or a worse evil befal myself, than

that with which I am now environed. If my purpose should prevail, and my brother be restored to the throne, both you and I assuredly will never decline; and if it be prevented, and your brother continue still in his estate, no harm can happen to you, and I shall but then be sure of that destruction of which I am now in continual dread, and the fear of which in expectation is a greater torment than the pain in sufferance." Thus saying, he kissed her, and leaving her a prey to a thousand tormenting thoughts, took his journey towards Oxford, with a great company of archers and horsemen. There he arrived, as had been agreed upon, one day previous to the expected coming of the King, and found all the confederates and their retainers duly assembled, with the exception of the Duke of Aumerle.

The non-arrival of this nobleman filled the conspirators with fear and wonder. His near relationship to both Kings made him form an important link in their project; and his having formerly been engaged in a plot for the deposition of Henry and the restoration of Richard, had made them calculate certainly on his co-operation. Now, however, they began to fear that he had secured his own safety by the sacrifice of his associates. Some, nevertheless, only blamed him for tardiness and delay, and despatched a messenger to him to urge his immediate coming. Before, however, the messenger came to the Duke, the latter had departed from Westminster for the purpose of proceeding to Oxford; but instead of taking the direct road to the latter city, he had called to pay a visit to his father, the Duke of York, at his palace in London. The Duke of York stood high in the favour of King Henry, and had by his intercession procured from that monarch his son's pardon for his former treason. This, however, was only granted on condition of York's becoming security and pledge for Aumerle's allegiance, and of the latter's being degraded from the rank of Duke of Aumerle to that of Earl of Rutland. On this occasion he despatched a hasty meal with his father, and was taking his leave of him, for the purpose of proceeding to Oxford, when the Duke of York espied a seal hanging from his son's bosom.

"What seal is that, son Edward?" exclaimed the suspicious Duke. "I pray thee, let me see the writing."

"'Tis nothing, my good Lord, 'tis nothing," replied Aumerle, endeavouring to fold his robe over the object which had attracted his father's attention; his cheek meanwhile first assuming a scarlet hue, and then changing to a deadly paleness.

"Nothing, sayest thou?" echoed the Duke of York; "then 'tis no matter who sees it. I will be satisfied; Aumerle, show me the writing."

Aumerle's confusion increased, and his lip stammered as he said, "Pardon me, I beseech you, my good Lord, it is a paper of small consequence, but which, for some reasons, I would not have seen——"

"And which, for some reasons also, I would see," said York. "I fear,—I fear, Aumerle. Give me the paper," he added, as, while his son was for a moment off his guard, he darted upon him and snatched a parchment, to which a seal was appended, from his bosom. A single glance sufficed to show the father the nature of this document. It was a counterpart of the indenture which the confederates had sealed at the house of the Abbot of Westminster. "Treason! foul treason!" he exclaimed: "villain! traitor! slave! Thou knowest that in open Parliament I became surety and pledge, both in body and goods, for thy allegiance; and can neither thy duty nor my desert restrain thee from seeking my destruction? In faith! but I will rather help forward thine." Foaming with rage and indignation, he commanded his horse to be got in readiness, and immediately took his departure to Windsor, where the King then was, determined to acquaint Henry with the treason of his son.

Aumerle stood for a moment mute and motionless, confounded and astonished at the sudden frustration of the deeply-laid scheme of the confederates, and the jeopardy in which he found himself placed. One moment he cursed his own folly and rashness for involving himself in the scheme of a few disappointed and interested men; at another his execrations were transferred to the prying curiosity and hasty anger of his father; but at length he

determined to seek his own safety by hastening also to Windsor, and endeavouring to reach that place before his father arrived there, and making his peace with the King, by being the first to discover the plot to him. He needed not excitement to urge him forward; his youthful blood and his sudden danger supplied wings to his horse swifter than were those of Pegasus; and long before his father arrived near the castle, he had alighted there. Having entered the castle-yard there, he addressed the seneschal, saying, "Lock straight the castle-gates. Give me the key. Danger—pressing and overwhelming danger—is at hand, intelligence of which I must communicate to the King, and no one must be suffered to enter the castle until our conference is at an end."

The seneschal bowed respectfully, carefully barred and locked the great gate of the castle, and placed the massive key in the hands of Aumerle, whose near relationship to the King rendered his commands as imperative as were those of the monarch himself. He immediately rushed into Henry's presence, whom he found alone; and falling on his knees before him, seized his hand, which he kissed fervently.

"What means our cousin?" said the King, bending a look of surprise upon him, "that he looks thus wild, and rushes into our presence with such a hurried and disordered demeanour?—Rise, cousin Edward,—rise, good Rutland, and tell us what brings thee hither?"

"May my knees grow rooted to the ground, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I rise or speak until I have obtained your Grace's pardon!"

"Thou hast it, Edward! thou hast it freely, and on the word of a king. And now, I pray thee, tell me of what offence it is that I have granted thee a pardon?"

"One of so deep a dye," said Aumerle, "that there only lives one traitor black enough to commit, and one king gracious enough to pardon it!"

Aumerle was a man of many and persuasive words; his tongue was eloquent; his features were manly and expressive; his tears could flow at will; and he could mould his voice and gestures to

any expression which he pleased. With these accomplishments, therefore, did he grace the narrative of the Abbot's plot, which he detailed to the King, protesting his own reluctance and unwillingness to enter into the scheme; but that being taken by surprise, and influenced by persuasions and even threats, he had been induced to enter into the confederacy and sign the traitorous compact; that his loyalty had returned as soon as the warning voice of conscience was heard, and that now he had come to repair his crime by apprizing the King of the jeopardy in which he stood. The King seemed neither rashly to believe nor negligently to distrust Aumerle's report, neither was it politic for him to receive the discovery angrily or discourteously; he therefore comforted Aumerle with gracious speeches, and said, "If this be true, we pardon you; if it be feigned, at your extreme peril be it."

In the meantime the Duke of York had arrived at the castle gates, but was denied admittance. It was in vain that he told the seneschal that the King's life was in danger, as he received for answer that the Earl of Rutland had already arrived, and was then in private conference with the King, that the key of the castle-gate was in his possession, and that no one could be admitted without his permission. The Duke of York now became alarmed, lest his son should commit some violence on the King while they were closeted together. When, therefore, the conference was ended, and Aumerle permitted the gates to be unlocked, the old Duke rushed into the royal presence with the same precipitation as his son had done before him, and with many exclamations of "treason!" and "perfidy!" he placed the indenture in the King's hand which he had plucked from Aumerle's bosom. Henry, on reading it, perceived the truth of Aumerle's statement, and therefore, confirmed the conditional pardon which he had pronounced. Then having his mind occupied with deeper thoughts than the observance of tilts and tournaments, he laid aside his intended journey, and resolved to await at Windsor the machinations of his enemies, and watch them in the course which they pursued. In the meantime he directed his letters to the Earl of Northumberland, his High Constable,—to the Earl of Cumberland, his

High Marshal, and others of his most assured friends, concerning these sudden and unexpected accidents.

In the meantime, the confederates at Oxford, hearing nothing of Aumerle, and seeing no preparations for the King's arrival, doubted not that their plot had been discovered or betrayed. They were, therefore, in hourly anticipation of a sufficient force to make them all prisoners, and they knew the temper and disposition of King Henry well enough to feel assured that their captivity would be very speedily followed by their execution. "'Tis that vile intriguing priest," said Gloucester to Exeter, "who has involved us in this dilemma. By listening to his cursed counsels, we have only carried our foolish heads to the block, while he and that double traitor Aumerle have purchased not only indemnity but reward by our destruction. Aumerle will doubtless soon recover his forfeited honours, and this smooth-tongued Abbot will exchange the mitre of Westminster for that of Canterbury."

"Since our safety, lords," said the Duke of Surrey, "cannot be provided for, at least let us not perish unavenged. The headsman's axe shall be welcome to my head, after my sword has made sure of this treacherous Abbot's."

The swords of all the confederates, except that of the Earl of Salisbury, flew from their scabbards as if to second the determination of Surrey, "Peace, gentle lords," said Salisbury; "I pray ye, pause a moment! Our affairs are not yet so desperate as to drive us to the madness of imbruing our hands in the blood of our friend."

"He is a perjured traitor," said Hugh Spenser, Earl of Gloucester, "and his blood shall atone for his treachery."

"My Lord of Gloucester," said Salisbury, "he is none, and his blood shall not be spilt while one drop remains in my veins. He yet hopes that our enterprise may be successful, and I left him even now in earnest conference with the priest Magdalen, concerting the best means of accomplishing it."

"I will trust no more to the devices of priests," said Surrey; "our good swords, and the lances of the five hundred followers whom we have brought with us to Oxford, might do something; but these peddling intrigues of churchmen——"

"Peace, my good lord!" said the Bishop of Carlisle, "the Abbot approaches, and I see comfort in his looks."

The Abbot indeed approached with looks of the utmost confidence and self-satisfaction. He bowed courteously to all, and neither daunted by the lowering brows and half-unsheathed daggers of the lords of Exeter, Gloucester, and Surrey, nor chilled by the aspects of hesitation and doubt worn by Salisbury, the Bishop, and his more immediate friends, he took his seat among the confederates, and proceeded to address them with the most perfect ease and self-possession.

"My good lords and noble coadjutors in this most righteous enterprise, our scheme, as far as we have yet proceeded, has failed."

"We needed not, my Lord of Westminster," said Surrey, "your high authority and most reverend wisdom, to assure us of that fact; it has failed, and our disappointment can only be soothed by blood."

"Thou speakest wisely, Duke of Surrey," rejoined the Abbot; "and blood thou shalt have."

"The blood of whom," asked the Duke, "if not of thee, thou hoary traitor?"

"The blood of Henry Bolingbroke and Edward Aumerle," said the Abbot. "Our plot must be instantly avowed, and promulgated to the people of Oxford."

"A most sagacious scheme, truly!" said the Duke of Surrey; "that were to pray the mayor and burgesses of their kind courtesy to enter this apartment, and to place their knives to the throats of the penitent traitors who now humbly offer up their lives in expiation of the treason which they have meditated."

"My lords," said the Abbot, who with unconquerable pertinacity bore up alike against the execrations and the sneers of the confederates, "the men-at-arms who have followed us to Oxford would be able, backed by the population of the surrounding counties, to tear the usurper from his castled hold at Windsor, and replace the lawful sovereign on his throne."

An universal shout of derision burst from the confederates. Even Salisbury shook his head despondingly, and said, "My good

Lord of Westminster, if you have no better scheme to propose, I fear that our enterprise is indeed at an end. The population of the surrounding counties, notwithstanding their attachment to King Richard, will not, while they know him to be a close prisoner in the Tower of London, be willing to make common cause with us, when, at the first intelligence of our insurrection, the captive monarch's head would be stricken off."

"But if the populace believed that that monarch was no longer captive, but was here in this house, surrounded by his relatives and friends, they would rise, one and all, to make common cause with us. Richard's life, lords, would not be placed in greater jeopardy than it is now by such a movement; and if we act with promptitude, it might be placed beyond the reach of danger. At any rate, your own safety might be provided for, and the usurper either hurled from his throne, or compelled to yield to such terms as would rescue your lives and fortunes from his grasp."

"The holy Abbot," said Surrey, "hopes to amuse us with the details of these hopeful schemes until the King's forces shall have invested this house in which we are now tranquilly pent up, as sheep for the slaughter. I say, die, traitor!"

As he spoke, the Duke rushed with his drawn sword towards the Abbot; but the Earl of Salisbury, unsheathing his own weapon, parried the blow, saying, "Back, back; are ye mad, my lord? or think ye that the blood of this old man will smooth your path to the favour of King Henry?"

"My lords," said the Abbot, still undaunted, and even unabashed, "I have spread through the city a rumour that King Richard is here; the populace are even now approaching the house; and could we only for a few hours continue them in their error, we are sure of their co-operation in any enterprise which we may project.

At that moment a tremendous shout was heard of "God save King Richard!" and the hum of voices and the tramp of feet proclaimed the approach of an immense multitude.

"Death and destruction!" exclaimed the Duke of Surrey, "the vengeance of Henry we might possibly have escaped, but how

can we shun the fury of an exasperated and disappointed rabble, when they find that King Richard is not here? How, traitor, can we, as thou sayest, continue them in their error?"

"Behold!" said the Abbot, and clapping his hands, a door at the lower end of the apartment flew open, and a person clad in the robes of royalty, wearing a crown upon his head, and bearing a sceptre in his hand, entered the apartment. His tall and stately figure, long flowing yellow hair, light blue eyes, and fair and handsome, but somewhat pale and pensive countenance, made all the lords, in a tone of joy and wonder, exclaim, "Richard of Bordeaux!"

"Bold peers of England!" said the seeming monarch advancing, but the arch smile upon his lip, and the removal of his crown and the false hair upon his head, showing a profusion of luxuriant black locks, dissipated the momentary illusion. "'Tis the priest Magdalen," said Surrey; "but by Heaven, had he not uncovered his pate, and had continued to wear that melancholy smile, I had sworn allegiance to him.—Lords, if we, King Richard's near friends, have been deceived by this stratagem, methinks that the rabble will not be keen-witted enough to detect the imposture."

"'Tis time to try the keenness of their wits, then," said Gloucester, "for they are thundering at the gates:—speak to them, my good Lord Abbot, and unless thy tongue can wind them to our purpose, thy head must pay the penalty."

The shouts now became redoubled. "Show us the King!" "Long live Richard of Bordeaux!" "Down with Bolingbroke!" Such were the exclamations with which the Abbot of Westminster was greeted as he stepped from the window of the apartment in which the confederates were assembled, on to the open terrace or balcony in the front of the house. "Ye men of Oxford," he said, "Richard of Bordeaux, your lawful King, has escaped from the clutches of his enemies, and he now comes to claim the allegiance of his loving subjects and the assistance of their hearts and hands in replacing him on the throne of his immortal grandsire, Edward the Third!"

One long, loud peal of approbation and assent rang through the air; and as it died away, a stentorian voice in the crowd was heard

exclaiming, "Show us the King—convince us that we are not supporting a selfish faction, but are really contributing to the restoration of our lawful monarch, and we will join with you to the shedding of every drop of blood in our veins."

The most critical part of the Abbot's plot was now to be made trial of. He felt not only that the success of the scheme depended on the personation successfully by Magdalen of King Richard, but that his own life would be immediately sacrificed by the incensed lords, should the populace detect the imposture. He therefore retired into the house, but immediately returned to the view of the multitude, leading Magdalen by the hand, and followed by the Dukes of Exeter and Surrey, the King's brothers, and the other lords who were known to be his devoted adherents. One moment's pause followed,—it was a moment of fearful and anxious silence, in which the supposititious king was exposed to the jealous scrutiny of a thousand eyes: should one eye in the vast multitude detect the imposture, the conspirators knew that the house in which they were assembled would be razed to the ground, or burst open by the infuriated mob, and their lives sacrificed to their indignation and disappointment. The priest Magdalen himself had no small difficulty in supporting his part with unshrinking nerves. The critical nature of his situation, however, prevented him from relapsing into that arch smile by which he had discovered himself to Surrey. He gazed on the mob with that mild melancholy look which had of late years become characteristic of King Richard's countenance; extended his arms towards the populace, in an attitude of affectionate supplication, pointed to the well-known relatives and friends of the deposed king who surrounded him; and at length, when his presence of mind had nearly failed him, and he was about to sink exhausted with anxiety and apprehension to the ground, the welcome cheers of a thousand voices rang in his ears, exclaiming, "God save King Richard!" "We'll die for Richard of Bordeaux!" "On, on to Windsor, and drag the usurper from the throne!"

The whole male population of Oxford soon assumed such arms as on the suddenness of the occasion they could provide themselves with. Knives, daggers, clubs, staves, slings, and arrows,

were put in requisition; numbers of associates flocked in from the surrounding towns and villages, as soon as the news was spread that King Richard was at Oxford; and the Duke of Exeter, who was by acclamation chosen generalissimo, soon found himself at the head of a sufficiently formidable although undisciplined and rudely-armed force, amounting to nearly forty thousand men. The march to Windsor was after a short delay determined on; and breathing threats and slaughter against Henry, shouting the praises of Richard, and stirring up the population of the counties through which they passed to join them, this motley army proceeded towards the royal castle for the purpose of seizing and putting to death him whom they now termed a tyrant and a usurper.

The rumour of these proceedings, however, spread so widely and so quickly, that King Henry had early intelligence that the Earls of Huntingdon and Salisbury, the young Earl of Kent, and the Lord Spenser, were advancing towards Windsor to seize and murder him; that they were in sufficient force to take the castle; that they had with them Magdalen, one of the priests of the chapel royal to Richard of Bordeaux, dressed up as the deposed King, and had caused a rumour to be spread that King Richard had escaped from prison. The person who brought the intelligence said, "Sire, depart hence instantly and ride to London, for they will be here in a short time."

"But how," asked the King, "can I credit your intelligence?—a knowledge of the details which you have communicated to me, could only be known to some one deeply implicated in the plots of the conspirators?"

"They might be known, O King!" said the messenger, "to the grand author and contriver of the plots."

"Assuredly," answered Henry; "but it is not possible that he should be disposed to reveal them to me."

"It is possible, and it is true," said the messenger, throwing back a hood in which he had shrouded his head—"behold and believe!"

The King started, for in the features of the person to whom he

was indebted for this information, he recognised those of his arch enemy, the Abbot of Westminster.

"The events of one day, Henry of Lancaster," said the Abbot, "have transformed me from your bitterest foe into the implacable enemy of your enemies. Reviled, insulted, and threatened by them with death, the Lords of Exeter, Surrey, and Gloucester, can only atone to me for those injuries by their lives. Flee, I tell thee, to London. Canst thou doubt the truth of what I tell thee?—wherefore should I place myself in thy power? This plot, I tell thee, is my own contrivance, and must prove fatal to thee within an hour, unless thou fleest instantly."

"Bold traitor!" said the King, "I must not, and will not believe thee.—What ho, there!"

"Beware!" said the Abbot, checking the exclamation of the King; "provoke not against thyself that same vengeance to which I am now devoting the men with whose hands my own were but yesterday knit in apparently indissoluble bonds of friendship. I have outridden the Duke of Exeter's army, and am scarcely one hour in advance of it. Detain me but one instant, so as to delay me from rejoining it before my departure has been observed, and it will be instantly known that I have betrayed the plot to you; and your flight to London will be so speedily pursued, that escape will be utterly hopeless. Let me rejoin the conspirators immediately. Until the castle is taken, which may hold out a few hours, your flight cannot be discovered, and then you will be so far on the road to London as to be beyond the reach of your pursuers."

"Away then with thee!" said the King; "it is but the escape of one traitor which I am risking—away with thee!"

"And away with thee, Henry of Lancaster!" said the Abbot, as he left the apartment, "if thou wouldst keep thy head upon thy shoulders."

The truth of the Abbot's intelligence was so speedily and certainly confirmed, that Henry, wondering not less at the danger which threatened him, than at the strange manner in which he had been made acquainted with it, mounted his horse and set off

secretly, with a few attendants from Windsor, taking the road to London.

The army of the insurgents, on arriving before Windsor Castle, proceeded to lay siege to it, and instead of meeting with an obstinate resistance, they were gratified at finding, after the lapse of a few hours, and before they had committed or sustained any serious damage, that the besieged threw open their gates and invited them to enter. The Duke of Exeter's rage, however, on finding that the King had effected his escape, amounted almost to frenzy; and it was with the utmost difficulty that the Abbot of Westminster and the Bishop of Carlisle could restrain him from putting all whom he found in the castle to the sword. "My Lords," he said, "Henry is now in the metropolis. The Londoners are devoted to him, and will speedily raise such a force as will effectually enable him to overpower our rashly-levied and ill-disciplined troops. Had we seized and slain the usurper, we might have marched triumphantly to London; his death would have struck a panic into the hearts of his adherents, and the gates of the Tower would have been thrown open to restore our long lost captive sovereign to us."

"Peace, my good Lord," said the Abbot, "and, instead of wasting our time in idle lamentations, let us study how to repair this fresh misfortune which has beset us. The King will doubtless levy such a force in London as will render it impossible for us to maintain our station here. Let us therefore retreat towards the West. The town of Cirencester is well fortified, and would enable us to bid defiance to the usurper, behind its strong walls, even should it not be advisable to give him battle in the field."

"But Cirencester, my Lord," said the Duke of Surrey, "is under the government of its bailiff, Sir William Beauchamp, King Henry's most devoted adherent, who will not readily open its gates to give us entrance."

"But Sir William Beauchamp is my brother," returned the Abbot, "and may, I think, when I inform him that King Richard is himself with our army, that Windsor Castle is in our hands, and that Henry has but narrowly escaped from us with his life, be persuaded to make his peace through my intercession with the restored

King (for such I trust he soon will be), by opening the gates of Cirencester to us. Let me, therefore, precede you on your march, and I doubt not that, by the time you arrive before that town, you will find the bailiff and garrison your firm friends and supporters."

"'Tis wisely planned," said the Duke of Surrey, who now seemed anxious to atone for his former injurious suspicions, by evincing the most unlimited confidence in the Abbot's fidelity and sagacity. "My Lord of Westminster has already proved our guardian angel, and we cannot do better than resign ourselves implicitly to his guidance."

The Duke did not observe the Abbot's countenance, until the sinister expression which it had for a moment betrayed was exchanged for one of the utmost placidity and humility. "The good Duke of Surrey," he said, "is pleased greatly to overrate my humble efforts in the cause for which your lordships are in arms. The success of our stratagem was ensured mainly by the decision and promptitude with which you concurred in it. But how say you, Lords? will you entrust me with the management of the negotiation between you and the Bailiff of Cirencester?"

"Be it so, my good Lord," said the Duke of Exeter, "and speed thee, I pray thee; for our near neighbourhood to London renders Windsor no safe tarrying place for us, now that Henry has escaped from our hands."

"The bush was well limed," exclaimed the Abbot, as he rode towards Cirencester; "the silly fowls are in my snare. Fools! fools! Did they think that the spirit which caught fire at a random expression of Henry Bolingbroke, threatening injury to the Church generally, could tamely suffer personal insult and scorn—could pardon being branded with the names of traitor and villain, or forget that naked weapons had been pointed at his breast? No! no! no! Love may be forgotten, gratitude may perish, even contempt may be surmounted, but the fires of hatred, its real genuine fires, once lighted up in the soul, are unquenchable and immortal as the soul itself."

With such sentiments possessing his bosom, the Abbot presented himself before his brother, the Bailiff of Cirencester. The two

brothers were in temper and disposition as much opposed, as were the two political parties which they respectively espoused. The wily, intriguing, malignant, unforgiving Abbot was a perfect contrast to the unsuspecting, generous, and perhaps somewhat rash and imprudent Bailiff. The tried soldierlike qualities of the latter, and his devoted attachment to the House of Lancaster, had induced King Henry to intrust him with the custody of the important fortress of Cirencester. His surprise was extreme on beholding his brother, from whom he had been for several years separated, and of whose recent plot for seizing on the King's person at the tournament at Oxford, he had just heard. He listened intently to the Abbot's narration, and to the development of his plan for getting the chief conspirators into the power of the King's friends. Notwithstanding that he was well aware of the duplicity of his brother's character, the Bailiff was convinced by his tone and manner that he was sincere in his professions of hatred towards the confederates; he only stipulated for the safety of the Earl of Salisbury, who had defended him from the violence of the other conspirators. The Bishop of Carlisle had the same claim on his gratitude; but as the Abbot hoped, that in the event of the Bishop's being sacrificed, he might himself succeed to the vacant episcopal mitre, he did not scruple to seal the destruction of his friend.

A few hours after the interview between the Abbot and the Bailiff, the confederates arrived at the head of a force of twenty thousand men, and sat down before Cirencester. They immediately summoned the town to surrender, and their summons was answered by a visit from the Abbot, accompanied by the Bailiff and the principal municipal authorities of the place.

"Most puissant Duke of Exeter," said the Abbot, "and ye other gallant lords and gentlemen now in arms for good King Richard, the loyal town of Cirencester, weary of so long bearing the yoke of an usurper, gladly welcomes you within her walls, and prays you to take possession of her citadel in the name of her legal sovereign."

"Is it so, master Bailiff?" asked the Duke of Exeter. "Are even you weary of the usurpation of Bolingbroke, and willing to yield up this fair town to the dominion of your liege lord?"

"It is even so, my good Lord," said the Bailiff. "I would only crave, in consideration of the readiness with which I welcome King Richard's friends into Cirencester, that you would enter the town with only such a retinue as will be sufficient for your safeguard and attendance, and that your army may remain encamped without the walls."

"Six hundred men-at-arms, Sir William," answered the Duke, "are the only visitors with which we will encumber your town. In the mean time, Sir Thomas Blunt will command the troops without the walls."

The Bailiff bowed assent, although the number of the troops which the Duke proposed should be admitted into the city was more than he had calculated upon. All the men whom he could muster in the town, for the purpose of executing the scheme which he had projected, would not amount to two thousand, for the most part ill-armed and ill-disciplined; while the Duke of Exeter selected for the six hundred troops who should accompany him into the town, the bravest and most experienced veterans. The Bailiff would at first have remonstrated against the quartering of so large a number of troops on the citizens, but the significant gesture with which his brother placed his finger on his lip induced him to acquiesce in silence. Accordingly the Duke of Exeter, the Duke of Surrey, the Earl of Salisbury, the Earl of Gloucester, and the Bishop of Carlisle, entered the town at the head of six hundred men, amidst the well-feigned acclamations of the Bailiff and the inhabitants.

That night the lords were sumptuously feasted by the Bailiff in the town hall of Cirencester. The hospitality and apparent cordiality of the municipal chief dissipated every particle of mistrust in the minds of the rebel leaders. The Abbot too did not fail to assure them of the zeal and sincerity with which his brother had espoused the cause of King Richard. There were two objects which the wily priest was still anxious to accomplish; the first was to lessen the number of the troops of the confederates in the town, and the second to prevent the Earl of Salisbury from being involved in the slaughter to which he had remorselessly doomed all his associates. At length, after the Bailiff and the other authorities of

the town had retired from the banqueting-hall, he endeavoured to put in practice a scheme which he thought would ensure both these objects.

"My Lord of Salisbury," he said, addressing that Earl, "lives not your ancient friend and co-mate, the Lord of Berkeley, in this country?"

"He hath a fair castle hard by, on the Severn side," returned Salisbury.

"Would that that Lord," added the Abbot, "could be induced to join in our enterprise! The whole of the west country, in that event, would range itself under our banners."

"There lives not the man in England," said the Duke of Exeter, "could so easily win the Lord of Berkeley to our purpose as the Earl of Salisbury."

"Then why should not the fair Earl," asked the Abbot, "ride down the Severn side, visit his friend, and endeavour to secure his co-operation for the restoration of King Richard?"

"It were dangerous, my good Lord," said the Earl, "to travel now without a competent escort. The King's troops are doubtless by this time scouring the country, and our force beyond the walls is not too numerous to repel any attack which may be made upon them, or able to afford me a few hundred men to bear me company on such a journey."

"But, Peers of England," said the Abbot, "the friendship of the Lord of Berkeley is not a chance to be lightly thrown away. What want we with so large a force as six hundred men within the walls of Cirencester? The Bailiff and the townsmen are our especial good friends, and deserve of us rather to have their burdens relieved than heightened. Let three hundred men-at-arms depart with the Earl of Salisbury on the morrow for Berkeley Castle, and I doubt not to see them speedily return with the Lord of that fair castle and his retainers in their company."

"The Abbot counsels wisely," said the Duke of Exeter; "and Lords, with your leave, the Earl of Salisbury shall, as early as he wills on the morrow, depart with the proposed escort towards Berkeley Castle."

The lords present expressed an unanimous consent to this arrangement, and then separated for the night; the Duke of Surrey and the Earl of Salisbury retiring to one inn, and the Duke of Exeter, the Earl of Gloucester, and the Bishop of Carlisle to another.

Early the next morning the Earl of Salisbury, with three hundred men-at-arms, departed from Cirencester; and the Bailiff having seen them fairly out of the town, and secured the gates after them, summoned his followers, by beat of drum through the various streets, and soon found near two thousand men at his command in the market-place. The Duke of Exeter, roused by the noise of the gathering of the Bailiff's followers, hastily drew up the three hundred men who yet remained in the town, and marched to the market-place. "Sir William Beauchamp," he exclaimed, "what means this strange and sudden armament? Dare you venture to break the faith which you plighted but yesternight? Know you not that the Londoners have delivered King Richard from the Tower, have placed Henry Bolingbroke there in his stead, and are now marching hitherwards in great force?"

"'Tis false, thou perjured Earl of Huntingdon," said the Bailiff —"false as thy own false heart."

"Huntingdon!" reiterated the Duke.

"Ay! Huntingdon!" returned the Bailiff. "Thinkest thou that I'll greet thee with thy forfeited honour of Duke of Exeter? No; be content with being addressed by the title which yet for a little while remains to thee, and yield thyself my prisoner."

"The prisoner of thee, vile traitor! and of thy scoundrel ale-drinkers!" said the Duke, scornfully. "Peers, and gentlemen of England, and ye, the gallant soldiers of King Richard, hear ye the base churl's proposal! Answer, as ye are wont to answer the insults of an enemy. Answer as your ancestors answered at Cressy and Poictiers!"

"Forbear! forbear!" said the Abbot, who now appeared by his brother's side; "all is lost! There is no hope of effecting the restoration of Richard of Bordeaux, and I for one do hereby acknowledge King Henry, of that name the Fourth, my lawful sovereign."

"Thrice perjured traitor!" said the Duke of Surrey, "sayest thou so?"

"Ay, my good Earl of Kent," returned the Abbot, "ye could bare your weapon at the bosom of an unarmed religious man. How like ye the looks of these good subjects of King Henry, who now resist your efforts to compel them to return beneath the yoke of a tyrant?"

"Parley not with the villain, good cousin," said the Duke of Exeter; "nor fear the array of the brainless, heartless hinds whom he has gathered around him. On, on, bold Peers! strike for your lawful sovereign!—On, on, brave soldiers! strike for King Richard and the Commons!"

The disparity between the numbers of the opposing forces was tremendous; but the Duke of Exeter's attack was made with so much zeal and judgment, that it drove the townsmen back several paces. The slings and arrows, however, with which that part of the assailed who had formed the garrison was armed, were soon put in requisition, and hurled back on the Duke's forces a fierce vengeance, while the main body of the townsmen seconded them with their staves and clubs, and speedily succeeded, by the overwhelming strength of their numbers, in breaking the ranks of their enemies. The two Dukes then endeavoured to make good their retreat to their lodgings; but as they tried to effect this purpose, numbers of their followers fell around them. "Fire the town—destroy the dwellings of the traitors!" exclaimed the Duke of Exeter. This command was not slow in being obeyed. A party of soldiers, under the command of the Earl of Gloucester, speedily collected such inflammable materials as they could get hold of, and the whole town of Cirencester seemed in a blaze. The townsmen gazed for some moments in mute and motionless dismay on the destruction of their dwellings, and the Dukes availed themselves of the opportunity presented by their panic to retreat to their inns. The stupefaction which seized the townspeople was but momentary; when they recovered from it they gave a yell of savage vengeance, and proceeded to invest the houses in which their enemies had taken refuge. Stones and arrows were showered

in upon them at every pervious place—scaling ladders were applied to the windows, and were mounted by the assailants, one after another, although numbers of them were for a long time swept away, as they attempted to advance, by the arrows of the besieged. At length, the weapons which the Dukes had taught their enemies to use, were turned against themselves; the houses to which they had retreated were set on fire, and the townsmen uttering shouts of savage satisfaction, and pointing their bows at such of the soldiers as were seen endeavouring to stop the progress of the flames, waited calmly watching the destruction of their foes. The Dukes now determined to abandon their places of retreat, and, placing themselves at the head of the wretched remnant of their followers, rushed into the streets, and made one more desperate sally on the Bailiff and his adherents. The carnage was immense; the life of every soldier that fell was revenged by the sacrifice of that of at least three of his foes. But the disproportion in the numbers of the two contending parties was such as neither strength nor courage could counterpoise; and the Duke of Exeter being at length slain by a random arrow, his men threw down their arms and fled. The Earl of Gloucester and a few followers contrived to effect their escape beyond the town, in the hope of rejoining their host, which lay encamped in the fields; but they found that their army, seeing the town on fire, had dispersed and fled, believing that King Henry and his forces had arrived there and taken their leaders prisoners.

The Abbot of Westminster, at the close of this day's carnage, and after the townspeople had stopped the farther progress of the flames, walked like an exulting fiend over the piles of the dead and dying, which strewed the streets of Cirencester, and smiled with a grin of demoniacal satisfaction as he recognised in the features of any of the slain those of the confederates who had injured him by their threats or their suspicions. The dead bodies of the Duke of Exeter and the Earl of Somerset seemed, from the peculiar expression of his features as he gazed upon them, to be objects which gave him peculiar delight. That delight, however, seemed to be heightened to a frenzy of rapture as he approached the yet warm

corpse of the young Duke of Surrey. "Why point ye not your sword at me now?" he said: "why use ye not that dagger which is yet clutched by your assassin hand? why call ye me not traitor, and coward, and villain? I am near enough to hear you!" As he thus spoke, he stooped down and gazed into the sightless balls, when he fancied that he saw a yet remaining ray of life in them, and he felt his hand suddenly grasped by the apparently dead man, who drew him towards him. A sudden fear, as well as the fatigue which he had undergone even in his small share of the battle, deprived the Abbot of the power of motion; and Surrey, exerting all his remaining strength to retain his grasp of his enemy with one hand, while with the other he pointed his dagger at him, threw himself upon him, and died with the effort which enabled him to bury his weapon in his throat.

The Earls of Salisbury and Gloucester were soon after taken by the King's forces and beheaded; the priest Magdalen was also apprehended, as he endeavoured to make his escape into Scotland, and was hanged at Tyburn; and the Bishop of Carlisle, although he survived the carnage in the streets of Cirencester, soon after died in that town, more from fear than sickness. Thus did the Abbot's plot fail in effecting the ruin of King Henry, and end in the destruction of all its projectors.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

HENRY THE FIFTH.

1413.—HENRY THE FIFTH began his reign by dismissing his dissolute companions, after making them liberal presents, and strictly enjoining them never to appear in his presence till they had convinced the world of their entire reformation.

Sir John Oldcastle was condemned for heresy, but he escaped from the Tower the day before the time appointed for his execution.

Henry demanded of the King of France restitution of the provinces which had been ceded to Edward III.

1415.—Henry, having entered into a private treaty with the Duke of Burgundy, determined to attack France. Whilst he was embarking his troops at Southampton, he was informed of a conspiracy against his person, which cost the Earl of Cambridge and Lord Scroop their lives. Henry landed in France, took Harfleur, gained a complete victory at Agincourt over the Constable of France, commanding an army five times as numerous as his own, with incredible loss to the enemy, and returned to England, where he was received with joyful acclamations.

1418.—Henry returned to France this year, and was very successful in what he undertook, as the French factions were more intent upon destroying each other, than resisting the common enemy. Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, was taken and burnt as a heretic.

1420.—The factions still continued in France. The Constable Armagnac was taken and murdered by the Burgundian party.

The Dauphin and Duke of Burgundy were apparently reconciled, but soon afterwards the Duke was assassinated at a conference held on the bridge of Montereau, which so exasperated the Duke's son that he immediately entered into the strictest alliance with Henry to revenge his father's murder. Henry made very rapid conquests, and France was obliged to conclude the peace of Troye, by which it was agreed that Henry should marry the Princess Catherine, daughter of Charles VI., who was to keep the crown for his life, and on his demise Henry was to succeed to the throne of France.

Henry married the Princess, and carried her and her father to Paris, where he took on himself the title of Regent.

1421.—He went to England to meet the Parliament, and left the Duke of Clarence to command against the Dauphin. The Scots, whom the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, had sent over, under the command of the Earl of Buchan, assisted the Dauphin.

The Duke was soon afterwards defeated and slain in an action at Beaugé, in Anjou. The Dauphin made the Earl of Buchan Constable.

Henry carried over to France a considerable army, with which he was very successful against the Dauphin.

1422.—Whilst Henry was carrying on a successful war against the Dauphin, he suffered so much from a fever that he was obliged to be carried in a litter to the Bois de Vincennes, where he died on the 31st of August, leaving his brother, the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, and his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, Protector of England, during his son's minority.

Henry was carried to England, and buried at Westminster.

Charles VI. of France did not survive him two months.

A Legend of Agincourt.

Like bonfires of contributory wood,
Every man's look show'd fed with either's spirit,
As one had been a mirror to another,
Like forms of life and death each took from other;
And so were life and death mix'd at their heights
That you could see no fear of death for life,
Nor love of life for death; but in their brows
Pyrrho's opinion in great letters shone—
That *life and death in all respects are one.*

CHAPMAN.

ON the evening of Thursday, the 24th of October, in the year 1415, the hostile armies of France and England occupied stations on the plains of St. Omer, at about three bow-

shots' distance from each other. Both parties were so close, that the English heard the French calling on their friends, and began to imitate their familiar vociferations; but King Henry commanded instantaneous silence to be observed, under very severe penalties. Worn down with sickness and hunger, scarcely amounting to a fifth part of the number of their opponents, and in an enemy's country, their escape from which only lay through the opposing myriads from which they were separated but by a narrow valley, the doom of the English army seemed to be fatal and certain. They lay in the midst of an immense wood, and occupied the only narrow passage which led through it. Their flanks being thus protected from the assaults of the enemy, who could only make any impression upon them by attacking them in front, moodily and silently they reposed themselves under the branches of the trees, except the King and a few of the more distinguished leaders, who found a scarcely more enviable shelter in the miserable huts of the adjacent village of Maisoncelles. In the mean time, the autumnal rain fell in torrents; the pitchy darkness of the night was only illuminated by the numerous watch-fires which the French had kindled in their camp, to enable them to observe the motions of the English, and to prevent their making their escape during the night; and the only sounds which disturbed the gloomy silence in the ranks of the latter proceeded from the obstreperous carousals of their exulting enemies, who were already celebrating their anticipated triumphs of the morrow. The same night-wind which chilled the veins of the English, bore to their ears the insulting vociferations of their foes; and the same fires which showed them the ghastly visages and scanty ranks of their comrades, gleamed on the hilarious revels of the myriads to which they were opposed. Still was not the slightest emotion of fear or regret visible in the little English band. They held a stern and indignant silence; and the feelings which the insults of their enemies called forth were only visibly expressed when some archer tried the strings of his bow with more than usual care and earnestness, or some man-at-arms clutched his dagger eagerly, while his features wore the aspect of one who has his deadliest foe within his grasp. Sometimes, too, a paternoster was

uttered, but in the tone rather of an oath than a supplication; at others, a less disguised execration burst from some indignant lips; and occasionally a lighter and more careless heart was indicated in the warble of a note or two of one of those gay ditties which were then so numerous and so much admired in merry England.

Such were the relative situations of the two armies, when two knights well mounted, and preceded by a herald, were seen crossing the narrow valley which separated them. "It is little less than madness, Sir Piers Capel," said one of them, "in King Henry to send such an answer to the Constable's message as that of which we are the bearers. The enemy are five to one against us; they are healthy and robust, while we are wasted with sickness and fatigue; and they are well supplied with provisions, while we can scarcely procure sufficient to support against the approach of famine to-night those bodies which must fall beneath the swords of the Frenchmen to-morrow."

"The King is wise and right," said Capel; "let us die on the morrow, if Heaven so wills it, but let us not dishonour the noble enterprise which we have undertaken by submitting to terms of base compromise. There are enow in England to avenge us, should we fall; and too many to witness our disgrace, should we return from a thriftless and dishonoured enterprise. Neither do I believe that the numbers of our enemies are so overwhelming as the fears of our scouts would make us believe. The gallant Welsh esquire, David Gam, is out upon a reconnoitring party, and till he confirms these disheartening rumours, Laurence Dutton, I will not believe them."

"And in good time," said Dutton, "here comes the brave Welshman, in eager haste, it would seem, to bear his news to his royal countryman. What cheer, brave Gam?" he added, as a horseman, spurring his steed to its full speed, approached them: "what is the number of the enemy?"

"Enough to be killed, enough to be captured, and enough to run away," cried Gam, as he spurred rapidly past them.

"Gallant David," said Capel, "if on the morrow a spirit like thine will but animate each individual man in King Henry's army,

the fame of the field of Agincourt shall not yield to that of Cressy or Poictiers, be the Frenchmen's numbers what they may. Would that I had no private sorrows to mingle with my solicitude for the public weal, and that amongst those Frenchmen who are my country's foes I did not number one who is the destroyer of the peace, and the unfeeling trampler on the dearest affections of Piers Capel!"

"Ha!" said Dutton, "does the old grudge between thee and the Lord de Challeny yet live in thy remembrance?"

"Doth it yet live there, askest thou, Sir Laurence Dutton?" returned Capel: "are not its most ancient wounds yet fresh and bleeding, and doth not every day infuse fresh torture into its rankling smarts? Doth not that false Lord still hold my affianced bride in durance, and insult me with the taunt that I have not yet proved myself worthy of her hand? The Lady Margaret, I am assured, does not forget the vows which have been exchanged between us; and so jealous is her guardian (rather let me call him her gaoler) of an attempt at escape, that he forces her to bear him company in all his expeditions, and she is even now, it is said, in his tent near the village of Agincourt."

"The morrow's battle, Capel," said his companion, "will end or cure all; but we have arrived at the Constable's tent."

Having answered the challenge of the sentinel, by saying that they were the bearers of a message from the King of England, in answer to that which he had received from the Lord High Constable of France, they were speedily admitted into the presence of the latter.

Charles D'Albret, High Constable of France, was one of the most experienced generals and gallant warriors of the age, and had in this campaign been the cause of infinite annoyance to the invading army, harassing and intercepting them, cutting off their provisions, and capturing their messengers and scouts. On the present occasion, too, his caution and forbearance, carried, it was thought by his followers, almost to timidity, presented a striking contrast to the reckless confidence and vain-glorious boasting of the chiefs with whom he was associated. While the latter reckoned

King Henry and his troops as already in their power, and imagined (with sufficient appearance of reason, it must be confessed,) that they had nothing to do but to put the immense bodies of men which they commanded into motion, and the English would be as surely crushed as would the reptiles be on which their horses set their hoofs, the Constable, although he was fully aware of the immense disproportion between the strength of the two armies, yet was also well acquainted with the character of Henry and his troops, and remembered, with a somewhat ominous feeling, the events of Cressy and of Poictiers. He had therefore offered terms to King Henry, which were unanimously condemned by his military counsellors as preposterous and unnecessary concessions, but to which he adhered, as being such as the King of England, unless positively afflicted with insanity, could not possibly refuse to accept. These were, that the King and his army should be suffered to pass unobstructed into England; that the Duchy of Aquitaine, and the whole of the territories which were formerly attached to it, should be ceded to Henry; and that the Princess Katherine, the daughter of the King of France, should be given to him in marriage, with a dowry of eight hundred thousand crowns.

When the two English knights entered the tent, they found the Constable, the Duke of Alençon, and the Lord de Challeny there. The first was seated in a corner, anxiously perusing a map of the surrounding country, which was spread out before him. The two latter were engaged at a game of dice in the middle of the tent.

"You have lost, my lord," said Alençon: "you have lost! I have won the King of England of you. I will, nevertheless, sell him to you at a reasonable rate. What will you give me in exchange for him?"

"You shall have the Dukes of York and Suffolk, and Sir Thomas Erpingham," returned Challeny; "and I care not if I throw in Sir Piers Capel also, in order to seal the bargain."

At that moment Challeny's eye rested on the last-named knight and his companion, as they entered the tent.

"By Heaven! my lords of France," said Capel, sternly, "you

seem to participate in the gamesome spirit of your Dauphin; but rest assured that on the morrow we will teach you a game that shall spoil your taste for dice and tennis-ball."

"Ha! my fair cousin Capel," said Challeny; "by St. Denis, well encountered! It is a right long and weary period since I last met thee. These unhappy wars sever private friendships, and are by me more regretted on that account than on any other."

Capel eyed the French lord with an indignant frown; and was approaching the Constable without taking any further notice of him, when Challeny intercepted him. "Fair cousin," he said, "this is an uncourteous interview after so long an absence."

"The recollections of my former acquaintance with your lordship," said Capel, "may account for the fact that I am not now very solicitous to renew it. Of the man who has profaned the sacred trust reposed in him by his dying friend; who bestows on the daughter, whom that friend commended to his care, such protection as the vulture gives to the sparrow, and has insulted and injured me in my dearest affections and feelings, I regret that I know so much, rather than wish that knowledge to be increased."

"These English knights," whispered the Duke of Alençon to the Constable, "have proud but, I fear, marvellously empty stomachs. I could almost pity the fates of these bare-boned gallants for their stout hearts and fearless language. Should this springald fall beneath my sword on the morrow, I would grant him his liberty for a moderate ransom."

"Thou art too bold and sanguine, cousin Alençon," said the Constable. "These knights, albeit the agency of famine is visible in their features, do not look like men who will lightly suffer themselves to be placed in such a situation as shall render a ransom necessary."

"Sir Knight," said Challeny, "thou wrongest me in verity. On the morrow you may perchance show yourself worthy of the hand of my fair ward, should not the game which you may practise then prove less amusing even than the Dauphin's tennis-balls, and render you unable to claim the prize of your valour."

"My Lord Challeny," said Capel, "I ask no higher favour from

Heaven than to meet you hand to hand, and steel to steel, on the morrow. Then, trust me, that my own injuries and those of the Lady Margaret shall not go unavenged."

"The Lady Margaret's injuries, forsooth!" exclaimed Challeny, "to whom I am anxiously performing a father's part, by preventing her from throwing herself away on a thriftless springald; on one, moreover, who is now in arms against her father's king and country."

"Peace, peace! gentlemen," said the Constable: "what means this idle contention? The noble knights, doubtless, bear something from our royal adversary of England."

"Even so, my Lord High Constable," said Sir Laurence Dutton. "His Grace commends himself to your lordship, of whose fame and valour Europe does not hold a more fervent admirer than he;—but for your proposition, he rejects it with indignation and scorn. He claims the crown and realm of France; and until these, his rightful and undoubted inheritance, are restored to him, never will he sheathe his sword."

"He shall not need to sheathe it" said the Constable, "on the morrow, when he is a prisoner in our camp, or a cold and gory carcase on the plains of Agincourt. We are sorry, brave knights, that our proposals for peace, the large concessions contained in which were much censured by our most esteemed counsellors, have not been more favourably received by King Henry; on the morrow, therefore, we join in deadly conflict, and God defend the right!"

"Amen! amen!" responded the Englishmen, and were leaving the tent.

"But, Sir Knight," added the Constable, addressing Capel, "what is the dispute between you and the good Lord Challeny? We would not that even the grim face of war should be yet farther distorted by features of angry and personal hostility, and would willingly heal the breach between ye."

"My lord," said Sir Piers, "the Lord de Challeny's deceased kinsman, the Lord St. Foix, left him the guardian of his fair daughter, the Lady Margaret, to whom, with that renowned lord's

consent, I was betrothed; and it was his dying wish, that as soon as I had acquired a name in arms great enough to wed the heiress of St. Foix, the lady should be mine."

"It is most true, my lord," said Challeny; "but certes, that time has not yet arrived."

"My lord," resumed Capel, "the golden spurs of knighthood have been bestowed upon me by the great King Henry of England. Show me the man in your lordship's army who can produce a nobler evidence of merit."

"By Heaven! my Lord Challeny," said the Constable, "the knight speaks sooth. The lady is his, if the terms of her father's will are to be complied with."

"My lord," said Capel, "the Lord Challeny shall answer it with his heart's blood. The lady he keeps a close and unwilling prisoner—he bears her about with him as his bond-slave, and he has forced her even now to accompany him on this expedition."

"Ha!" said the Duke of Alençon, smiling, "by St. Denis! 'tis the fair page whose *tête-á-tête* with the Lord Challeny in his tent we yesterday disturbed. The seeming boy, in truth, appeared to be in no gentle humour, and to look with no loving eye on his lordship."

"Doubt not that, my lords," said Capel, "the lady knows and esteems him according to his deserts."

"Insolent!" exclaimed Challeny, placing his hand on his sword; "dare you to utter calumnies such as these in the presence of these princes? The Lord St. Foix, indeed, knew and esteemed thee according to thy deserts, and to rid himself of thy importunate solicitations for his fair daughter's hand, he promised that it should be thine; but he accompanied that promise with what he knew to be an impossible condition."

"Name that impossible condition," said the knight.

"That thou shouldst prove thyself by thy prowess in the field worthy of the hand, to the possession of which thy presumption prompted thee to aspire."

"Thou art a maligner and a liar!" exclaimed the knight, drawing his sword. "Callest thou that an impossible condition? Draw

draw, thou foul slanderer. By Heaven! I will have thy heart's blood ere I quit this presence!"

The Lord Challeny was not slow in accepting the challenge of his rival; and brandishing their naked weapons they rushed towards each other. The Constable, however, also unsheathed his sword, and darting between them, exclaimed, "Forbear! or I will strike to the earth the first who continues this unseemly brawl. Peace, I command you, my Lord Challeny, peace! And do you, Sir Knight, remember that you entered this tent as a peaceful messenger from your royal master. I could have indeed wished that, ere you quitted this tent, I might have persuaded this gallant lord to see the justice of your complaint."

"My Lord," said Challeny, sullenly sheathing his sword, "I must crave that this conversation be put an end to. My conduct as guardian of my deceased kinsman's child seems to me to be no fitting subject for discussion at this moment. The knight has done his errand as a messenger from his King; and for the presumptuous addition which he has dared to make to that errand, the morrow will bring its condign punishment."

Sir Piers Capel only answered Challeny's threat with a grim smile; and then, bowing respectfully to the Constable and the Duke of Alençon, he left the tent, followed by Sir Laurence Dutton.

"My worst fears and my most sanguine hopes, Dutton," he said, as they retraced their steps across the valley, "are alike confirmed. The Lady Margaret is the prisoner of her perjured guardian, who wishes himself to obtain her hand; but she repels his proffer with scorn, and remains constant in her attachment to me."

Dutton clearly saw the confirmation of his friend's fears, although that of his hopes was not quite so apparent to him; nevertheless he fed those hopes with words of encouragement, and pointed out to him the probability, should the English arms prove successful on the morrow, of his being able to rescue the Lady Margaret from her captivity. "But those arms," he added, despondingly, "can scarcely be victorious. Our enemies are five to one against us; a disproportion which is more than doubled by their superior

state of health, and the excellent manner in which their camp is provisioned."

The slight glance which his visit had enabled Sir Piers Capel to take of the hostile army had almost made him a convert to his friend's opinion. The robust forms and joyous countenances of the French were as much contrasted to the squalid figures and emaciated features, as was their numerous array to the thin and apparently feeble ranks of their opponents. Sir Piers, however, shared the feeling which was universal in the army, of confidence in the talents and valour of the King, and (strange as it may now appear) in the justice and righteousness of the cause for which they were contending. Good subject and zealous patriot as he was, the knight's thoughts were nevertheless more occupied in considering the practicability of effecting the escape of the Lady Margaret, than that of achieving a victory over the French. The first event, however, depended so materially on the second, that Capel hardly knew whether it was love or patriotism by which his bosom was principally agitated.

"Dutton," he said, "I shall be engaged on the morrow near the person of the King. I would therefore advise you, who will be more at liberty to choose your own course of conduct, should an opportunity offer of attacking the tents of that part of the enemy's army which is commanded by the Duke of Alençon to seize it. The treasure which it is rumoured is deposited there will amply repay any effort to make yourself master of it."

"Indeed," said Dutton, laughing, "you are a most grave and disinterested counsellor, and I will take care to follow your advice. The treasure which I shall lay my hands upon will, of course, become my own property; and should chance lead me to the tent of the Lord Challeny, and should I there find disguised in the garb of a page——"

"Nay, nay! Spare me! spare me!" said Capel; "but in very earnest, should an opportunity offer, gallant Dutton, for rescuing the Lady Margaret from this unworthy lord, promise me that thou wilt pursue it as far as thy duty will permit thee."

"Fear not that, Sir Piers," said Dutton, wringing his friend's

hand. "Beauty and valour, if the old Greeks speak truth, are not unfrequently seen in conjunction, and I trust that the event of the morrow will prove propitious to them both."

At the dawn of the next day, the French were perceived to be arranging themselves in battalions, troops, and squadrons; and took their position in terrific numbers directly before the English, in the field of Agincourt, across the road that must be passed in the way to Calais. They placed many companies of horse in hundreds on each side of their vanguard, to break up the line and strength of the English archers, the van being a line of infantry, all selected from the noblest and choicest in their army. The innumerable spears and shining helmets, that now caught and reflected the beams of the rising sun, displayed themselves like an immense forest of light. The Constable had formed his army into three great portions. He led the van division himself, with the Princes of Orleans and Bourbon, and the chief nobility of France. The Count of Vendome commanded the left wing of the army, and the main body was led by the Duke of Alençon.

In the meantime, King Henry, after having heard matins, and had the mass chanted in his army stationed all the horses and baggage in the village under such small guard as he could spare, having resolved to fight the battle on foot. He formed one line of battle, placing the vanguard, commanded by the Duke of York, as a wing on the right hand; and his rear-guard, commanded by Lord Camoys, as a wing on the left. He interspersed every part with archers, and made them fix their poles before them, to prevent their line from being broken through by the enemy's horse. He so chose the ground, that the village protected his rear, and hedges and briars defended his flanks. Cased from head to foot in a suit of resplendent armour, with a large and brilliant helmet on his head, surmounted by a crown radiant with jewels, and having a tunic thrown over his shoulders adorned with the arms of France and England, he mounted a noble snow-white horse, and rode through the ranks of his small but intrepid army. The shouts with which his appearance was received were astounding, and seemed to check the ardour of the French, who, after advancing a

few paces towards the enemy, retired to their original position. The barons and knights, among whom was Sir Piers Capel, who were nearest the King's person, were also arrayed in the most splendid armour. Sir Walter Hungerford, as he cast his eyes along the thin and scanty, although bold and valiant, lines of his countrymen, said in an under tone to Capel, "I would that, in addition to the small retinue which we have here, we had but one ten thousand of those archers from England who would be desirous of being with us this day!"

"Thou speakest foolishly," said the King, to whom the observation had been audible, although it had not been intended for his ear: "for, by the God of Heaven! on whose grace I have relied, and in whom I have a firm hope of victory, I would not, even if I could, increase my number by one; for those whom I have are the people of God, whom He thinks me worthy to have at this time. Dost thou not believe that the Almighty, with these his humble few, is able to conquer the haughty opposition of the French, who pride themselves on their numbers and their own strength, as if it might be said that whatever they willed they could achieve? and in my opinion, God, of His true justice, would not bring any disaster upon one of so great confidence, as fell not out to Judas Maccabeus until he became distrustful, and thence deservedly came to ruin. We are indeed," he added, in a louder tone, and addressing the gorgeously caparisoned peers and knights who stood around him, "but few compared with our enemy; but from this superiority, if God gives us the victory which we hope for, it will be from Him that we shall receive it. From Him then let us expect it. Should He for our sins deliver us to the swords of our foes, the less injury will happen to our country from our loss. Be brave and constant, and fight with all your strength. God, and the justice of our cause, will help us: He will deliver all this boasting multitude into our hands. Let every one who is this day conspicuous for his bodily armour excel all his fellows in the superior fortitude and gallant daring of his mind."

The mixture of chivalrous and devotional feelings which this speech manifested was strongly characteristic of Henry's mind;

and as he rode through the ranks, his armour, helmet, and diadem glittering in the rays of the sun, he seemed in the eyes of his soldiers to be some glorious messenger from above, and to deliver the words of prophecy from his lips. One simultaneous shout burst from the assembled army, who now indicated a feeling of impatience at the delay of the French in making their attack, which the English had been expecting ever since daybreak.

The sun was approaching the tenth hour; the French still seemed unwilling to commence the attack, and the King reflected that not to fight would be more ruinous to him than the worst that could happen from the conflict. He had no more provisions, and no force to detach to collect them; he must perish by famine, or surrender ignominiously, unless he fought and conquered. Every one was convinced of these truths, and every one felt that, as the French would not move to attack, the English must immediately become, from necessity, not choice, the assailants. The King then ordered the baggage of the army to the rear of the battle, lest it should fall into the enemy's hands; for the French plunderers had already their eyes upon it, with an intention of attacking it as soon as they saw both armies engage. The King then despatched about two hundred archers to the rear of his army, under the command of Sir Laurence Dutton, with orders to post themselves in a field near the van of the French, there to remain quiet until it should be proper time to use their bows. Sir Thomas Erpingham, the marshal of the army, then riding in the front, threw up his truncheon into the air, and exclaimed, "Now strike!" which was the signal for the attack to be commenced.

Uttering repeated huzzas, and occasionally stopping to recover their breath, the English now rushed upon their enemies. The archers who were hidden in the field re-echoed these shoutings, at the same time discharging their bows, while the main army kept advancing on the French. The archers, amounting to at least thirteen thousand, let off a shower of arrows with all their might, and as high as possible, so as not to lose their effect; they were for the most part without any armour and in jackets, with their loose hose, and hatchets or swords hanging to their girdles; some,

indeed, were barefooted and without hats. The princes with the King of England were the Duke of York, his uncle, the Earls of Dorset, Oxford, Suffolk, the Earl Marshal, the Earl of Kent, the Lords Cambre, Beaumont, Willoughby, and many other powerful barons of England. When the French observed the English thus advance, they drew up each under his banner, with his helmet on his head; they were at the same time admonished by the Constable and others of the princes, to confess their sins with sincere contrition, and to fight boldly against the enemy. The English loudly sounded their trumpets as they approached, and the French stooped to prevent the arrows hitting them on the visors of their helmets. Thus the distance was now but small between the two armies, although the French had retired some paces: before, however, the general attack commenced, numbers of the French were either slain or severely wounded by the English bowmen. At length the English gained on them so much, and were so close, that, excepting the front line, and such of them as had shortened their lances, the enemy could not raise their hands against them. The division under Sir Cluguet de Brabant of eight hundred men-at-arms, who were intended to break through the English archers, were reduced to seven score, who vainly attempted it. Sir William de Saveuses, who had been also ordered on this service, quitted his troop, thinking they would follow him, to attack the English, but he was shot dead from off his horse. The others had their horses so severely wounded by the archers, that, smarting from pain, they galloped on the van division, and threw it into the utmost confusion, breaking the line in many places. The horses became unmanageable, so that both they and their riders were tumbling on the ground, and the whole army was thrown into disorder and forced back on some lands that had just been sown with corn. Others from fear of death fled; and this caused so universal a panic in the army, that many followed their example. The English took instant advantage of the disorder in the van division, and, throwing down their bows, fought bravely with swords, hatchets, mallets, and bill-hooks, slaying all before them. Thus they came to the second battalion, that had been posted in the rear of the first; and the

archers closely followed King Henry and his men-at-arms. Duke Anthony of Brabant, who had just arrived, in obedience to the summons of the King of France, threw himself with a small company (for, to make greater haste, he had pushed forward, leaving the main body of his own men behind) between the wreck of the van and the second division; but he was instantly killed by the English, who kept advancing and slaying without mercy all who opposed them, and thus destroyed the main battalion as they had done the first. They were from time to time relieved by their varlets, who carried off the prisoners; for the English were so intent on victory, that they never attended to making prisoners nor pursuing such as fled. The whole rear division being on horseback, witnessing the defeat of the two others, began to fly, excepting some of its principal chiefs.*

During the heat of the combat, when the English had gained the upper hand, and taken a vast number of prisoners, news was brought to King Henry that the French were attacking his rear, and had already captured the greater part of his baggage and sumpter horses. This was indeed true; for several men-at-arms, with about six hundred peasants, had fallen upon and taken great part of the King's baggage and a number of horses, while the guard was occupied with the battle. This distressed the King very much; for he saw that though the French army had been routed, they were collected on different parts of the plain in large bodies, and he was apprehensive that they would renew the battle. He therefore caused instant proclamation to be made by sound of trumpet, that every one should put his prisoners to death, to prevent them from aiding the enemy, should the combat be renewed. The blasts of the trumpets then resounded over the plain so loud and shrill, that it rose above all the noise of the battle, and even arrested the attention of all, whether combatants, pursuers, or pursued. As this sound died away a hundred stentorian voices were heard, shouting, "*Slay all your prisoners!*" The work of massacre then began; shrieks, and groans, and execrations, and

* Monstrelet.

lamentations, and prayers, arose on every side, and formed a medley of sounds more fearful than anything which had been heard during the very height and fury of the combat. In one place might be seen old men, women, and children, butchered in masses, who had crowded to the English tents, and surrendered themselves prisoners, as soon as they saw that the event of the battle would be decisively against their own countrymen, in the hopes of thereby securing the protection of the victors. In another place, a gallant English knight, whom the fortune of war had made master of the life and fortune of a Frenchman as gallant and chivalrous as himself, was endeavouring, but in vain, to hurry off his unfortunate prisoner to a place of concealment and security. Others, although actuated by a less worthy motive, were making efforts of a similar nature; for they knew that the deaths of their captives would deprive them of the large sums which they expected to receive for their ransom. The commands of the King, however, were peremptory; and as the fearful words, "Slay all your prisoners!" echoed and re-echoed over the plain, numerous runagates and fugitives, who had not shown themselves anxious to encounter the perils of the battle, seized with alacrity this cheap mode of acquiring the royal favour; and brandishing their as yet unstained weapons aloft, they dyed them deeply in the blood of the unarmed and the helpless. Sometimes a French knight would make a formidable but unavailing resistance to his assassins. One even snatched the sword from the grasp of the person who aimed it at him, and stretched him lifeless on the ground; but he was immediately surrounded and overpowered by a host of fresh assailants, and fell, hacked with innumerable wounds, a mangled and lifeless corpse. So rapidly was the destruction carried on, that in a very few minutes all was hushed, and silent as the grave, in the English tents; every soldier, even those who had just completed this work of slaughter, being engaged in a distant part of the plain in pursuit of the French, who were now fleeing in all directions.

The adventures of the persons in whose fate we would principally interest the attention of our readers, now compel us to take

a retrospective glance of some of the events of this memorable day. When the Lord de Challeny, on the previous evening, departed from his tent in the rear of the French army, for the purpose of joining the troop which he was appointed to command, he left strict injunctions with two attendants to guard well his page, and see that he had no opportunity afforded him of effecting his escape, as he much feared that he wished to join the enemy, and carry some important intelligence to the English leaders.

"If it be so," said Achmet Ali, a Moor who had long been in the service of Challeny,—"if it be so," touching his dagger, and giving a ferocious grin, "methinks there were a shorter way!"

"Nay, on your life!" said Challeny; "see, too, that not only his safety, but his slightest wants are carefully attended to. Hurt but a hair upon his head, and the gibbet and your neck shall speedily become better acquainted. Guard him well, however, and you shall be liberally rewarded."

Another grin distorted the dark features of Achmet, as the Lord Challeny rode away. "Fool, fool!" he said; "he thinks his secret unsuspected, as if the dark glance and heaving breast of woman could be disguised from the eye of Achmet Ali! Fool, fool! to let thoughts of love and dalliance mingle with to-morrow's fearful business. And these lords and princes are fools who think that yonder English, now pent between the woods as the lion crouches in his lair, can be crushed as easily as the field-mouse or the mole; and those English themselves are fools who combat at the best for barren and unprofitable victory; and Achmet Ali is a fool to waste in bitter reflections on what concerns him not the moments that might be so much better devoted to repose and slumber."

Thus saying, the Moor wrapped his cloak round him, and, stretching himself beneath a canopy at the door of the tent, soon sunk, notwithstanding the pelting of the autumnal rain, into a profound sleep. The other attendant paraded in the front of the tent, to prevent any attempt on the part of the page to escape during the slumber of Achmet Ali.

The page, who, as the reader will probably have guessed, was

no other than the Lady Margaret St. Foix, passed the night in the interior of the tent, sometimes in feverish and unrefreshing slumber, and sometimes in anxious watching and wakefulness. The jealousy of her guardian had compelled her to accompany him during the campaign, and also to assume the disguise of a page. To neither of these mandates had she made as much objection as he had anticipated; for with the former, a compliance would place her nearer to Sir Piers Capel, and with the latter it would present greater facilities for making her escape.

During the night her brain was haunted by dreams of peril and slaughter. Sometimes the whole of the morrow's fearful conflict was depicted before her, and she saw her lover and Challeny engaged in single and mortal combat. Sometimes she beheld the former smiling cheerfully upon her, with his brow crowned with laurels, and his hand clasping her neck. At others, the hated Challeny grinned fearfully upon her, showed the gory head of Sir Piers Capel in his hand, and loaded her with his odious caresses. As she started from these broken slumbers, she heard only the heavy falling of the autumnal rain, and occasionally the joyous shouts of Alençon and his merry boon companions, as they were borne on the air from the distant tents in which they were holding their wassails.

At the earliest dawn of day her slumbers were effectually put an end to by the sound of bugles and the mustering of the troops, but she heard nothing which indicated the speedy approach of the conflict. Occasionally the dark visage of Achmet Ali peered into the tent to see that his prisoner was safe, and the malignant glance of his eye effectually deterred her from a project which she had at one time formed of making him her confidant, and soliciting his assistance in effecting her escape. Hour toiled after hour, and still the day seemed lost in laborious idleness; the battle did not begin, and the Lady Margaret feared, rather than hoped, that the English had made good their retreat, and that thus all her expectations of rejoining her lover were annihilated. At length, however, a distant but tremendously audible shout burst upon her ear; it was the same with which the English troops answered Sir

Thomas Erpingham's exclamation of—"Now strike!" The din of the conflict soon followed. The clashing of swords, the clang of armour, the whizzing of the arrows as they flew in dense volleys through the air, the shouts alike of the assailants and the assailed, execrations, and shrieks, and groans, and cheers, gave fearful evidence that the battle was raging in all its fury. The Lady Margaret listened with intense anxiety, although she was not allowed to be the spectator of a single incident. The frail canvas which separated her from the scene of horrors was but a slender protection against its dangers; yet it was not fear, but anxious and thrilling interest, which she felt. By degrees the noise of the battle became fainter and less audible, and the scene of conflict appeared to be removed to a comparative distance from her. She therefore conjectured that the attack of the English had been repelled, and that the French in their turn had themselves become the assailants. A thousand contending emotions agitated her bosom; the triumph of that army in which her lover combated would be defeat and disaster to her country. A prayer for France would rise to her lips, but it was speedily converted into a petition for a blessing and prosperity to Piers Capel; while in this agonizing state of uncertainty, she would frequently sink down on her seat, overpowered by the various emotions which distracted her bosom. The din of war, which had for a short time seemed to be receding from her, now rolled back with tenfold vehemence and loudness. "Fly! fly! fly! the Constable is slain!" was shouted by a thousand voices. Fast and far did she hear the trampling of the French cavalry in eager retreat; and as they passed near enough to the tent in which she was confined, she heard their bitter lamentations on the events of the day, and their curses on their own rash folly and precipitation. At length the tumult again partially subsided, as the flight and the pursuit led to a distant part of the plain; and Achmet Ali, hastily entering the tent, seized her by the hand. "Thou art mine! thou art mine! The Lord Challeny is dead. Away with me."

"With thee, foul infidel!" she exclaimed. "Whither wilt thou lead me?"

"To love and liberty—he who was alike the tyrant of us both is no more."

As he uttered these words, the Moor approached the lady; and would have flung his arms around her, but she started from her seat, plucked a dagger from his girdle, and retreating a few paces exclaimed, "Advance one step, and this weapon, which was never before used in so righteous a cause, shall be buried in thy heart!"

The Moor grinned fearfully. "Child, art thou mad!" he exclaimed: "throw down that weapon, or thou wilt repent thy boldness."

"Never!" she replied, "until my eyes are no longer afflicted with thy odious presence."

"Say ye so?" replied the Moor; and forming with one brawny arm a shield for his breast, and extending the other, he rushed with all his strength upon the Lady Margaret. Her dagger gored his arm fearfully; but the force of his assault threw her to the ground. He then snatched the dagger from her hand, threw it to a distance, and twining his black arms around her neck, he covered her with his kisses. "Monster, avaunt!" she exclaimed; but her exclamations were wasted on the air. The Moor seized her in his vigorous arms, and bore her from the tent. The fiend-like grin upon his cheek was now mingled with the flush of passion; and the malignant scowl with which she had frequently seen him grasp his dagger as he passed her, would, in her eyes, have been far preferable to the leer with which he now regarded her. Arrived at the exterior of the tent, he gazed a moment around him. Far as the eye could extend, one wide scene of slaughter presented itself. Piles of bleeding carcases rose like ramparts in every part of the field. Showers of fallen arrows strewed the ground. The earth was sodden with the blood of the dying and the dead, and all around in the distance were seen, pursuers and pursued, scouring the field with the velocity of lightning. The Moor darted across the plain with the utmost speed. The fair but hapless burden which he bore seemed light as a feather in his grasp. Sometimes darting a timorous look behind him, at others stretch-

ing his eagle glance to the very verge of the horizon before him, and at others stooping down and imprinting a burning kiss upon the beautiful but pale and horror-stricken features of the captive, he held on his way across the field of battle. Sometimes he stumbled over one of the numerous heaps of carcases on the plain, and the lady felt her face touch the yet warm limbs of the dead. Occasionally, too, an arrow whizzed so near them, that its feather brushed her ear as it passed by them. Not long, however, did she retain her consciousness. The imaginary horrors which crowded into her brain surpassed even those real and substantial ones by which she was surrounded, and she soon became in the arms of the Moor a lump almost as lifeless as those on which his foot was treading. He seemed anxious to gain the recesses of the wood which spread in the rear of the French tents. There was no one near him to prevent his executing his purpose, except a body of archers who were riding in that direction, and who he naturally conjectured had prizes of more importance in their view than two runaway domestics, a Moor and a page. As the archers approached, however, Achmet heard one say to the leader, "They proceed from the Lord Challeny's tent, Sir Laurence—perchance it is the page of whom you are in search." The Moor, on hearing these words, doubled his speed. "Discharge your arrows at the slave!" exclaimed the leader. A score of bows were instantly bent at the unfortunate Moor; not an English arrow had that day missed its aim, and Achmet Ali sunk lifeless on the ground.

Utterly deprived of sensation, although unhurt, the Lady Margaret, as the dying Moor relinquished his grasp, sunk by his side. Sir Laurence Dutton rode up to her.—"It must be she," he mentally said; "yet I will not discover her even to my brave yeomen, lest any untoward accident should happen. Here, De Courcy, Fitz-Eustace, bear this fair lad back into the tent. Treat him as you would a prisoner of gentle rank and honour. And Adam Tyrrell, hasten to the Knight of Capel, the gallant Sir Piers, whom you will find about King Henry's person. Tell him that I have taken a prisoner whom he will be glad to see, and that he will find him in the Lord Challeny's tent." Having given these

directions, the knight rode off to resume the pursuit of the flying enemy, followed by all his archers, with the exception of those three for whom he had thus devised employment.

"Ha! am I in the custody of the English?" said the Lady Margaret, as a strangely mingled feeling of terror and satisfaction possessed her. "They are," she said, in a low tone, "the ancient and inveterate enemies of my country—the people against whom my father fought so long and so gallantly; but they are the countrymen of Piers Capel, and they bear but small resemblance to him if they can offer violence to the unfortunate and the unprotected."

"Fair Sir," said De Courcy, who did not quite understand the expression of the boy's features, but saw that some portion of fear and distrust was mingled with it, "you shall be treated nobly, and with all due attention to your safety and your wants. God has this day given the victory to the English, and they will not disgrace their successes by acts of inhumanity or oppression to those whom the fortune of war has placed in their hands."

The seeming page was once more conducted to the tent, and cordials being administered, regained consciousness and strength. "To whom am I indebted," she asked, "for effecting my deliverance from the fiend who held me in his grasp?"

"Sweet Sir," said De Courcy, a young esquire of gentle blood, and well skilled in the practise of archery: "a noble Knight of England, Sir Laurence Dutton, happened to behold your distress, and arrived in time to rescue you from the ferocious Moor."

"Peace, peace! De Courcy," said Eustace, a grim old bowman who stood by his side; "we were instructed to take care of the lad; but not that I remember to prattle with him. Methinks, too, that two persons such as you and I, indifferently well skilled in the science of archery, might have had some more fitting task assigned to us than to watch over the safety of a puling boy."

"'Tis some prisoner of distinction," said De Courcy, "and doubtless our share of the ransom-money will sufficiently requite our pains. We shall, moreover, be released from our charge as soon as Sir Piers Capel arrives."

"Sir Piers Capel!" exclaimed the Lady Margaret, starting from her seat and seizing the old bowman by the hand: "was not that the name?"

"Even so, my springald!" returned Eustace, shaking her from him; "but I pray thee, none of these woman's tricks for me. I care not to have my hand squeezed like a girl's, even by so hopeful a stripling as thou art."

The lady sunk on her knees, clasped her hands, and raising her eyes to Heaven, seemed to be absorbed for some minutes in silent thanksgiving and prayer.

"The boy is clean mad," said Eustace: "would we were well rid of him!"

At that moment a tremendous shout resounded over the plain, and the clashing of swords and clang of armour was heard as during the height of the engagement. "By Heaven!" exclaimed Eustace, "these rascal Frenchman are renewing the battle!—Is this a time, De Courcy, to remain idle and inactive?" Thus saying, he rushed from the tent, notwithstanding the efforts of De Courcy to detain him. Soon afterwards, that trumpet blast, which we have already mentioned, sent its loud, shrill notes far and wide, and was followed by the cry, "*Slay all your prisoners!*" De Courcy started to his feet; his hand was on his sword; but as he gazed on the helpless boy before him, it refused to do its office. He had not much time, however, for deliberation; for Eustace burst into the tent, followed by three or four men-at-arms, with their naked weapons in their hands. "The prisoner must die!" exclaimed Fitz-Eustace, "for such is the King's commandment. The French have attacked our baggage in the rear, and the captives have been assisting them." Thus saying, he suited the action to the word, and pointed his weapon at the bosom of the Lady Margaret. "Save me! spare me!" she exclaimed, sinking on her knees before him. "I am not what I seem—" but before the reader is informed what effect the lady's supplication had upon the stern bowman, we must once more take a retrospective glance, for the purpose of watching the movements of Sir Piers Capel.

This knight had been throughout the battle near the person of

the King. The latter, by reason of his gorgeous armour and the diadem upon his head, was a conspicuous object, and provoked the arrows of the enemy's archers, and the blows of their men-at-arms. Capel had frequently interposed, and received on his own shield the strokes which were intended for the monarch, and, with a view of still further consulting his safety, had repeatedly requested him to change his helmet and throw a cloak over his dazzling armour. The King, however, heedless of danger, and anxious only to evince his personal prowess, rushed into the thickest of the fight, and exposed himself as much as the meanest soldier. At one time, he met hand to hand with the Duke of Alençon. The conflict was for some minutes desperate and dubious. The King received from the Duke's sword a blow on the helmet, which struck off part of his crown, and made him stagger some paces backwards. Before Capel, however, could rush to the King's aid, he had returned to the charge, struck the Duke to the ground, and was lending his hand to the latter, who had surrendered himself as his prisoner, to raise him and assure him of his safety. At that instant, however, the guards, who had seen the King's danger, surrounded the Duke, and before Henry could prevent them, put him to death. A more imminent danger still, shortly afterwards, threatened the King. Eighteen French esquires, at the head of whom was the Lord Challeny, had bound themselves by an oath to make him prisoner, or die. In performance of this vow, they had contrived to surround him in a part of the field, and at a time when there was no one near him but the Duke of York, Sir Piers Capel, and half-a-dozen of the royal guard. A blow from the battle-axe of Challeny, which was aimed at the royal head, was intercepted by the Duke of York, who, however, only saved the King's life at the expense of his own, and sunk, a bleeding corpse, upon the ground. Capel, incensed alike by the death of the Prince and the sight of his own mortal enemy, rushed at Challeny, and aimed such a blow as, but for the interposition of his shield, which it shivered to pieces, would have terminated the existence of his antagonist. The other esquires, now diverted from their main enterprize by the danger of their

chief, rushed upon Capel, and thus left Henry unexposed to any danger. The King, however, in his turn, flew to the assistance of his faithful knight. The guards, too, exerted themselves manfully in his support, until at length, having slain above half of their assailants, the rest fled. Capel, however, managed to intercept the retreat of the Lord Challeny; and throwing away his shield, in order to place himself on an equality with his enemy, and drawing his sword, he exclaimed—"Now, false traitor, die!" Challeny was not slow in unsheathing his own weapon. The conflict was short but desperate. National antipathy, personal hatred, and rivalry in love,—all served to nerve the arms of the combatants. The helmets of both were knocked off; their swords shivered in their hands; they at length twined their steel-clad arms round each other's bodies, and seemed to shake the earth beneath them in their mortal conflict. Once Challeny's strength seemed failing, and he slightly relaxed his hold; when Capel, tightening his grasp as the snake does round its victim, compressed his enemy almost to suffocation, and then dashed him to the ground. His knee was immediately upon his breast—his hand darted to his girdle, and his dagger was in Challeny's throat. "So perish the oppressors of the fatherless, and the violators of their promises to the dying!" exclaimed Capel, as he turned from the lifeless body of his foe. "But ha!" he added, as his eye glanced over the plain, "the victory is ours—the Frenchmen flee on every side—the Constable's banner is down—and the standards of St. George, St. Edward, and the Trinity, wave all over the plain." He was hastening to that part of the field where the glittering crown indicated the presence of King Henry, when a bowman, whom he immediately knew to belong to Sir Laurence Dutton's troop, came up.

"Thrice welcome, Adam Tyrell!" said Sir Piers: "how fares your gallant leader?"

"Well and victorious, Sir Knight," said the bowman, "and from him I bear a message to inform you that he has taken a prisoner whom you have long wished to see, and whom you will find in the Lord Challeny's tent."

"Now, a thousand blessings on the tongue that speaks intelligence like thine, good Adam: let us hasten to the tent, and name thy own reward. But ha! what noise is that?"

"By Heaven! Sir Knight," said Adam, "the French are attacking our rear. Ha! hear you not the shrieks of the boys who were left to guard the baggage?"

"Peace, peace! Adam, the royal bugle sounds."

The bugle did indeed sound, and was followed by a cry that rang more fearfully than his own death-knell in Sir Piers Capel's ear—"*Slay all your prisoners!*" A dreadful shriek burst from his heart, and he bounded with the velocity of the forest deer towards the French tents. He knew that of the Lord Challeny by the banner bearing three white harts, which floated above it. He darted in, and arrived there scarcely a moment after the lady had fallen on her knees before Fitz-Eustace, to supplicate for her life; but that moment had sufficed—the bowman's sword was buried in her bosom.

Among the numerous tombs which were raised on the field of Agincourt to those who had fallen in that memorable battle, one which excited more than ordinary interest was a simple stone reared in that part of the plain on which the French tents had been planted; it was sacred to the memory of a French lady, who had fallen during the massacre of the prisoners ordered by King Henry in a moment of alarm, when a party of marauders had pillaged his baggage, and he imagined that the French army was attacking his rear,—and of her lover, an English knight, who, after a long absence from her, only arrived in time to close her eyes and die broken-hearted on her corpse. The names inscribed upon this tomb were Piers Capel and Margaret St. Foix.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

HENRY THE SIXTH.

1422.—On the death of Henry V., his son, only nine months old, was proclaimed King of England, and heir of France; and Charles VI. dying very soon after, he was proclaimed King of France at Paris, and the Duke of Bedford made all the great men who espoused the English party swear allegiance to him.

1424.—The Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, at Verneuil, defeated the Dauphin's army, commanded by the Earl of Buchan, who had been made Constable of France. Buchan and many other Scots of note were slain.

1425.—The Regent returned to England (leaving the Earl of Warwick to command), on account of violent disputes betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and the Bishop of Winchester. The Parliament interfering, they were outwardly reconciled.

1426.—The Duke of Bedford returned to France, and by suddenly falling on Brittany, obliged the Duke to renounce the French alliance and swear allegiance to young Henry.

1429.—A country girl, called Joan of Arc, born in a village of Lorraine, declared that she had received express orders from God to raise the siege of Orleans, then carried on by the Regent, and to crown Charles VII. at Rheims. Being properly armed, she forced her way into Orleans with a convoy, and next day attacked and carried four of the principal posts belonging to the English, and obliged them to raise the siege, and retreat in such disorder as to lose several of their former conquests.

By Joan's advice, Charles marched to Rheims, where he was crowned, and on his way took several places, and defeated the English under the command of Lord Talbot, at Patay.

Owing to this unsuccessful turn of affairs, it was determined that Henry should go to France to be crowned. Before he set out, he was crowned in England, though only eight years of age.

1430.—Joan of Arc was taken prisoner in a sally at Compiegne, and delivered to the Regent, and in 1431 tried and burnt as a witch, in Rouen.

1431.—The English affairs in France were much on the decline, and were made still worse by the death of the Duke of Bedford, at Rouen.

The Duke of York was appointed Regent ; but on his going to France, he found Paris in the hands of the enemy.

1444.—A truce was concluded with France for two years, and Henry was married to Margaret of Anjou, daughter of René, titular king of Sicily.

1447.—The Duke of Gloucester was thrown into prison, and afterwards found dead in his bed.

1450.—The English were driven out of every part of France, except Calais ; and Charles, employed about the regulation of his government, did not molest England, though there was no truce.

The people, much discontented with the Queen and her cabal, began to talk of the Duke of York's right to the crown ; which at last ended in a serious rebellion in Kent, headed by a man of the name of Jack Cade, who called himself Mortimer, and induced great numbers to join his standard.

The King was taken to Kenilworth Castle, and the rebellion at last quelled, and Cade killed.

1452.—The Duke of York returned from Ireland, and began to aspire to the crown. In concert with the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, he raised troops on a pretence of removing the Duke of Somerset and others from the ministry, and reforming the government.

1453.—The Queen's party, finding that they could not at present cope with York, Somerset was sent to the Tower ; and the King being seized with a fit of insanity, York was made Protector of the kingdom. Next year, the King getting a little better, released Somerset from the Tower, and committed the government to him ; on which the Duke of York flew to arms, and defeated the Royalists at St. Albans, where the Duke of Somerset was slain. The King fell into York's hands, who treated him with great respect, and went with him to London. At a Parliament, Richard, Duke of York, was declared Protector till the Prince of Wales should be of age.

1458.—An outward reconciliation took place between the heads of the two factions ; but fresh commotions soon broke out with redoubled violence, and each party endeavoured to raise men in every county in England.

1459.—The Earl of Salisbury, marching a body of troops to join York at Ludlow, in Shropshire, was attacked on the 23rd September, at Blore Heath, by Lord Audley, who was defeated and slain.

The Royalists, advancing towards the Duke of York, proclaimed a general pardon ; on which most of the Duke's army deserted him, and the leaders were obliged to fly to Ireland and Calais.

1460.—The Earls of Salisbury and Warwick having landed in Kent with troops, and being joined there by Edward Earl of March, York's son, and other friends (York remaining in Ireland), they encountered the Royalists at Northampton, and totally defeated them. The King was taken prisoner and conducted to London.

A Parliament was assembled, at which Richard Duke of York, having

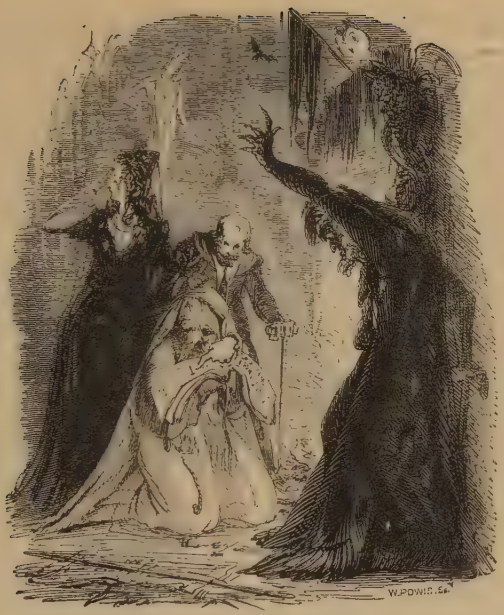
returned from Ireland, pleaded his prior right to the crown, as being descended by his mother from the Duke of Clarence, Edward the Third's second son, whereas Henry was descended from the third son; and then left the assembly to deliberate on his claim. It was settled, with the Duke's approbation, that Henry should keep the crown during his life, and that Richard should succeed him.

York being informed that Queen Margaret (who had fled into Wales, and then into Scotland with the Prince of Wales, after the battle of Northampton) had raised troops in the North, set out with a small army to meet her, but was defeated and slain near Wakefield.

1461.—Edward, the Duke's son, determined on carrying on the quarrel (the two parties were distinguished by the Yorkists wearing white roses, and the Lancastrians red ones), marched from Wales towards London, and on the way defeated the Earl of Pembroke at Mortimer's Cross, in Herefordshire. The Queen revenged this disaster (being likewise on her march to London) by defeating the Earl of Warwick at St. Albans, and releasing the King. Edward being joined by the remains of Warwick's army, which was superior to the Queen's, proceeded to London, the inhabitants of which were his friends, whilst she retreated to the North.

Edward's friends, declaring that Henry had forfeited his right to the crown by breaking his agreement, proclaimed Edward, March the 5th, by the name of Edward IV.

Katherine, Henry the Fifth's widow, married a Welsh gentleman, named Owen Tudor, by whom she had two sons, Edward Earl of Richmond, and Jasper Earl of Pembroke.



The Witch of Eye.

His picture made in wax, and gently molten
By a blue fire, kindled with dead men's eyes,
Will waste him by degrees.

MIDDLETON.

FEAR me not—fear me not, good Sir John; the stout heart of Eleanor Cobham will not fail her, albeit that as yet I do not choose to be present at these orgies. How! sayest thou Margaret Jourdmain is there, and assisted by Roger Bolingbroke?"

The person by whom this question was asked was a female, who, although somewhat declined into the vale of years, was still

remarkable for her stately and majestic gait, and the symmetry and beauty of her features. Her stature seemed to be above six feet; her long, flowing, and once jet black, but now gray tresses, fell in rich ringlets down her back, and her high, pale forehead was singularly contrasted with her dark and fiery eye. Her rank and wealth were sufficiently indicated by the splendour of her dress. She wore a long, flowing robe of silk; her hair was plaited with jewels, whence pendent drops, composed of precious stones of great value and size, hung upon her forehead; and a collar of gold, from which hung a chain of the same costly material, was fastened round her neck. She sat in a massive oaken chair, curiously and elaborately carved, and placed in the midst of a large Gothic chamber, through whose windows the moonbeams poured a flood of many-coloured light, as they took the tinge of the painted glass through which they streamed. The walls of the apartment were hung with rich tapestry, and the floor was strewed with rushes. A large silver candelabra, bearing lighted waxen tapers, descended from the ceiling, and illuminated the whole apartment. A small table, of similar material and workmanship to the chair in which she sat, stood before the lady, and on it was spread wide open, a large parchment volume, in the perusal of which she appeared to have been very recently occupied. Opposite to her stood a man, whom a shaven crown, beads and cross dependent from his neck, a white cassock and narrow scapulary, proclaimed to be a monk of the Cistercian order. He was of a short and meagre figure, with small red eyes, a sharp aquiline nose, black beard and brows, and an extraordinarily intelligent, but at the same time somewhat repulsive and malignant, expression of countenance.

"They have been busily engaged, Madam," he said, in answer to the lady's question, "in your Grace's service since the hour of noon. At that hour the waxen image was completed, and the fatal fire was lighted; and from that hour did Henry, marrow and bones and all, begin to waste and wither away, and shall continue so to do until the throne of England shall be left vacant for a worthier occupant."

"Thanks, good Sir John," said the lady, unclasping the collar of

gold from her neck, and placing it, with the chain attached to it, in the priest's hands; "a thousand thanks. Do I not well, Sir John? Heaven knows that it is not for the sake of gratifying any ambitious thoughts of my own, that I enter upon this seemingly unhallowed work, but in compassion of the miseries which the unhappy people of England endure under the sway of the feeble and incapable Henry, who is the unresisting instrument of all their ills, in the hands of that she-wolf of France, and this newly-created Duke of York, Richard Plantagenet."

"Dost thou not well, Madam, saidst thou?" echoed the obsequious priest. "Your Grace is but to blame for having so long delayed to avail yourself of that knowledge and those arts, into the mysteries of which your poor servant has been the unworthy means of initiating you, for the purpose of putting an end to the evils with which our country is overwhelmed. How will the loyal heart of your servant Hume rejoice when he hears the welcome shouts of 'God save King Humphrey!' 'God save Queen Eleanor!'"

"Peace! peace! good Hume," said the lady; "thou talkest idly." But a smile of hope brightened her features at the same time, and belied the expression of her lips. "Heaven knows that there is no one in his realm would pray more fervently for the welfare of Henry of Lancaster than Eleanor Cobham; but, that while he lives, England must lie at the mercy of Margaret of Anjou and Richard Plantagenet. Yet, Hume, I would fain receive some more certain assurance as to my future destiny. When wilt thou invoke to my presence the spirit who is to answer such questions as I shall propound?"

"Madam," answered Hume, "it is by severe and painful penance, anxious watching, and long fasting alone, that I can prevail upon that invisible power whom I serve, to gratify your Grace's desire. Neither can Margaret Jourdmain nor Roger Bolingbroke assist me, for they have not attained such proficiency in the occult sciences as to be able to command spirits to do their bidding. Time, a short but carefully spent time, will empower me to call one before you who shall reveal to your Grace the secrets of futurity."

Had the Duchess at that moment fixed her eye upon her chaplain, she would have detected, in his changing colour, and trembling limbs, the hypocrite and the impostor. Whatever might have been the pretensions to occult lore on the part of Jourdmain and Bolingbroke, the only magic of which Hume was master, was the ascendency of a strong mind over a weak one. The Duchess knew him to be a man of vast and various learning and acquirements, and had been initiated by him into the study of languages and of the natural sciences. She therefore readily credited his pretensions to knowledge of a more profound and mysterious character; and he, by flattering her ambitious hopes, and pretending to minister to their gratification, contrived to store his own purse at her expense, and to indulge himself in those pleasures from which his straitened means alone, and not his sacerdotal oath, had hitherto debarred him. He had accordingly promised to raise a spirit who should reveal her future destiny to her, and had hired two professors of the black art to construct a waxen image of the King, who, they pretended, would waste away under the influence of a strange disease, as that image melted before a fire which they had kindled. Hume knew his own pretensions to occult knowledge to be unfounded, and believed those of his associates to be equally so. The death of the King, and the elevation of Dame Eleanor, were not the objects which the crafty priest had in view, but the multiplication of his own wealth and pleasures, by means of the well-stored purse of the Duchess of Gloucester.

"Hume!" said the lady, "hasten the period at which my desires may be gratified. In the mean time, receive my thanks for the services which thou hast already rendered me. But give us leave awhile, good Sir John; my Lord approaches."

The priest made a lowly reverence, and left the apartment almost at the same moment that the Duke of Gloucester entered. This was Humphrey, the brother of King Henry the Fifth, who had been left by that heroic monarch the protector of the realm during the minority of the infant King, and who, by his virtues and the mild and equitable exercise of his authority, had acquired the appellation of "the good Duke Humphrey." He entered with a

hurried and agitated step; his face was pale, his lip quivered, and his eye rolled wildly and fearfully.

"My gracious Lord," said the Duchess, "what has happened? I fear some strange and unlooked-for misfortune."

"Eleanor," said the Duke, "the young King is taken suddenly and dangerously ill. His physicians can neither divine the nature of his malady, nor devise any cure."

"Ha!" said the Duchess, her eyes sparkling, and her cheek glowing as she spake—"Suddenly, Duke Humphrey, sayest thou that the King was thus attacked? and at what hour, I pray thee?"

"At the hour of noon," answered the Duke.

"At noon—at noon," repeated the Duchess to herself, clasping her hands and pacing the apartment in a state of mental abstraction. "It was at that hour, as Hume informed me, that the wise woman's labours were completed—Humphrey," she added, turning towards the Duke—"the King will die."

"Now Heaven forefend!" replied Duke Humphrey; "so young—so good—so pious."

"The fitter, Humphrey, for Heaven!" interrupted the Duchess. "For this world, and especially for the station in it which he fills, he is of all men the most incompetent. The monk's cloister or the hermit's cell, indeed, might have found in him a fitting occupant; but the throne of France and England suits him not; and the sceptre of Henry the Fifth is not adapted to his puny grasp."

"Alas! alas!" said the Duke of Gloucester, "he will neither fill the one, nor grasp the other long."

"The will of Heaven must be submitted to," said Eleanor; "and the people of England, when they are obliged to exchange King Henry for King Humphrey, must learn to yield in patience to so fearful a visitation."

"Now by Heaven! Nell," said the Duke,—and an expression of indignation and anger succeeded that of deep distress, which had clouded his fine features, "thou maddest me. Is ours an age at which to nurse the idle dreams of ambition? and is the malady of a young and virtuous prince like Henry, a fitting subject of exultation to his nearest relatives? I fear, Eleanor, that pride and

ambition have dried up the milk of human charity in thy bosom. I fear, too"—here he spoke in a low and stifled tone, while cold big drops stood upon his temples—" that thou pursuest unholy and unlawful studies. Beware, Eleanor Cobham, beware! The public suspicion is awakened against thee; the Queen loves thee not, the Duke of York thirsts for thy blood, and Humphrey of Gloucester's power to defend and protect thee is becoming smaller and weaker with every waning moon."

The consciousness of her guilt, and the abruptness and suddenness of the accusation, struck the Duchess of Gloucester mute; while her cheek changed from a fiery red to an ashy paleness, her breath came short and thick, and her limbs trembled under her. "Humphrey," she at length said, as with a violent effort she recovered her self-possession, drew her stately figure up to its utmost height, and laid her hand upon the arm of the Duke, " this is cruel and unkind, and, from thee, most unexpected. Because I have devoted myself to study, the ignorant vulgar have charged me with the practice of magic; and the malignity of those of my foes, whose superior education and station prevent them from being themselves the dupe of so idle an accusation, has nevertheless given sanction and confirmation to it; but that the Duke of Gloucester, the most accomplished and learned prince in Christendom, in whose well-stored library I have acquired that knowledge which is now imputed to me as a crime—that he should join in the senseless outcry of the vulgar and the malignant, is a calamity against the occurrence of which I confess that I was not sufficiently prepared. Go, Duke Humphrey, denounce me to the King; offer up your wife as an expiatory sacrifice to the wrath of Margaret of Anjou and Richard Plantagenet. Suffolk will smile upon you—your good uncle Beaufort will once more admit you to his paternal embrace, and rare and jocund will be the dance and the wassailing over the grave of Eleanor Cobham."

Thus saying, she rushed out of the apartment, leaving the Duke, over whose feelings she well knew the extent of her influence, penetrated with uneasiness and sorrow at having given her pain or

offence, although he could not entirely banish from his mind the suspicions which had been awakened in it.

To the wonder and joy of the Duchess, and the consternation of Hume, day after day brought news to the Duke of Gloucester's palace, of the increasing malady of the King, and of the inutility of every effort which had been made to stop its fatal progress. The chaplain, who had believed that the associates whom he had engaged to assist him in his attack on the Duchess's purse, were no more able to effect the King's death by magic than he was to raise a spirit, began to fear that their diabolical learning was no vain pretension, so strangely coincident was the progress of the King's disease with the work on which the Witch of Eye and Bolingbroke were engaged. Dissolute and avaricious as he was, his heart sunk within him at the idea of being an accomplice in the murder of his sovereign, especially by such means. Remorse for his crime was also mingled with no small portion of fear as to its consequences to himself; for it was by no means certain that amidst the contentions of parties, which would necessarily follow the death of the King, his patroness would rule the ascendent. To add to his perplexity, Eleanor had become importunate with him to raise the spirit who, he had promised should reveal to her her future destiny; and on his repeated excuses and postponements, had rated him in terms which his wounded pride could ill brook. Moodily and dejectedly pondering over these circumstances, Hume was pacing the great hall of the ducal palace. He had just received an intimation from Bolingbroke that their work was proceeding most auspiciously; that in less than twelve hours the waxen image would entirely melt away; and that within that time, therefore, King Henry must sink under the influence of his disease.

"Save me, save me, gracious Heaven!" he exclaimed; "wherefore have I sold myself, body and soul to this diabolical confederacy? I will break the hellish trammels in which I am bound; I will hasten to the Duke of York, reveal all, and, while there is yet time, save the King from the machinations of his enemies. And yet," he added, after a short pause, "this is but an idle fear,

by which I am suffering myself to be unmanned. Strange as it is that the King's illness should happen at the same time that these idle mummeries are practising, it does not therefore follow that it is caused by them; neither do I yet know that any symptoms have to-day appeared to render the near approach of death probable.'

At that moment the Duke of Gloucester, with several attendants, passed through the hall. As he passed Hume, the priest made a lowly reverence. "To your prayers—to your prayers, good Sir John; pray for our pious King, whose mortal career is fast drawing to its close."

"I trust," said Hume, crossing himself, "that his Highness will yet live many years to rule over a happy and loyal people."

"That hope is vain, Hume," said the Duke; "I have just received a message from Queen Margaret, commanding my immediate attendance, and informing me that the King has not twelve hours' life in him. Fare thee well, reverend father! and forget not to pray for good King Henry's soul."

Hume gazed on the Duke without answering him, astounded and dismayed. "Twelve hours," he exclaimed, after Humphrey and his followers had disappeared; "it is the very period which Bolingbroke mentioned as that at which his hellish purpose would be achieved. I will wash my hands of this unhallowed deed. The Duke of York shall know the fiend-like purpose of the Duchess. Yet would I not willingly lead to destruction the woman to whom I owe my rank and fortune—I would not lead to the scaffold or the stake——"

At that moment he felt his arm wrung forcibly; and turning round beheld the very person who principally occupied his thoughts, standing before him. There was an unusual flush on the cheek of the Duchess; her eye seemed to flash fire, and her stately form appeared to dilate to still more majestic proportions. She looked as though she already grasped the sceptre of France and England, and wore the regal diadem upon her brow.

"So moody and contemplative, Sir John Hume!" she said; "and at the hour when all our labours are about to be crowned with success."

"I understand your Grace's meaning," said the priest; "the King is dying!"

"Even so," said the Duchess; "thanks to thy powerful arts!"

Hume shuddered; and lifting his sleeve to his brow, wiped away the drops which had started there. "Gracious Madam, say not so!" he exclaimed; "I trust that his Highness will yet—will at least for a time;—pardon me, pardon me! I know not what I say; yet were it not well that these proceedings should be stayed for a time? The King's disorder may be natural, and then——"

"Peace, peace!" said Eleanor; "thou talkest childishly. It was the will of Fate that Margaret of Anjou's crown should be transferred to these brows of mine. But Hume," she added, in a determined and somewhat angry tone, "I must see and converse with this spirit immediately. I will not be delayed longer; and if thy art cannot raise him, I must seek the aid of others who are greater proficients."

"Not yet, gracious Madam,—not yet," said Hume; "and I pray thee, again consider whether we are not somewhat too sudden in our machinations for the death of the King. Command the Witch of Eye and Bolingbroke to suspend their operations for the present. If the King's illness is so speedily followed by death, the public will suspect——"

"Peace man!" said the Duchess, whose haughty and imperious temper for a moment got the better of her discretion; and smiting the priest violently on his cheek—"peace, doting prattler! counsel me not, but obey me.—Raise me the spirit, or by Heaven——"

At that moment the Duchess's eye caught the expression of Hume's features, and she was startled and awed at the mingled malignity, contempt, and triumph which she read there. Eleanor Cobham, although noted for the violence and impetuosity of her passions, was equally remarkable for the swiftness and adroitness with which she could master and disguise them. In an instant the flush of anger passed from her face, her lip curled with a smile, and her whole countenance seemed lighted up with gaiety and merriment.

"Why, Hume, man," she said, "thou lookest as if thou believest us to be really offended, and forgetful of the services which our good chaplain has performed on our behalf. But in truth, Sir John, I must converse with this spirit. Gratify the wish of thy Duchess——"

"Of my Queen," said Hume, sinking on his knee, and taking the opportunity of his prostration to mask his features in an expression of becoming reverence and humility.

"Whether Duchess or Queen," said the lady, "the reward bestowed by Eleanor Cobham on those who obey her will shall be princely."

"Your Grace's will," said Hume, "is your lowly servant's law. This night, if it so please ye, your wish shall be gratified."

"Ha!" said the Duchess, "at what hour?"

"At the hour of eleven, which is just one hour before the charm which is to work King Henry's death will be complete, will I conduct you to my apartment, where the Witch of Eye and Bolingbroke are busily at work. There you shall see and hear the spirit which will reveal to you your future destiny."

"I will not fail thee, good Sir John," said Eleanor, thrusting a purse into his hand. "At the hour of eleven thou shalt find me ready to accompany thee."

Thus saying, and waving her hand to the priest, she hurried from his presence.

"And at the hour of eleven, proud Eleanor Cobham," said Hume, following her slowly with his eye till she disappeared from the hall, "I will raise thee such a spirit as thou wouldest give the wealth of England to lay. There needed but this," he added, while his features assumed an expression of demoniacal ferocity—"there needed but this foul blow to wind my spirit to its purpose." He paused a moment, but in that moment his flashing eye, his changing brow, and his heaving breast, seemed to indicate thoughts sufficient to occupy his mind for a century. At length wrapping his cloak closely round him, drawing his cowl over his brow, and exclaiming, "I have it! I have it!" he rushed out of the hall.

This conversation took place at about the hour of noon; and the bell had just tolled the eleventh hour, when the Duchess of Gloucester, leaning on the arm of Hume, entered the chamber in which her emissaries were performing, or pretending to perform, their wicked ceremonies. It was a lofty and spacious apartment, which the Duke of Gloucester had specially appropriated to the use of the chaplain, and which was held sacred from the intrusion of every other person. Here, therefore, Hume had an opportunity of pursuing, without interruption or discovery, his studies in those occult sciences to which he had devoted himself, but which were so uncongenial to his sacred office. The Duchess started as she entered; for the pale lurid flame by which alone the chamber was illuminated, cast a fearful and preternatural light over every object on which it glanced. Eleanor Cobham, however, soon suppressed the feeling of fear into which she had at first been betrayed, and advanced into the apartment. The fire from which this ghastly and melancholy light proceeded, glowed on the hearth at the eastern end of the room. Over it cowered two figures, whose squalid dresses, misshapen forms, and wan and emaciated features, were in fearful unison with the whole scene. One was a woman, bent nearly double with age and infirmity; a very few tufts or patches of white hair were upon her head; but the scantiness of hair there was compensated by the profusion with which it grew above her lip and on her chin. Her cheek was sunken and hollow, her lips dry and withered, and as they moved up and down, while she seemed to be mumbling some diabolical prayer or incantation, they showed that the hag could not boast of the possession of a single tooth. Her right hand rested on a stick, while her left was elevated and moved to and fro in accompaniment to the spell which she was muttering. Her companion was a lean and shrivelled old man, whose grey beard swept his breast, and who with a large volume in his hand, which he was attentively perusing, knelt by the fire, and seemed to be examining by his book the accuracy of the lesson which the old woman was repeating.

The Duchess, bold of heart as she was, could not help shuddering, and clasped more firmly the arm of Hume as she gazed upon

these two fearful beings, especially as she perceived, that although they stood in the full blaze of the fire, their figures cast no shadow on the floor of the apartment. But an object of still more intense interest to her soon diverted her gaze another way. At the opposite end of the apartment stood a large waxen image, which needed not the crown upon its head, or the sceptre in his hand, to tell her that it was intended to represent King Henry, so perfect and faithful a portraiture did it present of that monarch. For nearly a month had this image been stationed opposite the fire which we have described, and which had been kept incessantly burning night and day. During that time the figure had melted and wasted beneath the influence of the heat, and it now presented the appearance of a man emaciated by illness, and fast sinking into the grave. The Duchess, who had on the previous day seen the King, gave a smile of grim delight, as she fancied she saw the evidence of the success of her magical practices before her. The most intense silence reigned in the apartment, interrupted only by the low faint mumbling of the hag, and the crackling of the faggots in the blaze. The Duchess, however, soon broke this portentous silence, by advancing towards the fire, and saying to the unearthly-looking beings who stood beside it—

"Rare artists! accept the thanks of Eleanor Cobham, and doubt not, as soon as the work is accomplished, that your recompense shall be far more substantial."

The people whom she addressed were Margaret Jourdain, or Jourdmain, who was better known by the denomination of the Witch of Eye, from the place of her birth,—and Roger Bolingbroke, who was, like Hume, a priest, but had devoted his learning and talents to the study of astrology and sorcery. These persons had long been employed by Hume, and paid him the utmost respect and deference, not only on account of the liberal gifts by which he repaid their services, but because they believed him to be a greater proficient in the arts of magic than themselves, and to be able even to raise spirits—a degree of proficiency in those diabolical sciences to which they did not pretend. They answered the address of the Duchess, by directing their eyes slowly

towards her, making the sign of the cross, not upon their foreheads, but their backs, and then sinking upon their knees before her, and exclaiming, "God save Queen Eleanor!"

"Thanks, gentle friends,—thanks for your unshaken loyalty and unremitting services!" said the Duchess; "but tell me, I pray ye, when the work shall be accomplished?"

"When the bell," said the witch, in a discordant tone, or rather shriek, "shall have tolled the midnight hour."

At that moment the bell of the Ducal palace drowned all other sounds, by tolling heavily and solemnly the first quarter after the hour of eleven.

"Ha! sayest thou so?" said the Duchess; and as the lurid blaze brightened her features, it showed them still more brightened by the hope of approaching grandeur and sovereignty.

"Even so," said the hag; "then will yonder image sink to the ground, destroyed and dissolved in that flame; and then will the spirit of Henry of Windsor melt beneath the influence of his disease, dissolve, and mingle with the elements."

"Then look to it, Margaret of Anjou; look to it, Richard Plantagenet," said the Duchess; "for Eleanor Cobham has been injured, and will be avenged. But still I am troubled; doubt and uncertainty yet hang over my future fate. Henry may cease to be King, and yet Eleanor not become Queen. These signs and symbols may be delusions.—Hume, I claim the performance of thy promise. Call up a spirit who shall make answer to such questions as I shall propound."

"Your Grace," said Hume, "shall be obeyed; yet pardon me, but I fear your courage may fail."

"Nay, nay, dotard!" said the Duchess impatiently; "I mean," she added, eager to retract the offensive epithet, "my good Sir John—fear not my courage; I have gone thus far, and do not now mean to recede."

The chaplain then bowed reverentially, and, drawing a white wand from beneath his cloak, advanced into the midst of the apartment. With this wand he described a circle on the floor, which he perambulated three times, pouring from a phial which he

held in his hand, a blood-red liquor, and chanting, in a low and solemn tone, something which appeared to be a metrical composition, but uttered in a language unintelligible to the Duchess. He then threw himself on the floor, and remained in a posture apparently of adoration, and groaning bitterly, for several minutes; then starting up, he rushed towards the fire, seized the volume which Bolingbroke held in his hand, and returning to the circle began to read loudly and rapidly from it, but still in a language which the Duchess did not understand. At length he closed the volume, bowed reverently three times, and retreated backwards out of the circle. At that moment the bell tolled the second quarter after eleven. A noise like the sound of distant thunder was heard; the floor of the apartment opened, and a figure, which could not be distinctly seen, but appeared to be tall, and wrapped in a black mantle, stood before them.

A shriek burst from the lips of the Duchess, and even from those of Bolingbroke and the witch. "For the love of Heaven! be silent," said Hume in a whisper to the former. "Waste not these precious moments in idle alarms. Demand what ye will of the spirit, but be courageous and be brief."

"Tell me," said Eleanor, advancing towards the circle, but trembling in every limb—"tell me what fate awaits King Henry?"

She gazed with dim but anxiously straining eyes on the unearthly being whom she interrogated, as in a sullen feeble voice the spirit answered—

> "When yonder image melts in yonder blaze,
> Henry shall number out his mortal days."

"Why, that is well!" exclaimed the Duchess, forgetting her alarm in the confirmation which this prediction gave to her wildest hopes. "But Henry," she added, "is not the only person whose existence gives me uneasiness. Tell me, too, what fate awaits the Duke of York?"

The spirit answered in the same tone:—

> "Plantagenet from earth shall fly
> Swiftly and speedily as I."

"Why, that," said Eleanor, "is better tidings still: thou wilt vanish in an instant when my bidding is performed. And shall the residence of Plantagenet on this earth be no more permanent than thy own? Happy, happy Eleanor!"

"For Heaven's sake! Madam," said Hume, gazing anxiously on a dial on which the flickering light of the fire at that moment fell, telling him that the midnight hour was fast approaching. "This is idle and inauspicious delay. Would you demand aught farther of the spirit?"

"One, one more question," she exclaimed. "Tell me," she said—and then, hesitating for a moment, seemed anxious yet fearful to put the question,—"Tell me my own future fate—the fate of Eleanor Cobham?"

The answer was not given to this question so speedily as before; but when it was pronounced, it was in a peculiarly emphatic and impressive tone.

> "The secrets of thy future fate
> Let my attending spirits state;
> Tell the Dame of Gloucester's doom—
> Come, attending spirits, come!"

The spirit, as he finished his prediction, was seen to apply something to his lips, and presently afterwards no unearthly and aërial sound was heard to proceed from them, but the loud and distinct blast of a bugle. A responsive shout was heard to follow it, and then the doors of the apartment were burst open, and a band of soldiers, carrying drawn swords and lighted torches in their hands, rushed in. The pretended spirit advanced towards them, and throwing away the black mantle in which his form and face had been enveloped, discovered to the terrified and astonished Duchess the features of the Duke of York.

"The fire! the fire!" said Hume, darting a look of agony at the dial.

"Ha! I did indeed forget," said the Duke of Buckingham, who was the leader of the soldiers.—"Fellows, extinguish that accursed light."

The soldiers immediately advanced to the fire, and trampling

upon the now faint and decaying embers, speedily succeeded in extinguishing it. The last spark, however, had scarcely been trodden out before the bell tolled the hour of midnight.

"Heaven be praised!" said Hume; "the accursed deed has been prevented. Had yonder spark retained a gleam of light for an instant longer, the spirit of good King Henry had passed away for ever."

"Peace, double traitor!" said the Duke of York, "good King Henry is doubtless indebted to thee for his life; but he has to thank not thy loyalty but thy malignity and avarice. Both however shall be gratified, agreeably to the promise which I made thee. The woman, Duchess though she be, who insulted thee, shall be brought to a terrible expiation of her crimes, and the reward which she promised thee for aiding and concealing her damnable practices shall be more than doubled for having revealed them."

Eleanor gazed in sullen silence on the scene which had terminated all her hopes, and would probably terminate her life. She saw herself too completely in the hands of her enemies for any effort at resistance or escape to be availing, and was too proud to expose the bitterness and humiliation of her feelings by tears or idle upbraidings. One scornful and malignant smile, which she glanced at Hume, was the only expression of her sentiments in which she indulged, and then she left the apartment with her arms bound to those of Bolingbroke and the Witch of Eye, in the custody of Buckingham and the soldiers.

The events which followed are too well known to require more than a brief recapitulation. The Duchess of Gloucester, Hume, the Witch of Eye, and Bolingbroke, were tried and condemned for the crimes of conspiring the death of the King, and practising the arts of magic and witchcraft. The witch was burned in Smithfield, Bolingbroke was hanged at Tyburn, and the Duchess sentenced to do open penance in four public places within the city of London, and afterwards to be imprisoned for life in the Isle of Man. Hume was not only pardoned, but liberally rewarded. This man did not appear really to have possessed any knowledge

of the occult sciences, but to have imposed on the credulity of the Duchess. That Margaret Jourdmain and Roger Bolingbroke were really magicians and wizards, was religiously believed by all; and the fact that the King, at the very moment that the magical fire was extinguished in the house of the Duke of Gloucester, recovered his full and perfect health at his palace at Westminster, gave support and confirmation to such a belief, however irrational it may now appear.

The Duke of Gloucester, whatever might be his feelings at the disgrace and punishment of his Duchess, did not attempt any exercise of his authority for their prevention; but, to use the language of an old chronicler,* "toke all these things paciently and saied litle."

---

* Hall.

The Prophecy.

Suffolk. Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives;
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself;
Thy words move rage and not remorse in me.
I go of message from the Queen to France;
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the Channel.
Second Part of HENRY VI.

THE Prophecy was spoken on a morning of May, in the year 1540. The day was gloomy, and the dull grey light which streamed through the window of a little square apartment in the Tower of London, only served to make the place of confinement, on which it shone, more irksome to its inhabitant, by rendering visible its narrow dimensions, the grating through which this melancholy light peered upon it, and the massive iron door which divided the captive from the world. A stone table, on which were placed some writing materials, and a large oaken chair, formed the only furniture of this desolate chamber. The grey hairs and furrowed features of the prisoner seemed to indicate a man who had passed the period of middle life. Suffering or age, or perhaps both, appeared to have worn down and depressed, but not humiliated him. Pride and haughtiness flashed forth even in the melancholy glance of his eye, and every sigh which burst from his heart was followed by a firmer step, as he paced across his dungeon, as if, like Cassius, "he scorned his spirit that could be moved to *sigh* at any thing." He wore even in his dungeon a richly embroidered robe, lined with velvet; from his neck depended the

order of St. George, and the Garter encircled his leg, on which gorgeous but unprotecting symbols of his rank, he seemed to gaze with a sort of gloomy satisfaction.

"And as these robes and this garter," he said, "are wrapped round the person of William de la Pole even in his dungeon; so is his spirit clothed, even in the hour of his captivity, with high and undaunted resolution, with unshaken allegiance to his sovereign, and with hatred and scorn, as unshaken, for those false friends and treacherous foes to whom he is indebted for his lodging in the Tower."

William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, had long enjoyed the highest place in the favour of King Henry the Sixth, and of his Queen, Margaret of Anjou, of the union between whom he had been the main instrument. In the same proportion, however, as he enjoyed the favour of the sovereign, was he detested by the nobles and the populace. The blackest crimes were laid to his charge: he was accused of a guilty intercourse with the Queen; of treason, in having sold the provinces of Anjou and Maine to the French; and of having been an accomplice in the murder of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. Of the truth of these accusations it is difficult to judge at this distance from the period to which they refer; certainly nothing like evidence sufficient to support them has come down to our times. The public voice, however, was expressed so loudly against the Duke of Suffolk, that the King and Queen were constrained, however reluctantly, to obey it, and to commit the Duke a prisoner to the Tower.

The Duke of Suffolk had found himself ill at ease during his confinement. He knew the power and malignity of his enemies, the weakness and irresolution of the King, and the slender scruples which would be felt as to the mode and manner of his destruction by those who had the inclination, and would very probably soon acquire the power, to put an end to his existence. He was ruminating deeply and painfully on these circumstances, when he heard the bars of his dungeon slowly withdrawn, and shortly afterwards a person, with whose features he was well acquainted, entered the apartment. The visitor was a tall, thin old man,

clothed in a robe of black flowing drapery, and holding a white staff in his hand. His hair and his beard were white as silver, and the latter flowed down to his waist. His small grey eyes sparkled with a peculiar, and, a stranger would perhaps think, with a preternatural brightness. His forehead was high and pale, and his features, though deeply furrowed with age, were still remarkably handsome and even majestic, and wore an expression of uncommon intelligence and sagacity. The Duke started as he entered his prison chamber; and then taking his hand, gazed wistfully, but in silence, on his face, as if anxious to receive some information concerning which he could not summon resolution enough to inquire.

"Peace be with you, my son!" said the old man; "and may the heavenly bodies shower their most benign influences on your head!"

"Thanks, reverend Bracy," said the Duke; "but what say the stars? Do the heavenly bodies smile upon me now?"

"Their language is dubious and mysterious. Thy native planet, Saturn, rose last night enveloped in dark clouds. The influences of Mars and Jupiter were adverse to it; while Venus, which when last I drew thy horoscope, was in conjunction with it, was no longer visible."

"And what, good Father, may these signs portend?" asked Suffolk tremblingly.

"That the King and the Barons," answered Bracy, "are hostile to you, and that the influence of the Queen is no longer able to protect you."

"Ha!" said the Duke, "sayest thou so? then De la Pole is indeed lost!"

"Nay, nay," said Bracy; "I know not that yet; if I read aright the prophetic language of the stars, there is yet a hope that you may escape the impending evil."

"Tell me what hope there is, good Father."

"You will be safe, my son, if you escape the dangers of the Tower."

"If——," said Suffolk despondingly; and his features, which

for a moment had beamed with hope, again exhibited the paleness of despair. "*If* I escape the dangers of the Tower! Alas! those are the only dangers with which I am menaced. Were I once emancipated from these fatal walls, exile, penury, or any evil with which it might please Heaven to afflict me, should be submitted to with resignation and even with cheerfulness."

While the Duke spake these words the dungeon door again opened, and Sir Anthony Tyrrell, the Deputy Lieutenant of the Tower, stood before him.

"What news, good Tyrrell?" asked the prisoner.

"I have just received a message from the King."

"And is there aught in that message which touches me?"

"Its contents regard your Grace, and no one else," said the Lieutenant.

"Methinks, Sir Anthony," said Suffolk, "you seem in no great haste to communicate them. Tell me the whole,—the worst Are the days of William de la Pole numbered?"

"My Lord," said Tyrrell, "my tidings are of a mingled charac ter, good and ill. Your Grace is no longer a prisoner, but at liberty to depart the Tower."

"Ha!" said Suffolk, while his eyes sparkled, and a mysterious glance was exchanged between him and the astrologer; "then the dangers of the Tower are escaped. Thanks, Tyrrell, for these thy good tidings. Now tell me what thou hast to say of ill? Methinks I can bear the worst?"

"Your Grace is banished the realm; and if found in England three days hence, is condemned to die the death of a traitor."

"Not three hours, good Tyrrell, would I willingly encumber this ungrateful soil with my presence. But my wife—my son—" a tear started to his eye, and his frame shook with a sudden emotion. "John de la Pole is young and rash, and surrounded by enemies who will never forgive him the name which he bears. Tarry awhile, good Tyrrell, while I essay to commit to paper the last prayers and wishes of his banished father."

The Duke then sat down at the stone table which we have already mentioned; and while a thousand varying emotions made

their transit over his face, with a firm and unshaken hand, wrote the following epistle :—

"My dear and only well-beloved son, I beseech our Lord in Heaven, the Maker of all the world, to bless you, and to send you ever grace to love Him and to dread Him; to the which, as far as a father may charge his child, I both charge you and pray you to set all your spirits and wits to do, and to know His holy laws and commandments, by the which ye shall, with His great mercy, pass all the great tempests and troubles of this wretched world.

"And that also weetingly, ye do nothing for love nor dread of any earthly creature that should displease Him. And whenever any frailty maketh you to fall, beseech His mercy soon to call you to Him again with repentance, satisfaction, and contrition of your heart, never more in will to offend Him.

"Secondly, next Him, above all earthly things, to be true liegeman in heart, in will, in thought, in deed, unto the King, our high and dread Sovereign Lord, to whom, both ye and I be so much bound, charging you, as father can and may, rather to die than to be the contrary, or to know anything that were against the welfare or prosperity of his most royal person; but that, as far as your body and life may stretch, ye live and die to defend it, and to let his Highness have knowledge thereof in all the haste ye can.

"Thirdly, in the same wise I charge you, my dear son, always, as ye be bounden by the commandment of God to do, to love, to worship your lady and mother; and also, that ye obey alway her commandments, and believe her counsels and advices in all your works, the which dread not but shall be best and truest to you.

"And if any other body would steer you to the contrary, to flee the counsel in any wise, for ye will find it nought and evil.

"Furthermore, as far as father may and can, I charge you in any wise to flee the company and counsel of proud men, of covetous men, and of flattering men, the more especially and mightily to withstand them, and not to draw or to meddle with them, with all your might and power; and to draw to you and to your company, good and virtuous men, and such as be of good conversation and of truth, and by them shall ye never be deceived or repent you of.

"Moreover, never follow your own wit in no wise, but in all your works, of such folks, as I write of above, ask your advice and counsel; and doing thus, with the mercy of God, ye shall do right well, and live in right much worship and great heart's rest and ease.

"And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think.

"And last of all, as heartily and lovingly as ever father blessed his child on earth, I give you the blessing of Our Lord and of me, which of His infinite mercy increase you in all virtue and good living: and that your blood may, by His grace, from kindred to kindred, multiply in this earth, to do His service in such wise as, after the departing from this wretched world here, ye and they may glorify Him eternally amongst His angels in Heaven.

"Written of my hand,
The day of my departing from this land,
Your true and loving father,
"SUFFOLK."*

"Tyrrell," said the Duke, placing the letter in the Lieutenant's hands, and accompanying it with a jewel which he plucked from his bosom, "see that this letter be faithfully delivered to my son, and keep the bauble in token of the once mighty Duke of Suffolk's gratitude for the kindness and forbearance of his gaoler—and now, farewell; the dangers of the Tower are escaped."

As he spake these words, and was preparing to leave his dungeon, a tremendous shout was heard, mixed with groans and execrations, and one of the yeomen of the guard rushed into the apartment.

"Save, save yourself, my Lord!—the mob have attacked the Tower, and forced open the great gate. Their cry is, that the King means to defraud them of their vengeance, by sending you

* This affecting, and, for the period at which it was written, very elegant piece of epistolary composition, is a genuine letter of Suffolk's, and is preserved by Sir John Fenn, in his collection of original letters, written during the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III. It does not look like the production of a man stained with such crimes as have been imputed to Suffolk.

out of the kingdom. The yeomen are defending the inner gate; and, notwithstanding the vast numbers of the assailants, they hope to be able to maintain it until they receive a reinforcement.—Ha!" he added, as another shout was heard, and the gate gave way with a tremendous crash, "that hope is vain. My Lord Duke, look for mercy in Heaven, for it has fled from you on earth."

By this time the long corridor leading to Suffolk's dungeon was filled with an infuriated mob, who were advancing with the utmost rapidity to secure their victim. One man of Herculean proportions and ferocious countenance, armed with a massive club, was considerably in advance of his companions, and rushed into Suffolk's dungeon, almost before the yeoman had concluded his address. With a frantic yell he darted at the Duke, and with his uplifted bludgeon would have dashed him to the earth, had not Sir Arthur Tyrrell hastily drawn his sword from his scabbard, and sheathed it in the assassin's side. The ruffian uttered one long groan, his weapon dropped hurtless, and he fell, a bleeding corpse, to the ground.

These events happened in an instant; but the same instant had sufficed to enable the yeoman to close the door of the dungeon and to turn the key in the massive lock in the inside; so that when the mob arrived, they found themselves unable to procure admittance.

"My Lord," said the yeoman, "quickly exchange clothes with this dead ruffian. The door will not resist the attack for five minutes. Help, help, Sir Walter!"

As he thus spake, the populace hammered against the door of the dungeon with their feet, hands, and clubs, and uttered the most frantic and furious exclamations; while Tyrrell and the yeoman assisted the prisoner to complete the disguise of himself and of the corpse. At length the door was burst open, and Suffolk, brandishing the assassin's club, and rushing towards those who now entered, exclaimed, "Courage, comrades, courage! the traitor and butcher is no more. Behold him there!"

One long, loud shout of fiend-like exultation burst from the

crowd as they beheld the lifeless body wrapped in the robes of the Duke of Suffolk ; and then, wielding their clubs, they wreaked their hatred on the lifeless carcase of their supposed enemy, and by that means very speedily prevented the possibility of the features being identified, or the cheat which had been practised upon them detected.

In the evening of the day on which these events occurred, a party assembled in one of the most obscure of those taverns which then abounded in the neighbourhood of Eastcheap. It was composed of five or six persons, whose dresses and conversation proclaimed them to belong to the lowest class of London citizens; but their lowering brows, the gloomy, hateful fire of their eyes, and the gloating exultation, whenever the name of Suffolk was mentioned, which they expressed at his supposed death, indicated that they belonged to that class of political fanatics who advocated the cause of the White Rose, or York faction.

"I marvel, Captain Nicholas," said one, "that your brother, to whom it is said that the nation is indebted for this patriotic achievement, has not yet joined us !"

The person addressed was a middle-aged man, tall, and marvellously ill-favoured. A sabre-cut above his left brow added to the naturally ruffian-like character of his features. His eyes were small, deep sunk in his head, and sparkled with an unnatural brightness. His long, shaggy, grey hair fell in elf-locks on his shoulders, and his dress and accoutrements showed that he was a mariner, or probably what in those days was nearly synonymous, a pirate.

"Tut ! man ; he has but hastened to the Duke of York to make sure of the reward. Yet I would he were here ! for my vessel is under weigh already ; and should any of Queen Margaret's emissaries surprise us before we set sail, the Duke's gold would be but a sorry recompense for the measure which we must dance under the gibbet by the time that the cock crows on the morrow."

"Talkest thou of gibbets, Master Walter Nicholas ?" said another of his companions. "Mass ! I blush for thee, that so craven a thought should intrude on thy imagination on so glorious a day as this. The tyrant Suffolk is dead ; the White Rose shall

soon be planted so high, that its blushing rival shall turn paler than itself for very spite; and then, hey for the gallant rovers of the sea, when Duke Richard wears the crown of England!"

"Peace, peace, Whitmore!" said another of the gang: "even stone walls have ears; so think not that a crazy wooden hostelry like this is a place in which to blab the brave Duke's secrets. Let us rather while away the time until John Nicholas arrives, by singing a catch."

This suggestion being unanimously acceded to, the company joined voices very lustily. The reader will recollect that the catch was a sort of antiquated glee, the chief merit of which lay, not in the words, but the music; and the humour frequently consisted in each singer calling every one of his companions a knave, and receiving the same compliment from him in return. That which was sung on the present occasion ran as follows:—

"Sing, sing we the merryman's stave,
And let each man call his fellow a knave:
The treble for me, and the tenor for thee,
And thy deep voice the bass shall be:
He's a knave who will not sing out rarely.
Trowl, trowl, the wassailing bowl,
The juice that it bears is the dew of the soul;
Wherever its generous influence it showers,
Wit, humour, and fancy come forth like spring flowers,
Let us quaff, boys, and make the rich heritage ours:
You're a knave—you're a knave—
You're a knave—you're a knave—
He's a knave who will not drink out fairly."

"Peace, peace! you brawling idiots!" said a man, rushing in upon them, whose belted sword and golden spurs proclaimed him to belong to the order of knighthood. "Is this the way in which ye should spend your time when the Duke's enemies are triumphant, and are laughing at the frustration of all his schemes?"

"Good Sir Humphrey Arden," said he whom his companions had addressed as Captain Nicholas, "lacking better employment, we were but having a rouse until John Nicholas's arrival."

"And if your rouse last till then," said the knight, "it will not be finished before the day of judgment."

"Ha! Sir Knight," said Nicholas, grasping his sword, "has the

Duke dared—does he think to hide his crime by despatching his emissary?"

"The Duke has slain John Nicholas," said Arden.

"The Duke of York!" exclaimed Nicholas.

"Of Suffolk," said the Knight.

"By Heaven!" added the pirate. "I am cheated—I am scoffed at. Did not my brother himself slay that Duke? Did not I see him stretched lifeless in his dungeon, with his peacock's feathers, his ducal robes and garter, weltering in his blood?"

"It was thy own brother, Walter Nicholas, whose bleeding corpse thou sawest. The Duke slew him as he rushed upon him in his cell; and then exchanging clothes with his victim, he made his escape through the midst of the assembled populace."

"Now, by Heaven!" said the pirate, "there wanted not this. Plantagenet's gold was enough to induce me to spill the blood of a better man than De la Pole; the hatred which I felt for my country's tyrant was a motive of mere surplusage; but now my brother's blood is on his hands, let him flee whither he will. I'll drag him from the foot of King Louis's throne; he shall feel my hand at his throat, though surrounded by a thousand Irish kernes; the trace of his footsteps on the land, of his keel upon the sea, will be visible to the eyes of Walter Nicholas."

"Gallant-hearted Walter," said Sir Humphrey Arden; "I knew that such would be thy feeling. The Duke of York commends himself to you and your noble crew. This," taking a bag of gold from his pouch, "is but a small earnest of the reward which he destines for you after you have made Suffolk a headless man. But you hear me not, good Walter," added Arden, observing that the pirate kept his eyes fixed moodily on the ground, and seemed lost in his own reflections.

"Proceed! proceed! I hear thee now; thou talkest of spilling Suffolk's blood—"

"'Tis of that I would speak, gentle friend. The traitor is now, as the Duke has learned by sure intelligence, far on the road to Dover. On the morning after the morrow he will embark for Calais; and if thou, Master Nicholas, couldst intercept him—"

"If," said the pirate, starting up, and snatching his cap—"Aboard, gallants! aboard! Farewell, Sir Knight of Arden. Commend me humbly to his good Grace of York, and say that if the sight of the gory head of Suffolk will contribute to the soundness of his slumbers, he shall not long toss upon a restless couch for the want of such a spectacle."

Thus saying he rushed out of the hostelry, followed by his comrades, and took the road to the water side, while the Knight, waving his hand to them, pursued his journey in an opposite direction.

In the mean time, the Duke of Suffolk no sooner found himself out of his gloomy prison, than, still preserving his disguise, he bent his steps towards the house of a faithful retainer of his, named Stephen Basset, which was situated on the strand of the river Thames, between the cities of London and Westminster. Here he found his loyal adherent in an agony of grief, having just heard the report of the Duke's assassination in the Tower. There was little time for the exchange either of congratulations or courtesies, as the indignation of the mob, on the discovery of their error—a discovery which could not be long delayed—would no doubt rage with tenfold vehemence. Basset had had a carriage and horses for some hours waiting in readiness, to convey his master to Dover: they therefore stepped into this vehicle without delay, which, after four-and-twenty hours' hard travelling, deposited them safely on the evening of the next day at the door of Sir Richard Fitzmaurice, the Constable of Dover, a tried and trusty friend to the Duke of Suffolk.

"Welcome, my noble Lord," said Fitzmaurice, "thrice welcome! We have heard strange rumours respecting your Grace's mishaps, and almost feared that the King's clemency had been rendered of no avail by the bloodthirstiness of a brutal mob."

"Thanks, good Sir Richard!" said Suffolk, returning the cordial grasp with which his friend greeted him. "I am safe now; and unless those shining oracles," pointing to the stars, which then shone with a peculiar brightness, "can lie, I am beyond the reach of danger."

"It is the book," said Fitzmaurice, gazing on the starry sky, "of unerring wisdom and infallible truth. Tell me what is written in those shining leaves, as to the destiny of my friend."

"That I shall be safe, Fitzmaurice, when I have escaped the dangers of the Tower."

"And thou hast escaped them all, noble Suffolk; but haste thee, haste thee to take such refreshment and brief slumber as the time will allow. At daybreak the vessel sails for Calais; for, even at this distance from London, your enemies are so numerous as to render it imprudent for you to embark during the broad sunlight. The wind is fresh and fair, and when the tide serves, will waft you speedily to Calais."

The Duke saw the necessity of following his friend's advice; and after partaking of the refreshment offered him, he repaired to his chamber, and throwing himself on his couch, soon sunk into a profound slumber. His agitation and fatigue had worn out his bodily strength and thrown it into repose; but his mind was still active and awake, and tortured by uneasy and fearful dreams. He fancied himself once more in the Tower, loaded with fetters, and exposed to the gibes and jeers of his persecutors. Another time he was mounting that fatal hill in the vicinity of his dungeon, for the purpose of laying his head upon the block, while a grim and ghastly figure carried an axe before him. Then the scene changed, and he imagined himself on the sea, speeding with a fair wind and flowing sheet towards Calais. His heart bounded with delight—the ramparts of Calais appeared before him—"The dangers of the Tower are escaped!" he exclaimed, when, suddenly turning his eyes towards the middle of the vessel, he saw a tall turret rising up from the deck instead of a mast, and although a flag floated from the top, it bore not the colours of the vessel, but was the same gloomy rag which he had seen streaming in the wind as he entered his fearful prison at London. At that moment a voice, which sounded in his ear awfully as the Archangel's trump, cried out—"*To the block! to the block!*" with such distinctness, that he started pale and trembling from his couch, and saw his friend Fitzmaurice by his side, whose voice it was which had roused him from his

sleep; but the words uttered, which his disordered fancy had distorted to such a fearful meaning, were—"*Aboard! aboard!*"

"Despatch! despatch! my good Lord, Basset is already on board. The vessel only waits your Grace's arrival to spread her sails merrily before the breeze, and bear you to peace and safety in Calais."

The Duke had no time to ruminate on the ominous interpretation, which in his dream had been given to the words of his friend; but after hastily wringing his hand, and throwing a rich collar of pearls round his neck, he proceeded to the place of embarkation, rowed to the vessel, and mounting the deck with the utmost rapidity, was speedily on his way toward Calais.

They had not been on the waters above half an hour, before a strange sail appeared in sight. It was a very large vessel, which, as it approached the Duke's ship, was observed to carry numerous guns, was well manned, and sailed with astonishing swiftness. As she approached Suffolk's vessel, she hung out a black flag, and lowered a boat, while the crew gave three astounding cheers.

"Death! my Lord," said Basset, "I fear some treachery. These villains mean us no good."

"Peace, fool, peace!" said the Duke; "the dangers of the Tower are passed. The worst that can befal us now will be to be attacked by pirates, who, for a slight ransom, will allow us to pass on uninjured. They know not my rank, and therefore will not be exorbitant in their demands."

By this time, five men from the boat ascended the deck of the Duke's vessel.

"You have passengers?" said one.

"We have two gentlemen," answered the commander, "whom we are carrying to Calais. What would ye with them?"

"That question is one which our noble Captain Nicholas can best answer. You must on board with us, gallants," he added, addressing the Duke and Basset.

"Be it so, my friend," said Suffolk; "your Captain is doubtless no such churl, but that we shall meet and part in good fellowship. —On with me, Stephen."

Thus saying, they descended the gangway, entered the boat, and rowing to the larger vessel, were speedily on deck and introduced to the commander and his crew.

The appearance of the persons in whose power they found themselves was such as might have daunted the stoutest heart; it exhibited nothing, however, that was not in accordance with the violent and lawless occupation which they followed.

"Friend," said Suffolk, addressing the Captain, "you shall find us neither misers nor beggars: name but our ransoms, and let me proceed speedily to Calais, and my friend shall remain an hostage to secure payment within an hour after I am set on shore."

"Your ransom," said the Captain gruffly, and addressing Basset, "is a thousand crowns: are ye content?"

"It shall be paid, most noble Captain," said Suffolk; "and now, of your courtesy, may I crave to know my own?"

"Your heart's blood, or your head!" said the pirate, smiling grimly, and following his words with an obstreperous laugh. "Choose ye between them."

Suffolk started and turned pale; for, although such lawless characters as stood before him were in the habit of playing off their coarse and ruffianly jokes upon their prisoners, these last words were spoken in a tone of earnestness and feeling which made it difficult for him to believe that they were not uttered in sincerity.

"Good Captain," he said, "if thou knewest the urgent nature of my business at Calais, thou wouldest not detain me now to listen to thy idle jesting."

"Jesting! good fellow, call you it?" said the pirate. "By Heaven, all jesting shall speedily terminate, since it sorts so ill with your inclination.—Comrades, bear this fellow to the long-boat, the side thereof is but an unceremonious sort of block; but Tower Hill itself could not perform the business more effectually."

"Off, traitors!" said Suffolk, as the pirate's myrmidons laid hold of him. "Ye know not whom your plebeian hands have dared to touch. I am not what I seem."

"Certes," said the Captain, "nor so honest a man as poor John Nicholas, in whose garments thou hast wrapped thyself."

"Ha! fellow," said Suffolk; "then thou knowest me."

"Right well," answered his captor; "and so well, that I would speedily be rid of thee.—Bear him to the long-boat; fellows, away with him!"

"Ruffians, avaunt!" said Suffolk, stamping on the deck, and, with the more than natural strength which terror and indignation had given him, breaking from their grasp. "If this ruffian would, without remorse, shed the blood of a prince, you, my good friends, will, I know, not allow him to gratify his butcher's wish. Let me escape; my friend will remain with you a pledge for my fidelity; a thousand crowns to each man shall be the price of my safety; and, for assurance that I have the power to perform what I promise, know that I am the Duke of Suffolk."

The Duke looked round with a proud glance; but instead of the awe and respect which he anticipated would follow the mere communication of his name, he saw a malignant sneer on every lip.

"We know you well, De la Pole," said Nicholas, "but not for the Duke of Suffolk, since, before your arrival in our own good ship, we had solemnly tried and condemned you, deprived you of your titles and honours, and sentenced you to the block; therefore, I pray you, make a short shrift, and bow down your head peaceably, for the Duke of York is but a slippery creditor, and I shall lose my reward unless I claim it speedily."

"The perjured traitor! the vile Plantagenet!" said Suffolk, lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven. "But it cannot be," he added, and a gleam of hope again brightened his features.—"Beware, fellows, how you draw down upon yourselves the vengeance of Heaven. Do not load your souls with the sin of a guilty attempt which it is impossible should be successful. The stars cannot lie; and it is written in their shining book, that I shall be safe when I have escaped the dangers of the Tower."

"Despair thy charm," said Nicholas, turning suddenly round, and clapping his prisoner on the shoulder. "Behold! De la Pole, behold!"

He pointed towards the stern of the vessel, where the ship's name was painted. Suffolk followed with his eye the direction of his finger; and there, while his hair bristled on his head, and his

blood curdled in his heart, he read, in characters painfully distinct, the fatal name, "THE TOWER."

"Oh, God!" he said, sinking on his knee, while the cold drops poured down his brow; "lost! lost indeed for ever!—And yet," he added, starting up and rushing towards the vessel, "there is still one hope—the dangers of the Tower may yet be escaped." He was springing into the water, but the brawny arms of Nicholas and one of his comrades arrested him. "Bear him to the long-boat," said the former; "a moment's delay is too tedious a dallying with so precious a prize."

It was a delay which he did not suffer; for the pirates, with their unhappy victim in their clutch, darted down the gangway and into the long-boat with the velocity of lightning. Here the prisoner was held down with his head on the side of the boat, while one of the seamen unsheathed his sabre and prepared to strike the fatal blow.

"Put up your bright, sharp sword, comrade," said Nicholas; "it is too honourable a weapon for such a traitor to die by. This," he added, picking up an old rusty sword which lay at the bottom of the boat, "is a fitter instrument wherewith to spill his scoundrel blood."

A roar of savage delight burst from the spectators as the executioner took the proffered weapon with a hideous grin, and let it fall, after aiming a tremendous blow, on the neck of his victim. A shudder pervaded even the ranks of these ferocious pirates, as they saw that the blow had not taken effect, and heard the groans and saw the blood of the yet living prisoner. A second blow descended and cut deeper, but still without being fatal. "Mercy! mercy!" groaned out Suffolk, as a third and a fourth blow fell on his neck. The fifth was aimed with better effect; and at length, by placing his foot on the rusty sword, and driving it with all his might through the neck of his victim, the executioner severed the head from the body, and the spirit of Suffolk was placed beyond the reach of his tormentors.*

Thus was the prophecy fulfilled; for De la Pole escaped not the dangers of the Tower.

---

* Fenn's Letters. Hall's Chronicle.

THE LINE OF YORK.

For the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

SHAKSPEARE.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

EDWARD THE FOURTH.

1461.—EDWARD defeated the Lancastrians at Towton. Henry, with his Queen and son, escaped into Scotland.

1463.—Margaret went over to France to solicit succours: she returned with two thousand men, and then collected a large army, which was entirely defeated by Lord Montague, near Hexham. Margaret, with her son, fled to her father in Anjou. Henry was seized and sent to the Tower of London.

1464.—Edward sent the Earl of Warwick to contract a marriage for him with Bona of Savoy, sister-in-law to the King of France; but during the Earl's absence, he fell in love with and married Elizabeth Gray. Warwick returned to England full of indignation.

1466.—Louis XI. was at war with the Dukes of Burgundy and Brittany. Edward entered into an alliance with Burgundy, giving him his sister in marriage.

The Duke of Clarence, Edward's brother, concurred privately in Warwick's animosity to Edward, and married his daughter.

1469.—An insurrection broke out in Yorkshire. The malcontents defeated the royal army, and put its commander, the Earl of Pembroke, and the Earl of Rivers, to death.

1470.—The Duke of Clarence and the Earl of Warwick levied troops, and declared themselves at the head of the rebels. They afterwards defeated Edward and took him prisoner. He made his escape, raised another army, and defeated Lord Wells near Stamford. Clarence and Warwick fled to France.

Louis XI. promised them aid, and sent for Margaret, who was with her father in Sicily.

Clarence and Warwick landed at Dartmouth, and their army increasing prodigiously, marched against Edward, who was encamped at Lynn. He being alarmed, and imagining that his army was disaffected, fled on board a vessel to his brother-in-law, the Duke of Burgundy. Clarence and Warwick marched to London, released Henry, and again proclaimed him King. A Parliament declared Edward an usurper, and settled the succession on Henry and his heirs.

1471.—Edward landed at Ravenspur, in Yorkshire, with about two thousand men. Warwick raised an army about Leicester to oppose him; but Edward arrived in London, which opened its gates to him. Henry was again taken and sent to the Tower.

Warwick marched towards London: on the road the Duke of Clarence deserted to his brother with twelve thousand men. Warwick was defeated and slain at Barnet.

Margaret and her son were defeated at Tewkesbury, the prince killed, and herself sent to the Tower, where her husband Henry died soon after. He was supposed to have been murdered.

Jasper, Earl of Pembroke, fled with his nephew Richmond into Brittany.

1475.—Edward, having entered into a treaty with the Duke of Burgundy, invaded France; but finding himself deceived by the Duke, made a peace with Louis XI., and the two monarchs held a conference on the bridge of Montereau, where it was agreed that Margaret should be released on Louis paying fifty thousand crowns for her ransom.

1478.—The Duke of Clarence was accused and committed to the Tower, where he was found murdered.

1483.—Edward died on the 9th April.

The Wooing at Grafton.

I cannot hide
My love to thee. 'Tis like the sun concealed
In watery clouds, whose glory will break through,
And, spite opposure, scorns to be conceal'd.
HEYWOOD.

IT was one of those fresh and balmy summer evenings which sometimes succeed a day of scarcely endurable sultriness. The breathless stillness and heat of noon had given place to a refreshing breeze, which rippled the waves of the Ouse, and stirred the countless leaves of the forest, through which the river meandered. The sun was setting in unclouded magnificence; and

although his rays had greatly declined in intensity and strength, they had lost nothing of their splendour and their brightness. The birds, whose floods of melody appeared to have been dried up during the day, now poured forth a tide of song so full and resistless, that it seemed as if they intended during the short interval previous to the hour of roosting to make amends for the silence of so many hours.

A lady of a stately figure, and features of exquisite beauty, was walking on the banks of the river. She was followed by a female attendant, and led by the hand a youth who seemed to be about nine or ten years of age. She was tall and finely formed; her eyes were large, black, and bright; her ringlets, which were as black and almost as bright, fell down to her shoulders; her complexion was exquisitely fair, approaching even to paleness. The tears which streamed down her cheeks, the melancholy expression of her eye, especially when it glanced on the stripling by her side, and the widow's weeds in which she was apparelled, too plainly told that, young as she was, sorrow had outstripped time, and premature clouds had darkened the morning of her days.

"Adelaide," she said, addressing her attendant, "see'st thou yonder alder-tree, how it gleams and brightens in the rays of the sun? but that sun is setting; into those crimson clouds beneath him that look like a sanguinary sea, he will shortly sink, and then the tree which now gleams and brightens will be surrounded with desolation and darkness."

"But, to-morrow, Madam—" said the attendant.

"Talk not of the morrow to me," interrupted the lady—"to me, on whose darkened fortunes no morrow shall ever dawn. Alas! like yonder tree I flourished; brightness was on my head and around my path; but the sun that shone upon me has set;—has set in a sea of blood."

"Sweet lady!" said Adelaide, "but I will talk to thee of the morrow, for a morrow of joy and gladness shall dawn upon thee yet: King Edward is gallant and generous; and although Sir John Gray fell fighting the battles of the Red Rose, he will not

visit on the widow and orphans the transgressions of the husband and the father."

"Alas! Adelaide, only this day have I received a letter from my noble mother, who informs me that all her importunities have been in vain. The King has been besieged by her in his palace at Westminster more unremittingly than ever he was by Clifford o Northumberland, or the most zealous Lancastrian, when shut up in some iron fortress which constituted his only territory. The ruthless Richard Plantagenet, he whom they now call the Duke of Gloucester, stands between him and every generous disposition of his heart. The Lancastrians are devoted to the slaughter; and the crime of my dead lord, in gallantly supporting to his latest gasp the cause of his lawful sovereign, can only be expiated by the beggary of his widow and his orphans."

"Would that the gallant King," said Adelaide, "could but once behold that fair face wet with tears, and know that a single word from his lips would suffice to dry them! methinks that the forfeited estates of your husband would then be soon restored to you."

"And in truth, gentle Adelaide," said the Lady Gray, "a wild hope that perchance in the course of the chase, which he is to-day following in this neighbourhood, I might come in contact with him, and have an opportunity of falling at his feet and pleading my cause in person, has lured me from Grafton Manor, and kept me wandering by the river-side till the hour of sunset."

"The dews of evening are descending, Madam, and the chase is over. Let us return, lest we be intruded upon by some of the wild gallants in King Edward's train, who are not very scrupulous in their mode of courtship when they encounter a fair lady alone and unprotected. Trust rather to the continued importunity of your noble mother. The Duchess has a persuasive speech, and the King a susceptible heart. Let us return to the manor, and hope that all will yet be well."

The lady turned round to retrace her steps, in compliance with the advice of her attendant, when she found herself suddenly seized in the grasp of a man who had followed her unperceived,

and who now, with very little ceremony, proceeded to overwhelm her with his embraces.

The author of this outrage was by no means one whose personal attractions could render the violence which he committed less unpalatable. He was a short and meagre figure, humpbacked, with legs of an unequal size, and teeth, or rather fangs, which protruded from his mouth, and gave a hideous expression to his face, which otherwise might have possibly been called handsome. His forehead was high and fair, his eyes black and sparkling, and his broad, arched brows gave an expression of intelligence and dignity to the upper part of his countenance which strangely contrasted with the grotesqueness and deformity of his figure. He was very richly habited in a robe of blue velvet, lined with silk, and glittering with gold—a sword hung by his side, and a cap, adorned with a plume of feathers, and a sparkling diamond in the front, was placed in rather a fantastic and foppish manner upon his head.

The lady shrieked fearfully when she found herself in the arms of this hideous being. "Silence, Madam, silence," he said, "or," and he touched his dagger, while a cloud as black as midnight gathered on his brow, which, however, instantly gave place to a smile of even bewitching sweetness. "Pardon, pardon," he added, "that one used to war and strife should begin with menaces, even when addressing so fair a creature as thou art!"

"Unhand me, monster!" said the Lady Gray.

"Sweet lady," he said, "you must unheart me first."

"Desist!" said a voice behind them, "or, by Heaven! your heart shall rue the boldness of your hand."

With these words, a young man habited in Lincoln green, with a bow and quiver slung over his shoulders, and bearing a drawn sword in his hand, rushed upon the lady's assailant. He paused, however, as his eye encountered that of this misshapen being—whether it was that he recognized a face familiar to him, or that he felt an emotion of surprise at the hideousness of the creature which he beheld, was not apparent. The latter eyed him with a sullen and malignant smile, and then uttering a loud and discordant laugh, disappeared amidst the recesses of the forest.

The lady had sunk on the ground exhausted and stupified with terror. Her deliverer hastened to raise her up; while the boy, whose bosom heaved with sobs, caught her hand, and covered it with his kisses; and Adelaide sprinkled her pallid and death-like features with water from the river. When she once more opened her eyes, they rested upon a being very dissimilar from him in whose arms she had last found herself. The perfect grace and symmetry of his form was only equalled by the sweetness and noble expression of his features, which, save that the curl of his lip, and the proud glance of his eye, indicated something of a haughty and imperious temperament, approached as nearly as possible to the *beau ideal* of manly beauty. The simplicity and modesty of his dress were as strikingly opposed to the gorgeous apparel, as were his graces of form and feature to the ghastliness and deformity of his late opponent.

"Thanks, gentle Sir!" said the Lady Gray—"thanks for thy timely aid!"

"No thanks are due to me, sweet lady; but to thy fair self I owe unbounded thanks for an opportunity of gazing on so much loveliness. Yet must I be a petitioner for a farther favour—permission to escort you home."

The lady accepted with gratitude the service which was proffered as a boon; and giving her hand to the graceful cavalier, she proceeded under his escort homewards, attended by the stripling and Adelaide. During this short journey, she had an opportunity of discovering that the elegant and accomplished form of her deliverer was but the mirror of his refined and cultivated mind. The wit, vivacity, knowledge of men and manners, originality of thought, and courteous and chivalrous demeanour which he evinced, were such that, if they did not positively win the heart of the Lady Gray before this their first interview terminated, they certainly laid the foundation of a passion which, as the reader will subsequently learn, exercised a powerful influence over the destinies of both.

"And now, gentle Sir," said the lady, as they arrived at her residence, "welcome to Grafton Manor. Will you please to enter?"

"Not now, sweet Madam!" answered the cavalier; "I am in

the King's train, and my services will be missed. Yet may I crave leave to call to-morrow, and inquire after the health of——" He paused; but the lady soon concluded his sentence.

"Of the Lady Gray of Groby," she said, extending her hand to him.

"Ha!" he said, and started, while a dark frown lowered for a moment over his fine features, "the widow of the Lancastrian knight who fell at St. Alban's."

"Even that ill-starred woman," said the Lady Gray, while the tears streamed down her features.—"Farewell! farewell! I see that it is a name which is now unpleasing to all ears."

"Nay, nay, sweet Madam," said the youth, gently detaining her; "it is a name which friends and foes ought alike to honour as identified with manly and heroic devotion to a falling cause, and——" his voice faltered as he added, in a softer tone, "with the perfection of female grace and loveliness. You have been a suppliant to the King, Madam, for the restoration of your dead Lord's forfeited estates?"

"I have been," she replied, "and a most unhappy and unsuccessful one."

"The King, Madam, is surrounded by men who entertain small love for the unhappy adherents of the House of Lancaster. I have the honour to serve his Highness. If Edward March, his poor Esquire, can advance the cause of the Lady Gray, small as may be his abilities to do her good, they shall be all devoted to her service."

"Thanks!—once more a thousand thanks, generous Sir!" said the lady. "The cause of Elizabeth Gray indeed needs all the efforts of her friends to ensure for it a prosperous issue. If Master Edward March can do aught to serve it, the blessing of the widow and the fatherless will rest upon his head."

"And the blessing of the widow," thought Master Edward March, after he had taken leave of the lady, and was retracing his steps to the river side, "will be the blessing of the prettiest woman in England. That of the fatherless I could e'en dispense with; yet, methinks, it is well that they are fatherless, Heaven rest their father's soul!"

This short interview caused a strange disturbance in the heart of Elizabeth Gray. The interests of her orphan children, and anxiety to obtain for them the restitution of their father's forfeited property, had for a long time occupied her mind exclusively. Now a new feeling, she would not venture to call it a passion, seemed at least to mingle with, if not to absorb, all other considerations. Yet even this came disguised in the garb of her children's interests, who, she now felt more than ever, stood much in need of a protector to supply the place of their deceased parent. The mother of the Lady Gray was Jaqueline of Luxembourg, the Dowager Duchess of Bedford, who had, after the death of her husband, so far sacrificed her ambition to love, that she espoused in second marriage Sir Richard Woodville, a private gentleman, to whom she bore several children; and among the rest Elizabeth, who was remarkable for the grace and beauty of her person, as well as for many accomplishments. This young lady had married Sir John Gray of Groby, by whom she had two sons; and her husband being slain in the second battle of St. Alban's, fighting on the side of Lancaster, and his estate being for that reason confiscated, his widow had retired to live with her mother at her seat of Grafton, in Northamptonshire. The Duchess herself resided principally in London, as well for the purpose of leaving her daughter as much as possible in complete possession of Grafton Manor, as to afford the Duchess, by her vicinity to the palace, opportunities for pressing upon the King the propriety of restoring to the widow of Sir John Gray the forfeited estates of her husband. These solicitations, however, had as yet been unvailing, and she was in daily expectation of hearing that the estates, which formed the subject of them, had been bestowed upon some adherent of the House of York.

Such was the posture of her affairs when the Lady Gray became acquainted with Edward March, in the manner which we have narrated. The young esquire called on her the next day, and their second interview confirmed in the bosoms of both the passion which had been excited by the first. March, in addition to his personal attractions, expressed so much anxiety for the interests of the lady and her children, and such a determination, as soon as the

King returned to London, and was at leisure to attend to business, to press the fair widow's suit upon his attention, that the surrender which the lady made of her heart seemed to her to be no less a matter of policy than affection. The youth was not slow in perceiving the impression which he had made on the susceptible bosom of Elizabeth; and one day, when the parties had scarcely been acquainted a month, he took, like Othello, "a pliant hour," poured into the lady's listening, and not offended ear, a confession of his passion, and made an offer of his hand and heart.

"Alas! good Master March," said she, "thou talkest idly. What hopes can a poor Esquire and the portionless widow of Sir John Gray have of future happiness, by uniting their forlorn fortunes together?"

"I have a sword, Madam, which has already done good service, and which, I doubt not, will, on the next field in which it is brandished, win for me the badge of knighthood."

"Or the grave of an esquire!" said the lady, mournfully.

"But, Madam, trust to my persuasions and the King's goodness of heart for the restoration of your children's inheritance. Will you make your promise of sealing my happiness conditional upon that restoration?"

The youth's eye flashed fire as he put this question to the lady. Her colour came and went—her bosom rose and fell quickly; her heart beat within it tumultuously, and her whole frame trembled like the aspen tree, as she paused a few moments before she answered this question; and then, sinking into his arms, exclaimed, "I will, I will! dearest Edward, I am wholly thine."

"Now Heaven's richest blessings fall upon that fair head!" he said, imprinting a fervent kiss on her forehead. "The King departs for London on the morrow, and I must follow in his train. Trust me, sweet Elizabeth, that thy suit shall not want the advocacy of any eloquence which I may possess; and I hope that when I next meet thee, it will be to clasp thee to my bosom as my bride."

The Lady Gray felt more desolate than ever at Grafton Manor after the departure of Edward March from its neighbourhood. She had intrusted him with a letter to the Duchess of Bedford, in

which she had simply informed her that the bearer was a gentleman who hoped, from his situation near the person of the King, to be able to advance the successful progress of their suit to his Highness. To this letter she had received an answer, saying that it had been forwarded to her mother by Mr. March, but that he had not himself called upon the Duchess, nor had she received from him any intelligence as to the success of his efforts on the Lady Gray's behalf. Days and weeks rolled on, and the fair widow still remained in total uncertainty as to the state of her affairs, except that each letter which she received from her mother informed her that she found increasing difficulty in procuring interviews with the King, and that the monarch, at such interviews, appeared colder and more adverse than ever to the object for which they were sought.

"Alas! alas!" said the Lady Gray, "will Fate ever cease to persecute me? Even this last fond hope—reliance on the affection and on the efforts in my behalf of this young man—has failed me. But it was a wild and an idle hope; and Elizabeth Gray, who has seen so much of the world, ought to have known how delusive are its brightest prospects, and how false its most solemn promises. Edward March has proved inconstant and untrue, and Elizabeth Gray must remain desolate and oppressed."

These painful thoughts agitated her mind as from a terrace in the gardens of Grafton Manor she gazed on nearly the same scenery which we have described at the commencement of this narrative —the winding Ouse, whose every ripple gleamed like gold in the beams of the declining sun; the massive oaks, which cast their dark shadows round them, but received on their summits and their leaves a share of the glory of the setting luminary; the stately manor-house in the foreground sending up wreaths of silver smoke into the deep blue sky; and the distant spire of the village-church of Grafton, catching the latest ray of the fast-declining orb, and terminating as with a finger of glory the horizon. This was a scene whose simple quiet beauty had often served to calm and soothe her wounded feelings, and to give a tinge of its own brightness to her anticipations of the future; now, however, it only served to bring

back painful recollections to her mind—the interview with March; the affections and hopes which sprang from it; and the cruel manner in which all those affections and hopes had been blighted and destroyed.

"Yes," she added; "it is a wild and idle hope, and he has proved inconstant and untrue."

At that moment a rustling among the leaves of the bower in which she sat aroused her from her reverie; and starting up, she beheld—not as for an instant she had fondly expected, Edward March, but a cavalier of maturer age and less welcome to her eye, yet nevertheless a right noble and valiant cavalier, her father's brother, Sir William Woodville.

"Gallant uncle!" she said, "right welcome to Grafton Manor!—what news from my noble mother?"

"Cold news, heavy news, sweet Elizabeth," said the Knight, and he passed his hand across his eyes.

"Alas! alas!" she said, sinking back into the seat from which she had sprung a moment before full of hopefulness.—"Tell it me then—tell it me, however cold and heavy. Methinks my heart has learned to bear so much, that it can yet bear something—a little, little more—before it breaks."

"Sweet lady," said Sir William, "I am come to inform you that all our hopes of procuring the restitution of your husband's property are over: the meddling interference of a young esquire of the name of March has proved fatal to our cause, he having been discovered to be the same individual who had the boldness to draw his sword on the Duke of Gloucester in Grafton forest, when the King and his retinue were last in this neighbourhood following the pleasures of the chase."

"Ha!" said the lady, wringing her hands and shrieking piteously; "and has that gallant young gentleman, to whom my thoughts have done so much injustice, involved himself in danger on my account; and was that foul, misshapen being, from whose odious caresses he rescued me, the Duke of Gloucester? I will hasten to London—I will throw myself at the feet of the gallant King—I will tell him that it was in the holiest cause—in the cause of injured innocence and

helplessness, that Edward March dared to draw his sword. I will save him—I will save him."

"Sweet cousin," said the Knight, gently detaining her—for she had started from her seat as if to perform the journey to London on the instant—"it is too late—Edward March is no more."

"Ha!" said the lady, while the blackness of despair gathered on her features; "thou art mad to say it, and I am mad to listen to it."

"Nay, nay, sweet cousin!" said the Knight; "'tis sad truth that I utter. Of the details of this young gentleman's fate, I can give you no intelligence. All that I know is, that the same messenger from the court who informed the Duchess that your suit was rejected, added, that the King had found it necessary to terminate the existence of Edward March."

"The cold-blooded ruthless tyrant!" said Elizabeth. "Why! every hair on Edward March's head was worth a thousand Glouces-ters—that bloated spider—that viperous deformity—that hideous libel on the human form! Uncle, thou wear'st a sword."

"Ay, cousin! and it has done good service in its time. It has dyed the white rose redder than its blushing rival."

"Now, then, draw it to perform a nobler service than ever. Unsheath it in the cause of murdered innocence—unsheath it in the cause of the helpless and oppressed. Rid the world of a monster in mind and form. Search with it for the heart, if he has one, of this Duke of Gloucester."

"Why, gentle cousin," said the Knight, almost smiling, notwithstanding the heaviness of the news of which he had been the bearer, at the violence of his niece's emotion—"what means this? Surely the loss of your suit to his Highness was not an event so improbable and unexpected, that it should find you thus unprepared to meet the consequences?"

"But the noble gentleman who has perished in the attempt to serve me!" said the lady, weeping.

"Peace be with his ashes!" said the Knight, crossing himself. "but, fair Elizabeth, it is vain and idle to lament the past. Let us rather provide for the future. The King may yet be prevailed

upon to do thee justice. Hasten to the palace; throw thyself at his feet; show him thy orphan children—show him thy sable weeds—above all, show him thy own fair face, and, my life for it, the broad acres of Groby are thine own."

"Wouldst have me kneel at the feet of a homicide?—wouldst have me kiss the hand red with the blood of Edward March? Perish the thought!" said the lady.

"Then perish the children of Sir John Gray!" said the Knight; "perish and starve his widow! Let beggary and desolation cling to that ancient and honourable house!"

"Nay, nay," said Elizabeth, interrupting him; "thou hast touched me to the quick. I did indeed forget. I will throw myself at the feet of this crowned barbarian—I will dry my tears—I will mask my cheek in smiles—I will procure for my children the restitution of their inheritance, and then I will hasten—"

"To Groby Castle?" said the Knight.

"To the grave! to the grave!" said the lady.

Sir William Woodville no sooner saw that his niece acquiesced in his proposition, than he endeavoured to hasten the execution of it, trusting that time would alleviate her sorrow; and not very well understanding all its violence,—for the real cause of her sympathy for the fate of Edward March had not occurred to the imagination of the Knight. "The Court, the Court," he said mentally, "is the atmosphere to dry a widow's tears: the tilt and the tournament, the revel and the masque—these are the true comforters of the afflicted. Many a gallant has pierced a lady's heart through the ring, and lured a nobler falcon than ever soared into the air, when he called only to his mounting goshawk." Such were the Knight's reflections as he rode towards London. The lady's, as our readers will easily divine, were of a different and more painful character. Fear and sickly hope, mingled horror and awe, for the personage whom she was about to supplicate, and cureless grief for the loss of the being who had taken such a chivalrous interest in her fate, were the varying emotions by which her bosom was agitated.

The journey to the metropolis was concluded without the

occurrence of any incident worthy of record. Elizabeth Gray was speedily clasped in the arms of her mother, who mingled her tears with her own; and then both ladies, accompanied by Sir William Woodville and the two orphan Grays, proceeded to the palace at Westminster to make a personal appeal to the bounty of the King.

The monarch was seated in his private chamber, surrounded by the few but distinguished courtiers who had the privilege of access to him there, when it was announced to him that the Lady Gray of Groby craved admittance to the royal presence.

"Tut! tut!" said the King; "this puling widow and her friends think that the King of England has nothing to attend to but the interests of the family of a rebel who died fighting sword in hand against his sovereign. Thrice have I peremptorily refused the supplication of the old Duchess of Bedford; and now the lady is to play off the battery of her sighs and tears upon me in the hopes of a more prosperous result."

"And in truth, my Liege," said the Marquis of Montague, "the lady has not been badly advised in trying that experiment, if report speaks truly of her charms."

"Sayest thou so, cousin Montague?" said the King; "then, in God's name, let her enter." And then carefully adjusting his robes, and assuming an air between the dignity of a monarch and the vanity of an Adonis, conscious of his personal attractions, he leaned back on his throne.

The door of the presence-chamber unfolded, and the suppliant party, attired in deep mourning, approached the foot of the throne. The Lady Gray was led forward by Sir William Woodville, while the Duchess and her disinherited grandchildren came behind. A murmur of approbation and surprise passed from lip to lip, among the courtiers, as they gazed on the surpassingly beautiful features of the fair petitioner, whom sorrow had not robbed of one of her charms, but had rather improved and heightened them all. She entered with head depressed and downcast eyes, not daring to look at the person whom she supplicated, and for whom, as the murderer of her lover, and the sovereign of the realm, she enter-

tained a sentiment in which abhorrence and reverence were strangely mingled.

"A boon! a boon! most dread Sovereign," she said, sinking at the monarch's feet.

"Rise, gentle Lady," said the King, "and name, if thou canst, the boon which thy sovereign will refuse thee."

"Ha!" said Elizabeth, starting, as though the voice of the dead had sounded in her ears. "Those tones—that voice! surely I am not mad." She lifted her eyes towards the King, and an expression of wonder and delight burst from her lips, as she recognized beneath the royal diadem the features of Edward March. That expression, however, was repressed, as a deep feeling of fear and awe came over her; and sinking again to the ground, she exclaimed—"Pardon! gracious Sire!—Pardon! pardon!"

"Pardon! sweet Elizabeth," said the King, descending from the throne, and raising her in his arms; "and wherefore——? But thou hast a petition, fair lady, to which thou wouldest crave our answer?"

"Even so, dread Sir," said the lady; "it is to pray of your royal grace and favour to grant to my orphan children the restitution of the forfeited estates of their father, Sir John Gray of Groby. Great King! good King! listen to my prayer. Think that the transgressions of the father have been expiated by his death; and that, whatever they were, his infant sons had no participation in them. And oh! gracious Sire, let not the boldness of their mother, at a time when she knew not the illustrious person with whom she conversed, stand in the way of your Highness's grace and favour towards the children."

"Thy petition, fair Elizabeth," said the King, "is granted, and Heaven prosper the gallant house of Gray of Groby! But now it is my turn to play the supplicant. Thou rememberest a promise made to Edward March—a conditional promise, it is true, but the condition is now performed. The poor youth—rest his soul!—is no more. When King Edward entered his ancient palace of Westminster, he found it necessary to terminate the existence of Edward March."

"Thus lowly," said the lady, "do I once more crave thy royal pardon. Thou who hast proved the husband of the widow, and the father of the fatherless, accept their blessings and their prayers. The land which your highness has restored to them shall be held for the safeguard of your royal person, and the terror of your enemies; but jest not thus cruelly with your handmaid, and pardon the presumption and boldness of which she was unwittingly guilty."

"But under your favour, Lady Gray," said the monarch, laughing, "I have not yet proved myself the husband of the widow and the father of the fatherless; and until I do so, I will not accept either their benedictions or their prayers. As the representative of the deceased Edward March, I will take care and see that the promise which was so solemnly made by him be performed. My Lords and Gentlemen," he added, turning to the wondering courtiers, "behold your Queen!"

"God save Queen Elizabeth!" exclaimed all present. "Long live the noble Queen of England!"

"And now, my Lord of Canterbury," said the King, "your part in this day's solemnities remains to be performed."

Thus saying, he led the Lady Gray to the chapel of the palace, followed by her mother and children, Sir William Woodville, the Prelate, and the rest of the courtiers. There the nuptial knot was indissolubly tied between the beggar and the king—the monarch and her who had so lately been his humble petitioner.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

EDWARD THE FIFTH.

1483.—Before Edward the Fourth's death the Court was much divided into parties, owing to the great numbers of the Queen's relations who were promoted to the rank of peers, to the great mortification of the ancient nobility. The Prince of Wales, when his father died, was at Ludlow, with his Governor, the Earl of Rivers, the Queen's brother, in order to keep the Welsh in awe by his near vicinity to them. Being proclaimed King in London, the Queen sent to her brother to bring the King to the metropolis. The Duke of Buckingham and Lord Hastings informed Richard, Duke of Gloucester, the King's uncle, who was in the North quelling an insurrection, of these events, and advised him to seize the King, and wrest the government out of the hands of the new nobility. It does not appear that Richard had hitherto formed any design of assuming the crown himself; but his subsequent conduct shows that he was not averse to such a proceeding. Richard accordingly met young Edward at Northampton, took possession of his person, and sent the Earl of Rivers and two others of the King's principal attendants to Pontefract, where they were soon afterwards put to death. Richard and the Duke of Buckingham escorted the King to London in great state; but the Queen, informed of what had happened, fled with her other children to the sanctuary of Westminster.

Richard, knowing that he could not proceed to the execution of his purpose without having possession of the Duke of York, the King's brother, called a Council, which declared him Protector: and the Archbishop of Canterbury was sent to the Queen to desire her permission for the Duke of York to come and live with the King; and to acquaint her, that if she refused the sanctuary would be violated. She, with very great reluctance, at last consented, and took leave of her son with tears, foreseeing the melancholy consequences. Richard, under some pretext, now lodged the King and his brother in the Tower, and revealed his project to Buckingham, who heartily entered into it.

Hastings refused to enter into the views of Richard. The latter pretended that he had entered into a plot against him, and ordered him to be beheaded.

Jane Shore, who had been mistress to Edward IV., but afterwards lived with Hastings, was likewise accused of having, by witchcraft, withered the Protector's arm. Richard, not being able to support this accusation, caused her to be

prosecuted before the Ecclesiastical Court ; and she was sentenced to do penance before all the people in a white sheet at St. Paul's.

Richard spread reports that Edward the Fourth's children were illegitimate, and that neither Edward himself nor the Duke of Clarence were the Duke of York's children. The Duke of Buckingham harangued the people in favour of Richard ; but they were all silent, except a few apprentices, who had been hired for the occasion to applaud. Their acclamations were interpreted into a general wish that Richard should be King, and he was accordingly proclaimed on the 22nd of June.

Richard is generally believed to have sent an order for the assassination of his nephews to Brackenbury, Governor of the Tower : he refused to execute this bloody commission, and Sir James Tyrrel was appointed Governor for one night, who smothered them in their beds, and buried them under a staircase. Some writers, (especially Walpole,) have doubted these facts, and attempted to exculpate Richard from the accusations of cruelty and tyranny.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

1483.—RICHARD began his reign by rewarding all his partisans: but very soon after his coronation the Duke of Buckingham, offended at being refused the Hereford estate, to which he laid claim by descent, conspired with the Bishop of Ely to dethrone Richard and place the Earl of Richmond, at that time a sort of honourable captive in the hands of the Duke of Brittany, on the throne. In order to gain over both factions, they proposed that the Earl should marry Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV. Henry of Richmond's mother (married to Lord Stanley) readily agreed to the proposal. Queen Elizabeth, laying aside her hatred of the Lancastrians, likewise consented to give her daughter to Henry, and sent him over money to raise troops.

This could not be carried on so privately as to escape the penetration of Richard, who, suspecting some plot, ordered the Duke of Buckingham to repair to Court. Instead of obeying the King's command, the Duke raised forces in Wales, meaning to cross the Severn and join his associates in England; but such torrents of rain had fallen as swelled the rivers to a degree that made it impossible for him to cross them, and his troops, being distressed for provisions, dispersed. Buckingham was then obliged to disguise himself, and lay concealed in the house of an old servant, Bannister, where he was discovered and carried to Richard, who immediately ordered him to be beheaded.

Henry sailed from Brittany with five thousand men. His fleet was dispersed in a storm, and he arriving on the coast of Cornwall, heard of Buckingham's disaster, and returned to Brittany.

1484.—Richard called a Parliament, and created his son, who was only twelve years of age, Prince of Wales; the young Prince died soon afterwards. Richard passed several popular acts, in the hope of reconciling the people to his usurpation; but many were every day joining Henry in Brittany, and persuading him to lose no time in making another attempt, particularly as Richard had prevailed on Edward's Queen to leave her sanctuary, and even to consent to his marrying her daughter Elizabeth; to obtain a dispensation for which marriage he had sent to Rome.

Richard's wife died about this time, and it was generally believed that she had been poisoned by her husband.

Landois, the Duke of Brittany's minister, intended to deliver up the Earl to Richard; but the Bishop of Ely informing Richmond of the plot, he fled into France.

1485.—Richmond embarked at Harfleur with about two thousand men, and landed at Milford Haven, where he was soon joined by great numbers, amongst whom was Rice ap Thomas, a powerful Welsh chieftain. The King and the Earl approached each other; and at the battle of Bosworth, near Leicester, Richard's army was entirely destroyed and himself slain. During the action, Lord Stanley, with his troops, deserted to the Earl of Richmond.

Richard's body, when found, was carelessly thrown across a horse, carried to Leicester, and buried in the Grey Friars' Church without ceremony.

An ornamental crown, which Richard had worn in the action, being found, Sir William Stanley put it on Henry's head, and the whole army shouted "Long live Henry VII.!"

Richmond's Three Perils.

I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE fatal wars of York and Lancaster, which for nearly half a century deluged England with the blood of the noblest and the bravest in the realm, were occasioned by the conflicting claims of the descendants of Edward the Third to the crown. Henry the Sixth, during whose reign these contests commenced, was the great-grandson, by the father's side, of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the third son of that renowned King; while Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, was descended, by the mother's side, from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the second son of the same King Edward. Nothing, therefore, could be clearer than the superiority of the Duke of York's title over that of King Henry. Still, with the exceptions of some rebellions, hastily raised and speedily quelled, in the reign of Henry the Fourth, and of a plot detected almost as soon as it was engendered, and stifled in the blood of its projectors in that of Henry the Fifth, the crown had been enjoyed in peace and uninterrupted quiet by the grandfather and father of King Henry the Sixth. The prudent and politic administration of the first of those monarchs, and the brilliant military exploits of the second, during his expedition into France, blinded the eyes of the nation to the defects in their title, and it was not

until the sceptre was placed in the feeble grasp of an infant of nine months old, and that the realm was distracted by the factions of contending nobles, that the hopes of the House of York began to revive, and its surviving chief, a prince of great talent and valour, and of winning and popular manners, thought of putting forth his pretensions to the splendid inheritance of his ancestors. The general discontent in the nation at the loss of all the French provinces under the new King's reign, which had cost so prodigal an expenditure of blood and treasure during that of his predecessor, materially forwarded the designs of the Duke of York. The Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, and other great nobles, espoused his cause; and at length, having got a numerous army, he took the field against the forces of the King, and openly laid claim to the crown of England. It is of course not our purpose to lead our readers into the details of the disastrous events which followed. Numerous battles were fought; unnumbered lives were sacrificed; the competitors for the royal dignity underwent unheard-of revolutions of fortune; and Henry and Richard were alternately monarchs and fugitives; at one time surrounded with all the pomp and circumstance of royalty, and at another desolate, unfriended, and even petitioners for a meal. The death of the Duke of York, who was slain at the battle of Wakefield, seemed to give a decidedly favourable turn to the affairs of King Henry; and the successes of that day being followed up by the unvaried efforts of his heroic Queen Margaret, he appeared likely to triumph definitively over his foes. The Earl of March, son to the deceased Duke of York, now, however, assumed the title of King Edward the Fourth; and being supported warmly by all his father's partisans, and especially by the renowned Earl of Warwick, surnamed the Kingmaker, he took the field, and at length succeeded in totally defeating the Lancastrians, and making himself master of the person of Henry, whom he committed as a prisoner to the Tower of London. His prosperous fortune was not of long duration; for having sent the Earl of Warwick as his ambassador to the Court of the King of France, to claim for him in marriage the hand of that monarch's sister-in-law, he nevertheless, while these negotiations were pend-

ing, privately espoused the beautiful Lady Gray, the widow of Sir John Gray of Groby. The reader is already acquainted with the particulars of the Wooing at Grafton. This proceeding exasperated not only the Earl of Warwick, but the King of France, and both persons determined to resent the insult, by espousing the cause of Queen Margaret, the consort of the deposed King, who was then at the Court of France soliciting the aid of Louis on behalf of her captive husband. The Duke of Clarence, King Edward's brother, was also exasperated at what he considered his unworthy marriage, and also joined the Lancastrian faction; the result of all which events was, that in a very short time Henry found himself once more upon the throne of England.

Among the nobles who on this occasion hastened to London, to congratulate the restored monarch on his restoration to liberty and power, was Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke. This nobleman being the issue of the marriage of Queen Catherine, the widow of Henry the Fifth, with Owen Tudor, a gentleman of Wales, was consequently half brother to the King. He found the monarch keeping his court in the Tower of London, a place metamorphosed, by the events of the last few weeks, from his dungeon into his palace. The Earl of Pembroke was accompanied by his nephew, a stripling of about thirteen years of age, whom he was anxious to present to his royal master and kinsman. The youth was not tall, but was elegantly formed, of a slight and delicate construction of body, with large bright grey eyes, long flowing yellow locks, of a fair and almost pale complexion, and apparently grave and thoughtful beyond his years. The Earl and his nephew had no sooner entered the presence chamber than the eyes of the monarch were instantly riveted on the lad.

"And who, my Lord of Pembroke," he asked, "is this fair boy?"

"My Liege," said the Earl, kneeling, "'tis your Highness's nephew, Henry of Richmond."

The King gazed more intently than ever on young Richmond, and the courtiers drew into a narrower circle round the throne, and looked anxiously towards the monarch; for they knew by his

flashing eye, his glowing features, and the solemn smile which moved his lip, that the spirit of prophecy was upon him.

"I can read the finger of destiny," he said, "on this fair child's brow; the volume of futurity is unclasped before me. Henry Tudor, listen to me. Dark and dubious is the vision that comes over me. Peril and strife are mingled with power and glory. I see bolts, and fetters, and a throne—I see swords, and banners, and a crown. I hear sighs, and wailings, and acclamations. Henry Tudor, thou shalt wear the crown of England if thou escapest three perils."

"And what, I pray thee, gracious uncle," said the boy, kneeling down, and kissing the monarch's hand, "are those three perils?"

The King gazed for a moment wildly and vacantly, then passed his hand across his brow and answered: "A fair wind, a false heart, and a boar's tusks."

"Yet tell me somewhat more; let me know more distinctly my destiny, good uncle," said Richmond.

"'Tis gone, 'tis past," said the King, sinking back in his seat, and resuming his usual serene, and somewhat apathetic cast of countenance—"the vision has departed from me; yet be sure, young Henry, that what my lips have this day uttered are the oracles of fate, whose predictions must sooner or later be fulfilled."

These words sank deep into the heart and memory of young Richmond; and when years had rolled over his head, they were not forgotten. Each succeeding year, however, seemed to render less and less the probability of the fulfilment of the prediction. Perils, it is true, sufficiently fearful and numerous, environed Henry Tudor; but they were not the perils which the King had foretold; and as to his wearing the crown of England, that for a long time seemed a dream too wild to enter into any sane imagination. While King Henry and his son, who had married the daughter of the Earl of Warwick, lived, there seemed every probability of a long line of successors of the House of Lancaster; and after the murder of the Prince at Tewkesbury, and of the King in the Tower of London, Richmond's chance of mounting the throne appeared to be more remote than ever; for the House of York seemed firmly

established in the regal dignity. Still the dream of power and glory, which the words of the late King had called up, continued to haunt the imagination of Henry Tudor. He was now the last leaf of the Red Rose-tree; so effectually had its once wide-spreading stalks been thinned by the operation of the sword and the axe. The partisans of that faction still cherished the hope of resuming the ascendancy which they had lost, and looked to Henry as the pole-star which should guide them once more to wealth and honour.

The Earl of Pembroke, as soon as he received intelligence of the loss of the battle of Tewkesbury by Queen Margaret, fled with his nephew and a small train of soldiers to Chepstow Castle, in Monmouthshire, which he manned and put in as good a posture of defence as his slender resources would allow. King Edward, who had heard of the late King's prophecy relative to young Richmond, was unceasingly active in endeavouring to get him into his power. He soon discovered the place of Pembroke's retreat, and employed Robert Vaughan, a person of great influence and power in Monmouthshire, to endeavour to entrap the two Earls and send them prisoners. This scheme was, however, discovered by Pembroke before it was thoroughly ripe for execution; and he having contrived to get Vaughan into his power, that unfortunate agent of King Edward was condemned to expiate his treachery by the loss of his head. Though Pembroke escaped this danger, he saw that Chepstow was no longer a safe residence for him, as Vaughan was much beloved in that neighbourhood, and the intelligence of his death would soon bring a force too numerous to be resisted to the siege of the castle. He therefore lost no time in fleeing with his nephew to Pembroke, and fortifying the castle of that town. Here, however, the emissaries of the indefatigable Edward followed him; and a commander of the name of Morgan Thomas, with a formidable army, besieged him, and environed the castle with a ditch and a trench, so that his escape thence seemed scarcely possible. After he had been eight days in this critical situation, the arrival of a numerous party of the Earl's friends to his assistance induced Morgan to raise the siege, and Pembroke and Richmond contrived to make their escape to the port of Tenby'

where they shortly afterwards took shipping, and arrived safely in the territories of the Duke of Brittany.

When it was once known that Richmond had fled into Brittany, such of the Lancastrian lords as had escaped the perils of the field and the scaffold followed him to his place of refuge, swore fealty to him as their sovereign, and gave some show of dignity and splendour to the little court which he held in the city of Vannes. The Duke of Brittany, a prince of virtue and honour, paid the most delicate and respectful attention to the illustrious refugee, and afforded him and his adherents all the protection which they needed. Being, however, in close alliance with King Edward the Fourth, to whom he was indebted for the protection of his dominions against the ambitious projects of the King of France, the Duke would give no support or countenance to Richmond's plots for the invasion of England, and the establishment of himself as the representative of the House of Lancaster on the throne of that country. Edward was very anxious to get the young Earl into his power, and used every effort to induce the Duke of Brittany to give him up to him. He sent secret messengers to the Duke, who promised him great rewards if he would but send both the Earls to England. The Duke heard them with great attention ; but when he understood the object of their solicitations, he was only resolved to treat Pembroke and Richmond with greater care and honour than ever. The Duke answered the messengers by saying, that it stood not with his honour to deliver up the two Earls, to whom he was solemnly bound and obliged by his faith and promise ; but he promised, that for the King's pleasure they should be so vigilantly watched that he need not be under any apprehension of their attempting anything to his displeasure or prejudice. When the messengers saw that they could not prevail farther with the Duke, they took their leave and returned into England. Edward, immediately on receiving their report, wrote to Duke Francis, lovingly requiring him to accomplish with all speed, that which of his own free motion he had offered : promising not only to furnish him with men and money, whenever his exigencies should require them, but yearly to reward him with "a full hand and a well-stuffed purse."

The Duke, seeing that the residence of the two Earls at his court was so productive to him, treated them with increased courtesy and kindness, and was by no means anxious that they should seek for protection elsewhere.

King Edward, afterwards getting involved in a war with the King of France, and feeling assured that the Duke of Brittany would hold inviolate his promise of not giving any countenance to the schemes of the Earls of Pembroke and Richmond against the crown of England, forgot for a while his fears of the young heir of the House of Lancaster. After the conclusion of peace, however, with his foreign adversary, and the total suppression of all domestic commotions, he determined once more to solicit Francis, either by gifts, promises, or prayers, to deliver Richmond into his hands. Francis, nevertheless, persisted in his determination to keep unbroken the promise of protection which he had made to Henry, although the King had so far deceived him as to induce him to believe that, in wishing for his presence in England, he was actuated by motives of friendship to the Earl, and an anxiety to reconcile the feud between them, by giving him some post of influence and dignity about his person. In this posture of his affairs, Richmond could not but feel and know, that instead of possessing the substance, he was only mocked with the shadow of royalty and power ; his happiness, his liberty, his very life, he knew, was daily intrigued against by his indefatigable enemy, who then wore the crown ; and his only protection against stratagem and violence was his own ever-waking watchfulness, and the honour and integrity of the virtuous, but weak and credulous prince who had given him shelter in his dominions. "Alas ! alas !" he would often exclaim, "why did I ever listen to this lying prophecy ! Why did I suffer myself to be involved in the schemes of the still factious and turbulent, but irretrievably ruined partisans of the House of Lancaster ! My father's inheritance, my patrimonial mansion, liberty and peace, had then been mine !"

These bitter reflections formed a melancholy contrast to the brilliant prospect which seemed to be opened before him at the moment that the fateful words fell from King Henry's lips, and on

which his mind's eye, with a strained and anxious gaze, had been constantly fixed for many years. As that hope died away, the very wish which it had engendered seemed to die with it.

"The sick babe
Drooped at the bosom of the famish'd mother."

Henry Tudor, whose gaiety and vivacity, while that hope existed, had made his little court at Vannes the merriest and sprightliest, if not the most brilliant or most powerful in Europe, now became listless and dispirited, fond of seclusion and solitude, and averse to conversation, especially when the subject was his own pretensions to the diadem of England. Every day brought him intelligence of the increased stability of King Edward's throne, and of the popularity (notwithstanding the sanguinary vengeance taken by him on the party opposed to his elevation to power) which he had gained among all classes of his subjects, by his courteous and graceful manners, his impartial administration of justice, and the splendour and magnificence of his court and household.

It was while the mind of the Earl of Richmond was occupied with these painful considerations, that a portrait of the Princess Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of King Edward, fell in his way. He was struck by the bewitching beauty of the features, the simplicity and modesty of the mien, and the grace and majesty of the form which were there portrayed. He could scarcely believe that these could be anything more than a lovely dream of the artist's imagination, until he was assured, by those who were well acquainted with the fair original, of the astonishing verisimilitude of the portrait. A romantic passion now took possession of his bosom, which banished from it alike the wild and ambitious hopes that he had once entertained, and the bitter disappointment that had followed their apparent frustration. The gratification of that passion seemed even more hopeless than the dreams of empire which he had so long cherished. He determined, however, to make the Princess acquainted with the sentiments which the sight of her portrait had awakened in his bosom. By the agency of Sir John Cheulet, a

gallant knight of Brittany, who had taken a great interest in Henry's affairs, and was employed by Duke Francis on a mission at the court of King Edward, the Earl contrived to transmit his own portrait to the Princess, accompanied by a letter in which he declared his passion for her. The portrait was a striking likeness of one of the most handsome and accomplished persons of the age, and the letter was full of eloquent and passionate pleading. Sir John Cheulet, when he delivered both to the person for whom they were intended, took an opportunity of highly eulogizing the original of the first, and of zealously seconding the petitions of the second. On his return to Brittany, the letter which he placed in the hands of the Earl of Richmond in answer to his own, was such as, notwithstanding the maiden coyness and timidity which it affected, was highly flattering to the hopes of the romantic lover. A correspondence then ensued between Henry and Elizabeth, which discovered such a similarity of taste and feeling in these two distinguished persons, that the passion which in so extraordinary a manner had sprung up in their bosoms, took a deep and enduring root there, and was confirmed and strengthened by the perusal of each successive epistle.

Hope again lightened the heart of Richmond—joy beamed on his features, and eloquence dwelt upon his lips. Still the means of becoming possessed of the treasure on which his heart was fixed, seemed far removed from him. He knew that he was feared and hated by King Edward and his family, and by all the nobles of the York faction, so that the idea which had once occurred to him, making an open proffer of his hand to the Princess Elizabeth, was instantly dismissed from his mind. He formed a thousand romantic projects for the purpose of conveying Elizabeth to Brittany. At one time he thought of proceeding to England in disguise, and obtaining an interview with her, when he hoped that they might be able to devise some stratagem for escaping together. At others he conversed with Cheulet, who was a frequent messenger between the King and Duke Francis, on the feasibility of his demanding her from her father as the bride of the latter, and, under that pretext, bringing her over to

Brittany. While these schemes occupied his thoughts, he forgot his dreams of empire, and ceased to take those precautions to control the intrigues against his liberty and life, which were constantly employed by the father of the very being of whom he had become enamoured.

Messengers had lately arrived from England on some secret and important mission to the Duke. They had had frequent and long conferences with that prince and his chief minister and favourite Peter Landois, and their looks denoted a degree of satisfaction and success in their negotiations which was generally considered at Vannes to bode no good to the young Earl of Richmond. "Nay, nay, tell me not, good Cheulet," said Henry to his friend, in answer to the affectionate remonstrances of the latter, on the apathy and unconcern with which he treated these ominous appearances—"tell me not of peril and danger. I know the truth and honour of Francis of Brittany too well to be infected with your suspicions. He would lay his own head on the block, rather than place mine in peril, by delivering me into the hands of my implacable enemy: alas! that I am obliged so to call one whom I would rather designate as my father and my friend."

"My Lord," said Cheulet, "no one doubts the truth and honour of Francis of Brittany; or if there be any who harbours such doubts, John Cheulet is not among the number. But the Duke is of an easy, trusting spirit—and believes the honour and truth of all men to be as invincible as his own. Edward of York, too, resembles the tiger as much in his craft and subtlety as in his thirst of blood and ravenousness, and has employed that smooth-tongued priest, Stillingfleet, to win to his designs the unsuspecting Francis."

"Ha!" said Henry, turning pale—"is Stillingfleet a party to these negotiations? then am I doomed indeed. To that wily plotter I am well informed that I am indebted for the contrivance and execution of all the plots that have been devised for my destruction. But I will hasten to Duke Francis—I will throw myself on his protection, and bid him beware how he trusts either the crafty doctor, or the dissembling tyrant by whom he is employed."

"Then lose no time, my Lord," said Cheulet; "the moments are precious; and it is whispered about the court, that ere the evening closes in, you are to proceed to St. Malo, on your way to England.

At that moment the door of the apartment flew open, and the Duke of Brittany entered, attended by Peter Landois and accompanied by Stillingfleet and the two other ambassadors from England. "Welcome, fair cousin!" he said, extending his hand to Richmond. "I would fain exchange a few words with you on a matter which touches you nearly."

"I am your Grace's attentive and grateful auditor," said Richmond coldly.

"Talk not of gratitude, fair cousin," said the Duke, "for the poor asylum which our dominions have afforded to the princely Earl of Richmond—an asylum, too, of which he stood not in need, for neither danger nor enemies threatened him. We have received a gracious message, my good Lord, from our royal cousin and ally, King Edward, who craves us, of our love both to him and to thee, to expedite thy return to England."

"And your Grace's reply," said Richmond, "is doubtless that——"

"That so convinced," interrupted the Duke, "are we of his Highness's good intentions and friendly disposition towards you, that you will this day proceed with the good Dr. Stillingfleet to St. Malo, where a vessel is in readiness to convey you to your native land."

"Duke Francis," said the Earl, "I conjure you, as you would not have the blood of the innocent upon your soul, not to consent to this most cruel and treacherous deed. King Edward is my implacable foe; and I know that as soon as my foot is planted on English ground—aye, as soon as it has touched the deck of an English vessel, the days of Henry Tudor are numbered. I am in your Grace's hands; the far-famed honour and probity of Francis of Brittany made me without hesitation place myself in them. I knew not that in so doing I was yielding my neck to the blood-thirsty knife of Edward of York."

"My gracious Lord," said Stillingfleet, advancing with that look of deep humility and reverence, mingled with candour and kindness, which long practice had taught him so easily to assume, "Your Lordship much mistakes and wrongs my royal master. His Highness has long wished to terminate the disastrous factions by which the kingdom is agitated—to blend the White Rose in peace and charity with the Red, and to number Henry of Lancaster among his nearest and dearest relatives and friends. Accident made him acquainted with the secret of a correspondence between your Lordship and the Princess Elizabeth."

Henry started at these words; the blood rushed for a moment to his brow, and then retreating from it as suddenly as it had advanced, left it as pale as marble.

"Accident, my good Lord," continued Stillingfleet, wearing a smile of raillery upon his features, and not appearing to notice the agitation which his words had occasioned, "made him acquainted with that secret. The joy which animated his princely heart was unbounded—the project which for many long years had been formed in his own mind seemed to have grown up simultaneously in yours, and I am now the humble bearer of his Highness's invitation to your Lordship to proceed forthwith to the country from which you have been too long an exile, and to consummate that mutual affection which has so auspiciously sprung up in your heart and in that of the lovely Princess."

"Ha!" said Henry mentally, "dare I in my heart believe the flattering tale? That were indeed a mode by which alike this passion that disturbs my heart might be gratified and the prophecy of King Henry fulfilled. If, good Doctor," he said turning to Stillingfleet, "I dared believe——"

"If! my Lord," said, the priest, while his eye seemed to glow with the fires of insulted probity and honour. "Doubt you the plighted truth of King Edward?—doubt you the faith of one who is a humble but sincere servant of the cross?—doubt you the guarantee which is afforded to you by the honour and virtue of this princely Duke Francis of Brittany, whose reputation for unsullied honour and spotless integrity——"

"It is enough,— it is enough, Doctor," said the Earl; "for the love which I bear to Elizabeth of York, I would encounter a greater peril than now awaits me. I am prepared to take the journey to St. Malo."

"Within three hours, then," said Stillingfleet, "we shall be ready to escort your Lordship."

"The sooner, friends, the better," said Richmond, bowing to the ambassadors; and then taking a cordial and grateful leave of the Duke, he retired to prepare himself for his journey.

So infatuated was the heart of Richmond by the influence of the passion with which it was possessed, that the removal to England, which had formerly seemed to him to be only walking into his grave, was now an event which was but too remote from him. The three hours which he had to wait before he was to proceed on his journey, seemed an age of cruel and melancholy procrastination. The three ambassadors, in the mean time, were as anxious as he to be perfectly ready to take their departure by the time that those three hours had expired; and had the young Earl seen the dark glances which they exchanged, and heard the half-uttered malignity and triumph of their hearts, the complacency with which he regarded his approaching removal to the shore of his nativity would have been considerably diminished. These circumstances did not pass unobserved by his friend Sir John Cheulet, but were vigilantly noticed by him, and made an impression on his mind, which fully confirmed the opinion that he had previously cherished of King Edward's insincere and treacherous intentions. He therefore determined to accompany his friend on the first stage of his journey, in the hope of being able to discover from the conduct of Stillingfleet and his associates, such decided indications of their master's motive in getting the person of the Earl into his power, as would, when communicated to the Duke of Brittany, induce that Prince to issue a revocation of the permission which he had granted for the departure of Richmond from his dominions. The Knight's determination was wrought by two most powerful motives—his sincere affection and friendship for Henry, and his devoted loyalty to the Duke his master. Should the Earl be

made a sacrifice to the jealous fears of King Edward, the Duke of Brittany would, he feared, be considered an accomplice in the crime, and lose that reputation for integrity and honour which he enjoyed throughout all Europe.

The evening on which the Earl of Richmond departed from Vannes to St. Malo, in the company of the three ambassadors, Sir John Cheulet, and about a dozen attendants, was dark and lowering. A day—not, it is true, of splendour and brightness, but —of tranquillity and peace, seemed about to be succeeded by a night of turbulence and danger. Those red lurid clouds were gathering in the west which so often precede a storm, and which seem by their unnatural glow to mock the blackness which is to follow them. As Henry gazed upon these appearances, a feeling of ominous dread took possession of his mind, and he could not help considering them as typical of his impending fate. "Although," thought he, "I have not been living in magnificence at Vannes, I have enjoyed safety and liberty. These, lured by promises as brilliant and flattering as yon gorgeous clouds which but predict the coming storm, I am about to exchange for troubles and dangers, before which my heart tells me that all my anxious hopes and dreams of power and pleasures will pass away, as certainly and as speedily as the gossamers which are sporting in the beams of the setting sun, will be driven before the breath of the tempest that is even now gathering around them."

Sir John Cheulet, who accompanied his friend on the first stage of what he continued to consider a fatal journey, observed the mental anxiety which agitated him. "Henry Tudor," he said, "in an evil hour did you consent to place yourself in the power of these men, the agents of a tyrant as base and perfidious as themselves. Observe you not the air of malignant triumph with which this Stillingfleet regards you? See, too, the cloud which is now gathering on his brow at the close conversation which we are holding."

Henry, as he turned his eyes towards this person, felt all his worst fears confirmed. The features which, in the presence of the Duke of Brittany, were composed to an expression of the most saintly and apostolical character, now wore the moody malignant

look of the assassin. He was seen frequently to grasp his dagger, and, half unsheathing it, return it violently and impatiently into his belt. Occasionally dark and gloomy looks, followed by anxious whisperings, were exchanged between him and his two colleagues; while at times an obstreperous laugh burst from his lips as he eyed his charge, or rather his prisoner, with a look of familiarity and even of contempt, that ill accorded with the deference due to the rank and character of the Earl of Richmond.

"Sweet Earl," said Cheulet, as they arrived at that part of the road on which it had been agreed that he should retrace his steps to Vannes, then distant about six hours' journey, "here must I leave you. In the mean time, be wary and be watchful; and should any opportunity of escaping out of the clutches of these men present itself, hesitate not to take advantage of it. For me, immediately on my return to Vannes, I will make the good Duke Francis fully acquainted with my suspicions, and trust to be able to induce him to prevent your embarkation with these incarnate fiends for England. While this wind lasts you will be safe upon the shores of Brittany; but as soon as it proves fair for your native country, this Stillingfleet will hurry you on board."

"Ha!" said Richmond, as a sudden pang shot across his brow; "it is the first peril, *a fair wind*, which King Henry prophesied that I should be doomed to encounter. Brave Cheulet pity me—help me!—remain at least by my side, that I may have one faithful heart to advise and sympathize with me."

"Noble Henry," said the Knight, grasping his friend's hand, "gladly, most gladly would I share your peril, but I think that I can more effectually aid you by hastening to communicate my suspicions to the Duke. This storm," he added, looking up to the black sky, illuminated at intervals by the forked lightnings, "is your best protection against the danger of an immediate embarkation. Before it is over, I trust to rejoin you at St. Malo, and to be the bearer of the Duke's commands for your immediate return to Vannes. Farewell! farewell!" added the gallant Knight, shaking the hand of his friend; "be hopeful, but be wary." Thus saying, he put spurs to his horse, and with the velocity of the

lightning that was flashing over his head, retraced his steps towards Vannes.

With a bold heart, an iron frame, and an untiring steed, Sir John Cheulet held on his way amidst the storm undaunted. The flashing of the lightnings, the roaring of the thunder, the torrents of rain which inundated his path, and, above all, the strong westerly wind and almost hurricane, against which he and his courser had to strain with all their might; these accompaniments of his journey, which to a traveller under ordinary circumstances would have been matter of fear and lamentation, were hailed with the most heartfelt satisfaction by the Knight, as assurances of the continued safety of the Earl of Richmond. His road lay for the most part through a large forest; and here, as the lightnings at intervals illuminated his path, he saw the trees splitting beneath the forked flash; and when darkness again involved him, he heard them as with tremendous crashes their roots yielded to the influence of the whirlwind, which stretched the monarchs of the forest on the plain. Sometimes during the pauses of the storm, when the wind sunk into a low shrill murmur, he thought that he could hear the shrieks of travellers in the distance, whom the tempest had overwhelmed, and knew not but that in a moment their fate would be his own. His horse, however, seemed to share the devotedness of his gallant rider to the cause which he had espoused; and as both were well acquainted with the road through the forest, they escaped the disasters which on that night befel many less experienced travellers. As the morning dawned, the storm was somewhat abated in its violence. The lightning and the thunder ceased, and the rain descended less rapidly and copiously. Still the wind, Cheulet's grand ally in the enterprise which he had undertaken, blew from the same quarter and with the same violence; and as at about the hour of six in the morning he presented himself at the gate of the Ducal palace, he hailed as a happy omen the tremendous force with which it swept through the street of Vannes, and gave to its usually populous and busy thoroughfares the appearance of a deserted city.

The Duke had passed a restless and uneasy night. The violence

of the storm had combined, with some internal misgivings as to the sincerity of Edward's professions of friendship towards the Earl, to rob him of his accustomed rest. He had therefore risen early, and was seated in his library, endeavouring by the perusal of a favourite author, to chase away the gloom which overshadowed his mind, when Sir John Cheulet stood before him. The Knight's garments were soiled with dirt and rain; the lightning had glanced upon his helmet and left traces of its visit there; and panting for breath and leaning upon his sword, he exhibited very intelligible signs of the rapid and uneasy journey which he had made. As he raised his visor and made his obeisance to the Duke, the latter observed his pale and troubled countenance and the agitation and dejectedness of his manner.

"Why, how now, good Sir John?" he asked. "What means this sad and frowning countenance? Wherefore those sighs, and to what strange chance am I indebted for a visit from you at so unwonted an hour as this?"

"Most noble and redoubted Lord," answered Cheulet, "this pale face and these deadly looks prognosticate that the time of my death is near at hand, and I would to Heaven that it had approached before this day! Had I died before, I should have escaped the shame and sorrow occasioned by an act of yours, which I had not thought it possible for you to do, and by which I feel myself doomed either to an early grave or to a life of perpetual misery. You, my singular good Lord," he added, sinking on his knee and grasping the Duke's hands in his own with a passionate earnestness,—"you, by your virtuous acts and noble feats, have achieved an immortal fame; your praise is on every lip, your blessing is breathed from every heart. But now, alas! it seems (I pray you, pardon me my boldness) that you begin to be weary of your great name, and having won such high and distinguished honours, you care not to maintain them inviolate and unimpaired."

"What means this, Cheulet?" said the Duke, rising from his seat and turning from the Knight with a look of mingled sorrow and displeasure. "You presume too much on my kindness and forbearance."

"It means, gracious Sovereign," said Sir John Cheulet, catching

hold of the Duke's robes as he was retiring from the apartment, "that you, forgetting your faith and promise made to Henry, Earl of Richmond, have delivered that most innocent young gentleman into the hands of his enemies, to be imprisoned, tortured, and slain; wherefore, all who love you, and of whom I am one, cannot but mourn and lament when they see openly the fame and glory of your most renowned name tarnished with the reproach of disloyalty and treachery."

"Good Cheulet," said the Duke, "of what is it that you accuse me? Henry Tudor placed himself voluntarily in the hands of that most reverend and excellent father, renowned alike for piety and learning,—Stillingfleet."

"He did so, most gracious Lord, in consequence of a fair but treacherous promise, sworn to with all solemnity and fervour, but which he would nevertheless not have trusted, but for the protection and guarantee of your most princely word. That promise will be broken, and young Richmond's blood will be spilt."

"Peace, peace! Sir John," said the Duke: "I will tell thee that no such chance can happen to the Earl, for King Edward has required him at my hands, for the purpose of transforming his suspected enemy to his fair and loving son-in-law. Is it possible to give a more decisive testimony of his affection and good-will?"

"Believe me, my good Lord," said the Knight, shaking his head mournfully, "that Earl Henry is on the brink of perdition. Permit him to set one foot out of your Grace's territory, and there is no mortal creature who will be able to save him from death."

"Thou movest me even to tears, good Cheulet," said the Duke, much agitated and affected. "Heaven knows that I would rather lay my own grey hairs upon the block, than see one of Henry Tudor's injured. Yet I have plighted my word to the King of England; I have delivered the Earl into the hands of his ambassadors, and dare not but at the risk of involving my Duchy in a sanguinary and unequal war, recede from the step which I have taken. But here comes my chief treasurer, Peter Landois, he is skilled in management and policy, and by his advice will I be governed."

The chief treasurer was a man somewhat past the middle period of life, but retaining all the vigour and activity of earlier years, under whose wise and politic counsels the little Duchy of Brittany had within a few years attained to an unprecedented height of prosperity and power. He was a short, thin, and apparently care-worn man; premature grey hairs had gathered on his head, and his step was feeble and tremulous; but his quick flashing grey eye, his haughty and imperious brow, and the careless and confident smile on his lip, indicated a mind whose strength and activity more than compensated for the feebleness of the body. Cheulet, at the command of the Duke, laid before him all his fears and suspicions of the insincerity of King Edward; described his journey with Richmond and the ambassadors, and told him of the young Earl's own conviction, that the English monarch had determined on his destruction. "The honour of Duke Francis," said the Treasurer, after having listened attentively to the Knight's discourse, "like that of Cæsar's wife, must not even be suspected; therefore the departure of the Earl must be prevented, for Edward's views towards him appear suspicious and insincere. Still must not the safety of Brittany be compromised by any violence or offence offered to the King of England and his ambassadors. Will my gracious Sovereign leave this matter to my management?"

"Most willingly, good Landois," said the Duke, "with a thousand thanks for relieving me from a weary burden."

"Then must this gallant Knight," said the Treasurer, "be prepared to accompany me within two hours to St. Malo."

"'Tis but a brief time in which to recruit my weary strength," said Cheulet, "but the life and death of the Earl of Richmond depend upon the celerity of our efforts in his behalf. I will attend you at the hour appointed."

In the meantime the unfortunate Henry became more and more convinced that he had been delivered up as a sheep to the slaughter. The change of demeanour on the part of Dr. Stillingfleet became still more strongly marked after the departure of Sir John Cheulet had deprived the Earl of the only companion in whom he could repose the slightest confidence. The mild, re-

verend, and courteous manner of the priest was exchanged for the reckless and daring, but at the same time cold, cautious, and suspicious air of a leader of banditti. Henry was for some time absorbed in the painful mental occupation which his own thoughts afforded him, and when he roused himself from his reverie, he found that he was riding abreast of two of the attendants, who had insensibly and by degrees narrowed the respectful distance at which they had kept behind him, and now, stationed one on each side of him, they looked more like companions or gaolers than attendants. The three ambassadors, each followed by a retainer, rode before him, and five or six men with drawn swords in their hands followed in his rear. The storm which raged around them was unheeded and unfelt by Henry, so much more violent and appalling was that which agitated his bosom. Often did he internally reproach the Duke of Brittany with weakness, folly, and even perfidy, for having allowed him to leave Vannes; and as often did he curse his own idle and romantic affection, as having been the prime agent of his destruction. Then whenever his fellow-travellers congratulated themselves on any apparent relaxation of the fury of the storm, did he internally pray that it might increase to tenfold vehemence, so that no vessel might be able to live upon those fatal waters which he felt conscious would only bear him to the dungeon or the block.

The priest Stillingfleet, with his attendants and his prisoner, reached St. Malo at about the same hour that Sir John Cheulet arrived at Vannes. "The foul fiend himself makes war against us," he cried, as he saw his vessel idly anchored in the harbour, and beheld the ocean tossing and foaming in the adverse gale. "Will this infernal wind never subside? To the castle, to the castle! Since we cannot embark, the time may be worse employed than in taking that rest of which we stand so much in need."

To the castle, therefore, did they proceed, where the Governor, on Stillingfleet presenting to him the credentials with which he was furnished by the Duke of Brittany, readily admitted them, and provided for their accommodation. Richmond was ushered into a large and lofty apartment, at one end of which was a couch,

and at the other a blazing fire. Having partaken of the refreshments offered him, and warmed himself at the blaze of the fire, he was preparing to throw himself on the couch with a wearied frame, and a mind but ill at ease, when Sir Richard Brackley, a Judge of the Court of King's Bench, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, a Knight of the Bath, Stillingfleet's associates in the embassy, entered the apartment, and drawing two chairs close to the fire, took their seats there, and appeared to be composing themselves to repose.

"What means this intrusion, gentlemen?" said Richmond. "I was about to retire to my couch for the purpose of taking some rest previous to the embarkation."

"And we are but doing the same, young Sir," said Brackley, a gaunt and gigantic person, whose features were now distorted by a smile ghastly as that which the poet has ascribed to the last great enemy; "we who, forsooth! stand as much in need of rest as you, having, besides encountering the storm, been obliged to watch you very narrowly, lest you should attempt to escape. Trust me, that your conferences with the Breton Knight were not altogether unobserved."

"Escape!" said Henry. "I knew not until now that I was a prisoner, and a prisoner alone can have any wish or motive to escape. I thought myself under the protection of the ambassadors of my cousin King Edward, whose royal word is a sufficient pledge of my freedom and safety."

"Ay! ay!" said Brackley, with a diabolical grin, "you are safe enough; but not perhaps quite so free as you supposed. The King too will take as much care of you when you land in England as we do here, although perhaps his guardianship may not last quite as long as our's seems likely to do. The road," he added, addressing his companion, and speaking in a tone which was but indistinctly audible to Richmond, "from the Tower to Tower Hill is not quite so long as that from St. Malo to London."

Vaughan shrugged his shoulders, grinned, and gave a nod of assent; while Brackley, after giving utterance to an obstreperous laugh, leaned back in his chair, and once more composed himself to slumber.

"For Heaven's sake, Sir!" said Richmond, approaching Vaughan, "what am I to understand by this man's language and behaviour? Your golden spurs proclaim you to belong to one of those orders of chivalry in which none are enrolled but gentlemen of valour, honour, and courtesy. Tell me, why is the privacy of my apartment intruded upon, and whether I am a prisoner or a free man?"

Vaughan turned his head towards the Earl, but did not move from his recumbent posture in the chair. His features did not exhibit the same expression of profligacy and malignity which characterized those of Brackley; but there was an air of dogged and mulish indifference, which was at least as fatal to the hope which had sprung up in the mind of Richmond, of being able to awaken his sympathy and compassion.

"Young gentleman," said Vaughan, "take an old man's advice for once. Whatever may be your future fate, present rest and refreshment can do you no harm. As soon as the wind changes and becomes fair for England, which the sailors say will be in a few hours, you must embark. Therefore to your couch! to your couch! While you are under my care, you need not entertain any apprehensions either of treachery or violence."

Richmond's heart sunk within him as he felt all his worst fears confirmed by the conduct and language of these two men, who now openly assumed the office of his gaolers. Still the advice of Vaughan seemed proper to be followed, as, whatever might be his future trials, rest would be necessary to enable him to meet them with becoming dignity and firmness. With a disturbed and anxious spirit therefore, but a wearied and worn-out frame, he threw himself on the couch, and soon sunk into a profound slumber.

For above eight hours his rest was undisturbed except by the dreams of peril and trouble which his imagination conjured up before him. Sometimes he fancied that he had fallen from the deck of a vessel into the sea; that King Edward rescued him from a watery grave, by drawing him by the hair of his head on to the deck again; then, in a voice of thunder, exclaiming, "Behold the head of a traitor!" he threw him down on a block, and was about to decollate him with his sword, when the scene suddenly

changed, and a new illusion took possession of his senses. At another time he imagined that he was walking in the gardens of the palace at Westminster, by the banks of the river Thames. On one side towered the venerable Abbey, whose pinnacles seemed to soar into the deep blue sky above them, and blend and mingle with that heaven to whose service they were devoted; while in the opposite distance rose, in many a gentle elevation, the fair hills of Surrey, on which the sunbeams fell in many a long line of glory. Elizabeth of York was walking by his side; but while he was listening and gazing, delighted with the music of her voice, and the beauty of her form and features, she suddenly drew a dagger from her bosom and sheathed it in his heart! At another time he was walking in the midst of the beautiful scenery which environed his own residence in the city of Vannes. An unusual placidity and calmness possessed his soul, and his step was as buoyant and elastic as if he had never felt pain or known sorrow, when suddenly he imagined himself surrounded by a number of soldiers, who by their white uniforms he knew to be in the service of the King of England, and who, seizing his arms, shook him so violently that he started from his sleep. He then, on attempting to move from his couch, found himself in the rough grasp of Sir Richard Brackley, who exclaimed in a harsh and discordant tone of voice—"Up, up! the wind is fair: Sir Thomas Vaughan is already on board, and Dr. Stillingfleet and myself are only waiting for you. Quick, despatch! too much time has been lost already. A very few hours will now suffice to land us on the coast of England."

"Now, gracious God!" exclaimed Henry, in an agony of fear, sinking on his knees, "Thou who didst endue Henry of Windsor with the spirit of prophecy, and whose watchful Providence has till now guarded and protected me, save me, I beseech thee, from the peril, from this fair wind which will only waft me to destruction."

"Despatch, despatch! young Sir," said Brackley; "what art thou muttering there?—thou canst pray on board, and do good service to us all by petitioning for a continuance of that auspicious wind which is now blowing strongly towards the shores of merry England."

With a heavy heart and reluctant step, Henry prepared himself for the journey, and followed Brackley as his iron tread echoed heavily on the winding staircase by which they descended to the postern of the castle. Here they emerged into the open air, and had scarcely crossed the drawbridge before they saw Stillingfleet in earnest and somewhat angry conversation with some persons, who appeared from their soiled garments and the jaded condition of the steeds from which they had dismounted, to have just arrived from a long and hurried journey. As they approached these new comers, they recognised Cheulet, Landois, and two attendants.

The Knight and his companions had used all speed in prosecuting their journey from Vannes to St. Malo. As the former retraced his steps on the road which he had traversed the previous night, he observed, with a failing heart that the storm had greatly diminished, and that the wind, although still somewhat adverse for England, was evidently veering round to an opposite point. "Sir John! Sir John!" said Landois, "I fear that our exertions will but little avail the unfortunate Earl of Richmond. The wind will be fair for England before we can reach St. Malo."

"Our cause is just, our steeds good, and there is a Heaven above us, Master Landois," said Cheulet. "I will not despair until I arrive at St. Malo, and see the English masts blending with the sky on the very verge of the horizon."

"That stout heart of thine, Sir John Cheulet, has often rolled back the tide of war, and made the breath of victory blow from a different quarter to that whence it seemed at first to proceed; but it cannot turn the tide of the English Channel, or bid the eastern breeze veer to the west."

Sir John only answered the Chancellor by spurring his steed more hotly; and his zeal was eagerly seconded by Landois and the two attendants; and at length, as we have already seen, they arrived at St. Malo at the very moment that Stillingfleet and the Earl were about to embark.

The priest eyed the new-comers with a severe glance; but his features brightened when he saw that they were only four in number. His mind instantly suggested to him that the Duke had

sent to command him not to allow the Earl to embark, a command, however, which he was determined not to obey. "The Earl must proceed to England, gentlemen, forthwith," he said, before Landois and Cheulet had had time to unfold to him the purport of their visit.

"Doubtless, good Doctor, he must," said Landois. "You have the Duke's authority to that effect; but my princely master has a secret communication to make to the Earl before his embarkation, of which Sir John Cheulet is the bearer; you will therefore be pleased to allow the Earl and the Knight a few minutes' private conversation."

"Well, well," said Stillingfleet, "let the communication be brief. The wind is at length fair, and we must not lose the precious moments. Sir John Cheulet, the Earl and you may walk aside for a few minutes, that you may have an opportunity of informing him of these private (if private they must be) commands of Duke Francis."

"Reverend father," said Cheulet, "a very short time will enable me to entrust the Duke's secret to the Earl. By the time that we have walked to the porch of yonder cathedral," pointing to a spire at the distance of about a hundred yards, "and retraced our steps to this place, I shall have said all that I have to say to the Earl of Richmond."

"Be it so," said Stillingfleet; "and you will take it not amiss if three of my people follow you at a convenient distance, where they cannot be privy to your conversation, but may prevent any attempt at robbing me of the precious charge with which Duke Francis has entrusted me."

The Knight bowed in token of acquiescence. The Earl, with an anxious but doubting heart, took his friend's arm. He had hoped, that if Cheulet arrived in St. Malo before the embarkation, he would have been accompanied by a force sufficient to rescue him from the clutches of Stillingfleet; but now he and his friends, even supposing Landois willing to assist in his rescue, were only five, and opposed to fifteen enemies. Cheulet, however, whispered to him to be of good cheer; and they proceeded towards the cathedral, followed by Stillingfleet's three retainers.

In the meantime, Landois was engaged in earnest conversation with the ambassadors; and it was evident from the gestures of the latter, that the conversation was no longer of a nature unpleasing to them. Smiles brightened the smooth, seraphic face of Stillingfleet, enlivened the dull, apathetic countenance of Vaughan, and even somewhat softened the ferocious expression of Brackley's features. Landois, a perfect master in the science of dissimulation, had won the attention and lulled the suspicions of the Englishmen. By praising the priest's character for eloquence and sanctity, and expressing his own conviction of his ultimately obtaining a cardinal's hat, if not the triple crown; by extolling the prowess of the knight, and lifting up his hands and eyes in admiration of the lawyer's learning and acuteness, he made all three forget for a short, but neverthess sufficiently long period, the importance of the charge with which they were entrusted. At length, however, turning his eyes towards the path which the Earl and his companion had taken, Stillingfleet saw his own three followers standing at the church porch, but Henry and the knight had disappeared.

"Death and destruction!" he exclaimed to those of his attendants who were near him, "where is the Earl of Richmond?—where is Sir John Cheulet?"

"They have entered the cathedral, Sir," said one; "and the men whom you appointed to follow them are keeping close watch at the porch till they come out again."

"Ye blind slaves! ye drivelling idiotic villains!" shrieked Stillingfleet, wringing his hands; "they have taken sanctuary!"

"Say ye so!" said Vaughan, "then, with as much celerity as they took it, will I take it from them;" and drawing his sword, he was proceeding towards the cathedral, when both Stillingfleet and Landois interposed.

"It must not be," said the priest, crossing himself; "the privileges of holy sanctuary must be respected, though even the red hand of the murderer sought refuge there. But you, my Lord Landois, how will you and your master answer this treachery to the King? In his name do I denounce a fearful vengeance and retribution against the ruler and the dominions of Brittany."

"Sir," said Landois, affecting the utmost indignation and surprise, "your priestly character protects you, else (touching his sword) should not an aspersion upon my honour, and still less upon that of my Prince, go for a single instant unpunished. I see," he said, bending a look of deference and respect on the priest's colleagues, "that this gallant knight and this most learned Judge do not join in your unworthy suspicions! and I hope, reverend Doctor, that a moment's reflection will induce you to banish them from your mind. This Breton knight, who is the Earl's especial friend, and seems to entertain some idle and groundless doubts of the King's sincerity, has persuaded Henry Tudor to take sanctuary. The laws of God and man alike forbid us to violate the security of that place, in which he has chosen to seek shelter."

"I doubt not the good Chancellor's honour," said Brackley, "or that of his princely sovereign; it were an ill requital of Duke Francis's courtesy and kindness towards us, to load him with an unjust suspicion."

"But the prize for which I have been so long toiling," exclaimed Stillingfleet, "is ravished from my grasp. The money and merchandise which we have expended on this enterprise have been lavished in vain."

"Say not so, good Doctor," returned Landois; "neither your time nor your treasure have been expended unavailingly. You have won the respect and affection of all who have had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with you in Brittany; and when the time shall come, as it must speedily, when those high honours in the Church, to which you are so well entitled, shall be not far removed from your grasp, fear not that the exertions of your friends in this Duchy will be wanting to place them effectually within your reach."

"You are a fair-spoken man," said the priest, somewhat softened by the Chancellor's flattering address, and before whose imagination, ever teeming with ambitious dreams, archbishops' mitres, cardinals' hats, and the triple crown, floated on one wide sea of progressive grandeur and power,—"you are a fair-spoken person, and I have not yet found your actions to be darker than your words.

King Edward, however, must be satisfied that we have not left his affairs in this Duchy worse than we found them. Promise me that Duke Francis will continue to watch with the same vigilance as formerly over the intrigues of this young Earl and his uncle, and that no plots against the crown and dignity of King Edward shall be carried on in his dominions."

"I have authority," said Landois, "to pled e the Duke's most solemn oath and promise to that effect."

"Then," said Stillingfleet, giving the Chancellor his hand, "let us part in peace—the wind is fair, and we must away."

"Fare thee well, reverend Father, and my most esteemed friend," said Landois;—"and gallant Vaughan, and learned Brackley, fare ye well!—The Earl shall be kept so narrowly watched at the Duke's court, that ye shall have no more cause of fear from him than from his shadow."

The ambassadors then proceeded to embark. The wind, blowing strongly, soon carried them out of the harbour into the open sea, and Richmond escaped his first peril.

In the city of Vannes, and under the protection of the Duke of Brittany, again did Henry Tudor find shelter and peace; but his hopes of love and glory seemed farther removed from him than ever. King Edward wrote to Duke Francis, expressing his regret that his kinsman had hesitated to visit him, and disavowing the most remote intention of committing any violence upon his liberty or life. The Princess wrote to Richmond, expressing the same regret; but assuring him of her unaltered constancy and love. Landois, in the mean time, upon whom, in consequence of the Duke's age, his growing infirmities, and his disinclination to take any active share in public business, the chief management of the affairs of Brittany devolved, carried on a secret corespondence with England, which Richmond, notwithstanding the important service that the Chancellor had rendered him, could not help suspecting as indicative of no good to him. Sir John Cheulet confirmed him in these suspicions, and assured him that Landois, acute and naturally kind-hearted and generous as he was, could not resist the all-potent influence of gold. "Danger or difficulty would not

frighten him from your side," the knight would say; "but King Edward's money-bags are enemies against which I would advise you to guard yourself." King Edward, however was soon gathered to his fathers, and his infant son mounted the throne. Richmond's hopes now began to revive. The nation seemed to be impatient of the sway of a child, and were also fearful of the character of the King's uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, who was made Protector, and who was suspected not only of having been guilty of the murder of the late King, Henry the Sixth, and of his son, but also of that of his own brother, the Duke of Clarence. The events which followed are familiar to all the readers of English history. The young King, and his brother the Duke of York, died suddenly in the Tower of London, not without suspicions of having been murdered by their uncle. The Duke of Gloucester was proclaimed King, under the title of Richard the Third; and having quietly obtained possession of the throne, bent all the energies of his powerful mind to the destruction of the only person who advanced an adverse claim to the regal dignity, Henry Earl of Richmond. King Richard, too, attacked Richmond on his most tender point. He made love to the Princess Elizabeth, his niece; persuaded her mother, the Queen Dowager, to advocate his suit, and sent messengers to Rome for the purpose of soliciting from the Pope a dispensation to enable him to marry his brother's daughter.

Richmond, however, received letters from Elizabeth, assuring him of her unshaken attachment, and avowing her determination to die rather than wed the murderer of her brothers. These assurances quieted the Earl's anxiety on the score of his affection; but he still found, or fancied, his liberty and life placed in jeopardy, and was obliged to watch with the utmost suspicion and caution the movements of a man whom he had fondly hoped he might number among his friends, Peter Landois. "His, surely," he would say to himself, "is the *false heart* of which King Henry prophesied." Couriers were continually running, and letters passing between King Richard and the Chancellor; and messengers who appeared to be charged with some secret and important mission from the former, arrived in the city of Vannes. Landois, too,

kept a state and spent money with a profusion which it was evident that the emoluments attached to the office which he held in so poor a duchy as Brittany could not be sufficient to support.

One day, while Richmond was moodily brooding over these ill-omened appearances, Sir John Cheulet broke in upon his privacy, leading by the hand a person whose dress and language denoted that he was an ecclesiastic and an Englishman.

"A messenger, my Lord of Richmond," said Cheulet, "from your firm friend and ally, Morton Bishop of Ely—Sir Christopher Urswick."

"Ha!" said Richmond, moving towards his new visitor, "I have often heard my friend Morton, and others for whom I have an equal regard, speak highly of the virtues and talents of Sir Christopher Urswick. But how fares the Bishop?"

"As well, my Lord," said Urswick, "as exile and penury, and his grief that your progress towards obtaining the diadem of England is not more rapid, will permit him to fare. He continues friendless and penniless, but still safe from the malice of his enemies, in his humble sojourn in Flanders; yet he blesses God for all the privations which he has been there obliged to undergo, since they have made him acquainted with the details of a horrible plot against your liberty and life."

"Say on, say on, good Urswick; I have often been indebted to my Lord of Ely for his timely intelligence."

"This very night, my Lord," continued the priest, "has the traitor Landois engaged to deliver you up to the emissaries of King Richard. Every servant in this place is corrupted, except your page Seymour; and at the hour of midnight, the conspirators will be admitted into your bed-chamber; you will be seized and gagged, hurried to the scene of your old danger, St. Malo, and thence transported to England. Seymour, who is hated for his attachment to you, will at the same time be banished to France; lest, while in Brittany, he should communicate the particulars of this scheme to Duke Francis, and so shake the estimation in which Landois stands with his prince."

"Can I believe it?" said Richmond. "To this very Peter

Landois I am already indebted for my life; and it seems worse than ingratitude to believe him guilty of treachery against the being whom he has once preserved."

"Believe him not, trust him not," said Urswick; "his interests stood not in his way when he last assisted your escape from danger; but now the gold of England has made him your inveterate enemy: for one tithe of the silver marks which, as my Lord of Ely has discovered, have been shipped over to him from London, he would barter his own salvation to the great Enemy of mankind."

"What would you have me do, good Urswick?" asked Henry.

"Fly from the city," answered the priest, "and that without delay."

"And whither can I fly?" said Richmond; "I have neither friends, nor allies, nor favourers beyond the city of Vannes."

"You must fly into France," said Urswick; "the frontier of that kingdom is not above twelve hours' hard riding from this place; there will you meet my Lord of Ely, and your noble uncle, the Earl of Pembroke, who, immediately on receiving intelligence of this plot, hastened to the Court of King Charles at Langes on the Loire, to solicit that monarch's permission for you to take up your residence in his territories, while they despatched me to you to urge your immediate flight. There is little doubt but that they will obtain, and meet you on the frontier with, the permission which they have begged. Lose therefore no time: when once you are upon the French soil, Landois, though he had twenty thousand men at his heels, dare not follow you an inch farther."

"'Tis now the hour of eight," said Richmond, "and in twelve hours thou sayest that we may reach the frontier. Yet I must be wary, since I am surrounded by spies and traitors, nor let them know that the journey on which I am proceeding is towards France. My friend, Sir Eustace Chatelet, is now lying indisposed at the village of Lavalliere. I will give out that I purpose paying him a visit; Seymour, whom thou sayest I may trust, shall accompany me as my page, and after we have proceeded a few miles beyond the city, we will exchange clothes, that in case of any

pursuit being made at an earlier hour than we calculate upon, Seymour may be made my scape-goat. The myrmidons of Landois will most likely not be able to recognise my features: the plumed cap and the silken doublet which he will wear will convince them that in him they have secured the Earl of Richmond; while I, the poor page, shall not be considered a prize worth the trouble of guarding and taking care of."

"'Tis a trim plot, my good Lord," said Sir John Cheulet, "and I fear that you will most likely have occasion to put the latter part of it in execution. Landois, as I hear, purposes to pay you an early visit this morning, doubtless for the purpose of assuring himself that the bird is safe in his cage. Should he not feel quite satisfied with the story of your visit to Sir Eustace Chatelet, he will infallibly send half a score of troopers after you. Yet be hopeful, my good Lord, be hopeful; and as the peril of the *fair wind* was surmounted, so, I trust, will be that of the *false heart* also."

"As soon as you have passed the broad oak on the hill," said Urswick, "which marks the boundary of France and Brittany, you will be safe from your pursuers, however near they may be to you. Landois dares not commit an outrage on the dominions of King Charles."

"I know the broad oak well," said Richmond; "for the time has been in which I was as careful to keep on this side of it, as I am now anxious to get beyond it. Mine, my friends, has been an eventful and dangerous career; but I trust in the protection of Him whose captain I account myself, and who will yet, I hope, enable me to reward the exertions of my friends as they deserve."

Henry wrung the hands of the priest and the knight, and the tears started to the eyes of all as they took leave of each other. A very short period sufficed to place Richmond and his page Seymour, who entered eagerly into the plot, in a condition to pursue their journey. The Earl's visit to his friend at Lavalliere, occasioned neither surprise nor comment, and unquestioned, and almost unobserved, he passed the city gates, and took the road to Angiers.

"Canst thou play an earl's part well, my friend Seymour," said

Richmond to his page, as they rode along, "should occasion require thee?"

"Doubt not that, Sir," said the page; "I can sing like a troubadour, swear like a knight, swagger like a lord, and imitate anything but the grace and urbanity of Henry Tudor."

"Thanks for thy compliment, my gentle friend," said the Earl, smiling; "but it is Henry Tudor whom thou must imitate, whether he be graceful and urbane or not, should the myrmidons of Landois overtake us ere we reach the frontier."

"I will do my best, my Lord," said Seymour. "Your lordship has led so secluded a life, that you are not very likely to be known to Landois' troopers. Some unlucky chance, however, may induce them to carry back the page as well as the master, and then methinks that our goodly plot will profit us little."

"Yet it is said," returned the Earl of Richmond, "that Landois and his emissaries wish to banish you to France; so that if my disguise makes them mistake me for you, they will not, when they think that they see you on the high road to that country, without giving them the trouble to send you there, be much inclined to stop you in your journey."

"True, true!" said the page. "The scheme is worth trying. I will risk every drop of blood in my veins in the cause of Henry Tudor."

"Thou shalt risk nought," said Henry, "but a few hours' durance. The moment that I am safe on the French territory, I will procure thy liberation, though it should be at the price of a prince's ransom; but here, methinks, is a convenient place for making that exchange of our garments on which the success of our enterprise mainly depends."

The exchange was speedily made, and the travellers were remounted, and once more moving with the utmost rapidity towards the frontier. Five hours had elapsed, and they perceived no symptoms of pursuit; but both they and their steeds began to feel the want of rest and refreshment; and therefore, after having penetrated a short way into the forest on the left hand of the road, for the purpose of procuring alike shelter from the overpowering

beams of the sun, and concealment from their enemies, they spread before them the slender repast with which they had provided themselves previous to quitting Vannes. They had now nearly performed half their journey, and began already to anticipate a favourable issue to their enterprise. The moments, however, were precious: they therefore hastily dispatched their meal, remounted their horses, and pressed forwards on their journey. Their steeds now began to appear somewhat jaded by their day's exertion, and toiled heavily and wearily along the road, which in the morning they had traversed with the fleetness of the forest deer. "Alas! Seymour," said Richmond, "as the day advances, my hopes decline; my good horse is nearly exhausted; and hark! hearest thou nothing that thou wouldst not hear?"

"I hear nought, my Lord, but the murmur of the river, and the sound of our horses' hoofs as we traverse its banks."

"Alas, alas!" returned the Earl, "my ear has been quickened by long misfortunes and anxieties, and even now the distant trampling of our pursuers' hoofs is distinctly audible to me. Let us hasten for our lives."

They put spurs to their horses, and used every effort to distance their enemies. The sounds which Richmond's ear had first caught, were in a few minutes heard by Seymour; and as he looked back, a turning in the road showed half-a-dozen well-mounted horsemen, who by their uniform he knew to be Landois' troopers, rapidly descending the hill which he and Richmond had just left behind them.

"Now, my good Lord," said Seymour, "must we trust to our disguises; for the swift and powerful steeds on which these fellows are mounted leave us no chance of being able to evade their pursuit. They near us, they near us! Hark! what is't they say?"

"'Tis he, tis he!" exclaimed one of the troopers; "I know him by his waving plume, and by the red dragon embroidered on his doublet. Stand, in the name of the Duke of Brittany, I command you!" he added, couching his spear, "or, by Heaven! ye are but dead men!"

"What mean you, rude companion," said Seymour, "by using such language and gestures to a prince of my rank and character, and by daring to assume the authority of the Duke of Brittany's name, for committing an outrage on the person of his nearest and dearest friend?"

"Henry Earl of Richmond," said the leader of the troopers, addressing Seymour, "I arrest thee as an ungrateful traitor to the good Duke Francis, who has so long cherished and protected thee. Unmindful of his protection and favours, thou art fleeing into the territory of his ancient enemy the King of France, in order to plot for the destruction of that treaty of peace and amity which has been so lately concluded between them."

"Duke Francis," returned Seymour, "says not so, nor has he given any authority to you to detain me."

"I have the authority," answered the trooper, "of his Grace's Lord Treasurer, the noble Peter Landois, for my proceedings."

"Peter Landois is a traitor and a slave!" said Seymour.

"Tut, tut!" interrupted the soldier; "we came not hither to prate, my spruce springald:" and thus saying he, with the assistance of one of his followers, tied the page's hands behind him. He then turned a curious and inquiring glance towards Richmond, who had remained a silent spectator of this scene.

"I trust," said Seymour, "that if I am to be carried back a prisoner to Vannes, my page will be allowed to attend me? One faithful servant will not be so formidable a retinue to a captive earl, that Peter Landois need tremble at it."

There was an expression of acquiescence which for a moment softened the stern features of the trooper; and Seymour began to fear that the request, which he had made that it might be refused, would be complied with.

"My Lord of Richmond," said his captor, "I wish not to treat you with unnecessary harshness, as long as I feel assured that I have you safely in my custody. Sir Page, may I crave your name?"

"My name," said the Earl, "is Henry Seymour."

"Seymour, Seymour," echoed the other. "Then, by my faith!

the prisoner is better without your company. Trust me, young Sir, that I do not mean to take upon me the charge of conducting you back to Vannes, that you may be able to plot once more against the interests of Duke Francis and my Lord Landois. Since you are so far on the road to France, be pleased to know that you are banished the territories of Brittany, and that the sooner you cross the frontier the better it will be for you."

"Thou speakest truth more surely than thou art aware of," muttered Richmond. "Since it must be," he added aloud, "that my noble Lord and I part, here I bid him a sad, but I hope not a long farewell."

"Farewell, farewell! my trusty servant," said Seymour.

"Not so fast, not so fast!" said the trooper. "This young gentleman is mounted upon a gallant steed, which by its trappings I perceive belongs to the Duke of Brittany, and forms a part of that establishment which our ill-requited prince settled upon the Earl of Richmond during his residence at Vannes. Methinks 'tis somewhat strange that the better steed should be ridden by the page, while his lord and master bestrides a somewhat sorry nag in the comparison!"

This untoward discovery seemed likely to rend in pieces the thin web of Henry's plot. Seymour, however, answered with the utmost readiness and apparent unconcern:

"'Tis a fine animal, but he possessed so much mettle, that I, who am just recovered from a long illness, did not venture to bestride him. His fiery pace is better suited to Seymour."

"It may be so," said the trooper; "but methinks that a traitor and a banished man may find his way into France on foot; or, at least, may choose some more fitting conveyance than a steed from the Duke's stables. Dismount, dismount, Sir Page!"

There was no remedy; and as Richmond hastily balanced in his own mind the choice of evils, that from which he was delivered, the return to Vannes, seemed to be far greater than that to which he was to be subjected, the prosecution of the remainder of his journey on foot. He therefore obeyed the unceremonious command of the trooper, dismounted, and, amidst the jeers and laughter of his

enemies, proceeded on his pedestrian expedition. As the sound of the horses' hoofs died away in the distance, Richmond began to reflect with feelings of no great satisfaction on his situation. He had still many miles to travel before he could reach the French frontier, a journey which he had hoped to finish before the hour of eight in the evening; but which, as it was now noon, and he was obliged to travel on foot, he could not expect to complete until after midnight. It appeared probable, too, that Seymour and his captors would arrive at Vannes in time to enable Landois to discover the mistake made by the latter, and to pursue and apprehend Richmond before he was safe on the French territory. With an anxious, but still with a bold heart, however, he plodded on his way. The burning heat of noon was succeeded by the refreshing dews of evening, and the deep azure of the sky was spotted by dusky grey clouds, and yet no interruption was offered to his farther progress. Those grey clouds, too, assumed a yet darker tinge, and the shadows of night closed around him; and these again were illuminated by the silver radiance of the rising moon, and still Richmond had reason to nourish the hope that his second peril was encountered and escaped. The moon was riding high in the midnight heaven; and not the heart of the dove panted more eagerly once more to behold the ark, after its dreary travel over the desolate abyss of waters, than did that of Richmond to see the oak tree which marked the boundary between France and Brittany, flinging its broad shadow in the moonlight, on the pathway of the now sinking and exhausted traveller. Still an unwonted serenity and calmness reigned in his bosom. The nightingale was trilling her song among the copses by his side, the river rippling in the moonbeams was murmuring at his feet, and the leaves of the forest were rustling in the night wind over his head and filling his mind with a variety of pleasing and soothing emotions. His heart, however, sunk within him as his prophetic ear again caught the distant trampling of hoofs. "The false heart," he exclaimed, "of Peter Landois will triumph, after all. Yet one effort, one more for life and liberty, and the crown of England."

Thus saying, he girded his loins and strained up the hill, on

whose summit he knew stood that fateful tree which marked the boundary line, not only of France and Brittany, but that of life and death to him. His pursuers drew near. A shout from a stentorian voice, which he instantly recognised to be that of Peter Landois, announced that their hunted prey was in view, and the brisk trot of the pursuers was increased to a full gallop. At that moment Henry beheld the majestic branches of the oak tree waving before him. He sprang with the velocity of the hunted deer towards it—the fore-foot of a horse almost touched his heel, and just as the rider was reaching down his arm to grasp his prisoner, the latter darted past the tree, and sunk, faint and almost lifeless, on the soil of France.

"Back, back, Master Landois," said the Earl of Pembroke, who, with the Bishop of Ely and a few attendants, had been anxiously waiting the arrival of Henry Tudor: "dare to commit the slightest violence on the territory of King Louis, and, by Heaven, you will light a flame which will speedily spread to the gates of your own palace in the city of Vannes! The Earl of Richmond is now the guest of the King of France, and I bear in my hand his Majesty's permission for him to take his residence at Angiers, and his command to all public functionaries to treat him with the respect and deference due to his rank and worth."

"Are you there, Jasper Tudor?" said Landois, in a tone which denoted the bitterness of his exasperation and disappointment. "Fare ye well, fare ye well! Ye know that I dare not, even for the purpose of apprehending a traitor to my gracious master, violate the French territory. Yet your fate is but respited for a short season: the white boar of England will yet gore yon wittol adventurer with his tusks."

Thus saying, he turned his horse's head, and, motioning to his attendants to follow him, re-crossed the frontier, and was soon hidden behind the brow of the hill which he had just ascended. Ely and Pembroke then raised the scarce breathing form of Henry Tudor from the ground, and, placing him carefully on a horse, at a slow and easy pace conducted him in safety to the town of Angiers.

Thus did Richmond escape his second peril.

We will not do more than briefly recapitulate the events which preceded our hero's encounter with his third peril, since they are matters of general history, with which our readers must be sufficiently familiar. The French King received him honourably; and being desirous of raising disturbance to King Richard, he secretly encouraged the Earl in the levies which he made for the support of his enterprise upon England. The Earl of Oxford, whom Richard's suspicions had thrown into confinement, having made his escape, here joined Henry, and inflamed his ardour for the attempt by the favourable account which he brought of the dispositions of the English nation, and their detestation of Richard's crimes and usurpation. He also brought a piece of intelligence not less grateful to the mind of Henry, that the Princess Elizabeth continued constant in her attachment to him, and firmly resisted every solicitation to become the bride of the King.

At length the Earl of Richmond set sail from Harfleur in Normandy, with a small army of about two thousand men, and after a navigation of six days he arrived at Milford Haven in Wales, where he landed without opposition. He directed his course towards that part of the kingdom, in the hope that the Welsh, who regarded him as their countryman, would join his standard, and enable him to make head against the government. Nor were his hopes disappointed. Numbers joined him every day; and he had some reason to think that Lord Stanley, who commanded a considerable force, and occupied a position between the armies of the Earl and the King, would throw off his allegiance to the latter, and join in the enterprise of the former. Such was the situation of affairs on the night when Richmond encamped on the field of Bosworth, near the city of Leicester, expecting that the enemy would give him battle on the morrow.

The morning dawned slowly and heavily; and with the first break of day arrived intelligence to Richmond of the near approach of the King, with an army of twenty-six thousand men, being nearly double the force which the Earl had to oppose to him He also heard that Lord Stanley and Sir William Stanley

were at the head of a body of eight thousand men, and were momentarily expected to join the army of the King, who, to secure the fidelity of Lord Stanley, had detained his son, Lord Strange, as an hostage; and had sworn that, on the slightest indication of treachery on the part of the father, the son's head should be stricken off. In no way disheartened by this intelligence, but relying on the justice of his cause, the zeal and valour of his troops, and the probability of Lord Stanley forming a junction with him instead of with King Richard, Henry ordered his troops to be mustered; and after riding through the ranks, cheering and encouraging them, he mounted a little hill, on which he could be seen by the whole army, and harangued them in a style of great eloquence and feeling.

"If ever God," he said, "gave victory to men fighting in a just quarrel; or if He ever aided such as made war for the benefit of their own native country; or if He ever succoured such as adventured their lives for the relief of the innocent and the suppression of tyranny and crime; no doubt, my fellows and friends, but He, of his bountiful goodness, will this day send us triumphant victory over our arrogant adversaries. I doubt not that God will rather aid us—ay, and fight for us—than see us vanquished by such as neither regard him nor his laws, nor yet regard justice and honesty. Our cause is so just, that no enterprise can be of more virtue, both by the laws divine and civil; for what can be a more honest or godly quarrel than to fight against a homicide, and a murderer of his own blood and progeny, a destroyer of the nobility, and to his and our unhappy country and its people a deadly evil, a fire brand, and an intolerable burden? Consider, too, who are his associates and followers; such as by murder and falsehood have disinherited me and you, and wrongfully usurp our lawful patrimony and lineal inheritance. He who calls himself King keeps from me the crown of this most noble realm, contrary to all justice and equity. His mates and friends occupy your lands, cut down your woods, and destroy your manors, letting your wives and children range abroad for their living. Those persons, for their punishment, will, I doubt not, be delivered by God into our hands

as a great gain and booty; or, being grieved by the stinging of their corrupt consciences, will flee from before us, and will not abide the battle. Besides this, I assure you that there are yonder, in that great battle, men brought thither for fear and not for love; soldiers by force compelled, and not with good-will assembled; persons who desire the destruction rather than the triumph of their master and captain. And finally, there is a multitude, of which the greater part is our friends, and the smaller part our enemies. If this cause be not just, and this quarrel godly, let God, the giver of victory, judge and determine. We have, thanks be given to Christ! escaped the secret treasons in Brittany, and avoided the subtle snares of our fraudulent enemies there, passed the troubled sea in safety, and are now come to the place which we have so much desired to reach, for we have long sought the furious Boar, and now we have found him. So that here," he added, "we stand as sheep in a fold, between our enemies and our doubtful friends. Therefore, let all fear be set aside and let us unite like brethren; for this day shall be the end of our labours, either by honourable death or by famous victory. Remember, that victory is not gained with the multitude of men, but by the courage of hearts and the valiantness of minds. The smaller our number is, the greater will be our glory if we vanquish; and if we are overcome, yet no praise will be to be attributed to the victors, considering that three men will have fought against one. And of this one thing I assure you, that in so just and good a cause and so notable a quarrel, ye shall find me this day rather a dead carrion upon the cold ground, than a free prisoner on a carpet in a lady's chamber. And now advance forward, true men against traitors, pitiful persons against murderers, true inheritors against usurpers, the scourges of God against tyrants! Display my banner with a good courage; march forth like strong and robust champions; and begin the battle like hardy conquerors. The battle is at hand, and the victory approaches; and if we shamefully retreat or cowardly fly, we and all our followers shall be destroyed and dishonoured for ever. This is the day of gain, and this is the time of loss! Get this day victory, and be conquerors! Lose this

day's battle, and be slaves! Therefore, in the name of God and Saint George, let every man courageously advance forth his standard!"*

At these words, one loud and universal shout burst from the army which had as yet stood listening in breathless attention; a thousand banners were unfurled to the breeze, displaying the favourite colours of the House of Tudor, red and white, with a red dragon painted on them; and spears were couched and swords unsheathed in readiness for the approaching conflict. The van of King Richard's army was just then seen on the brow of the opposite hill; and their standards, bearing on them the King's favourite badge, a silver boar with tusks and bristles of gold, were seen floating in the air, in proud rivalry of the red and white banner of Richmond. Henry gazed anxiously on this ominous banner, and a sudden light flashed upon his mind. "Ha!" he said, "it is the third and last peril which Henry of Windsor told me that I should encounter, and which if I escaped I should wear the crown of England. Now then, to thy protection, God of Battles, I commend myself! And now, my gallant friends, to the charge! God and St. George for England!"

Both parties were now prepared for action. A wide morass intervened between the hostile armies; and Richmond, first leading his troops forward, posted them judiciously with their right flank upon this barrier, placing them at the same time with their backs towards the sun, which shining with dazzling radiance full upon the front of the enemy, blinded their eyes with excess of light, while it gave a clear and distinct view of every object to the more shaded Lancastrians. No sooner had the Earl passed the morass, than the King gave directions for the attack. Amidst the blast of the trumpets and the clamour of the shouting soldiers, the King's archers rained down on the advancing enemy their fatal shower. The Earl's bowmen were not slow in returning it, and, from their more favourable situation with respect to the light, with far more precision and effect. After this fearful prologue to the terrible

* Hall.

drama which approached, the two armies joined, each ever and anon casting an anxious glance towards the north, where the Stanleys' troops were seen advancing slowly, cautiously, and apparently irresolute and undetermined with which of the two contending parties they should form a junction.

In the meantime the Earl of Oxford, who commanded the van of Henry's army, perceived the amazing strength of King Richard's centre; and fearing that he should be surrounded by the multitude of his enemies, he commanded that no man should go more than ten feet from the standard; which commandment being once known, they knit themselves closely together, and the division being thus concentrated in the form of a wedge, ceased the attack for a while, and awaited the moment of successful action. The enemy, suddenly abashed at this manœuvre, also ceased firing, and fell back a little; when Oxford, directing all his strength to one particular point, and cheering on his forces, rushed into the midst of the enemy, broke their lines, and drove them before them. At that moment, shouts of "A Lancaster! a Lancaster!" were heard; and the Lord Stanley and his forces approaching the combatants, joined the ranks of the Earl of Richmond.

"Off with George Strange's head!" was heard shouted in the loud and angry tones of King Richard, and reverberated over the field. It reached the ear of the unhappy father; but the die was cast, and it only served to nerve the arms of himself and his followers more firmly, and to inflame their hearts with a more invincible determination to pull down the proud tyrant from the throne which he had so long and so unworthily occupied.

That day King Richard performed prodigies of valour. Whosoever he encountered fell beneath the apparently preternatural strength of his arm; the enemy against whom he spurred his steed was quickly trampled beneath its hoofs; the head on which his sword descended, rolled, a gory ball, in the dust; the victim on whom his eye was fixed was as certainly doomed as if he had met the fatal gaze of the basilisk. With an activity, too, which was only rivalled by his prowess and strength, he seemed at the same moment of time to be in different and distant parts of the

field, dealing death and destruction around him, so that he appeared to the terrified foe to be gifted alike with omnipotence and ubiquity. Wherever an advantage was to be improved, or a disaster to be repaired; an attacking enemy to be repelled, or a retreating one to be pursued; the fainting hearts of some of his troops to be inspirited, or the rash impetuosity of others to be restrained, there was Richard to be seen brandishing his reeking weapon, with his golden crown upon his head, and the regal purple floating over his armour, attacking, defending, pursuing, withstanding, cheering, or forbidding, and acting to the life the part which was indeed his own—that of the presiding genius, the author and invoker of the terrific storm that raged around him. Although the insignia of royalty which he carried ostentatiously upon his person made him an obvious mark for the arrows and shots of the enemy, yet he seemed to bear a charmed life. The fatal missiles passed close by him on the right hand and on the left, but they touched him not; the sword that descended on his helmet, flew out of the hand of him who wielded it; and the spear which was pointed at his breast shivered into a thousand splinters, as he interposed his shield between him and its aim. The Duke of Norfolk fell at his right hand, and Sir Thomas Lovell at his left; and thrice did the horses which he rode fall to the ground, pierced by the fatal weapons to which their rider seemed invulnerable; but as often did the monarch spring with the speed of lightning on some other steed, which the officious attentions of his followers presented to him, or which rushed past him without its rider, of whom the chances of the day had deprived it.

The battle raged long and dubiously. The defection of Stanley and his followers seemed to be more than compensated by the King himself, before whose single arm numbers fled panic-struck. "The Boar's tusks," thought Richmond, "have fastened upon me. Oh! grant, great Heaven, that I may but escape this peril, and the glory and the honour shall be all Thy own!" At that moment, a tremendous shout was set up by his retainers; a large body of the enemy went over to his party, and a still larger body, under the command of the Earl of Northumberland, withdrew from the

ranks of King Richard, and, retiring to a convenient distance, awaited in calm neutrality the issue of the combat.

The King's friends then saw that the victory was certainly wrested from them, and urged him to mount a swift horse and seek his safety in flight.

"Not one foot will I fly, Catesby," said Richard; "this day shall end all my battles, or terminate my life. I will die King of England! Let me but meet this bastard Welshman, this Henry Tudor, hand to hand, and one thrust of my good sword shall terminate the conflict at a blow."

"Then, my liege," said Catesby, "behold, behold!" and pointed to a small company of men-at-arms at a short distance from them, in the midst of whom stood one, who by his curiously engraved armour and the red dragon emblazoned upon his shield, Richard immediately knew to be the Earl of Richmond.

"Treason, treason, treason!" shouted the King, and dashing out of the line, he rode with his spear in rest towards his enemy. The first who attempted to check his progress towards the Earl was Sir William Brandon, Richmond's standard-bearer; but one blow from the King's battle-axe stretched him dead upon the earth. Hand to hand he then encountered Sir John Cheyney, a man of gigantic stature and strength, and for a moment the issue of their meeting seemed doubtful, but the knight soon was borne from his saddle. "St. George, St. George for England!" shouted the King; "down with the dragon!" and as he rushed on towards Richmond, he seemed to be the personification of that far-famed champion whom he named, and to be about to realize the legendary victory which had been ascribed to him. Richmond, however, sat firm in his saddle, prepared to enter into personal and mortal conflict with his grand enemy. But this combat was prevented; for the King, whose impetuosity had hurried him far out of the ranks of his own retainers, found himself alone and unassisted in the midst of his enemies. Brandishing his battle-axe, however, in his hand, he for a long time maintained this unequal warfare, now cleaving to the earth an enemy, now warding off a blow, until at length, hacked with a hundred weapons,

he fell from his horse, and sunk blood-drenched and lifeless to the ground.

"Victory, victory! the King is slain!" "The devouring boar is conquered!" "God and St. George for England!" Such were the acclamations with which the whole field of battle rang; to which Lord Stanley added, as he rode up to the spot where Richmond stood receiving the congratulations of his friends, "God save King Henry!" This last shout was immediately caught by the assembled multitude, and re-echoed by every voice. Stanley, then stooping down, plucked the crown from the brows of Richard, placed it on those of Henry, and amidst the shouts of the soldiers, the martial sounds of victory from the trumpets and clarions, and cries of "Quarter, quarter!" from the baffled foes, who now submitted themselves to his mercy, the new king paraded the field, and received the unanimous fealty and homage of his subjects.

Thus were the Three Perils of Richmond encountered and escaped, the crown of England firmly placed upon his head, and the prophecy of King Henry the Sixth fulfilled. A few days afterwards introduced him to his long-admired, but till then unseen bride. Henry and Elizabeth were united in the holy bands of matrimony, and the fatal wars of York and Lancaster terminated for ever.

THE FAMILIES UNITED.

We will unite the White Rose with the Red.
Smile, Heaven, upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!
SHAKSPEARE.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

HENRY THE SEVENTH.

1485.—AFTER the battle of Bosworth, Henry advanced by slow marches towards London. On his march he sent the young Earl of Warwick, the Duke of Clarence's son, from the Castle of Sheriff Hutton, where he had been confined by Richard III., and shut him up in the Tower of London. Henry was crowned the 30th of October.

1486.—Henry married Elizabeth, but entertained such a rooted aversion to the family of York, that though his wife behaved to him with the greatest obsequiousness, he always treated her with indifference. A rebellion broke out, headed by Lord Lovel, a favourite of Richard's, which was soon quelled, and Lovel withdrew from the kingdom.

Simon, a priest at Oxford, set up Simnel, a baker's son, a youth about fifteen, to personate the Earl of Warwick, (who, it was rumoured had escaped from the Tower,) and carried him over to Ireland. The Irish revolted and crowned the young man as Edward VI.

1487.—The Earl of Lincoln, nephew to Edward IV., whom Richard had declared presumptive heir to the crown, went over to Flanders, and prevailed on the Duchess Dowager of Burgundy to countenance Simnel. She was sister to Edward and Richard, and hearing of Henry's invincible hatred to her family, determined on assisting the person whom they affected to believe the Earl of Warwick, though the true one had been publicly shown in St. Paul's church.

Lincoln and Lovel carried to Ireland two thousand Germans, hired by the

Duchess of Burgundy, and being joined there by Simnel and some Irish, they proceeded to England, and landed in Lancashire. The armies of Lincoln and King Henry met at Stoke, near Newark, where the rebels were defeated, Lincoln slain, and the priest and Simnel taken prisoners. The former was confined, and Simnel was employed in the King's kitchen as a turnspit, and afterwards became one of the royal falconers.

Charles VIII. of France attacked Brittany, and the English Parliament granted a subsidy for the defence of that duchy. Henry put the money thus procured into his own coffers. The French, in July 1488, entirely defeated the Duke of St. Aubin.

1492.—Henry, under pretence of a French war, which was always a favourite theme in England, obtained a subsidy from Parliament, and a benevolence from his subjects. He went over to France so late as October, vaunting that he meant to make a conquest of that nation, though at that time a private treaty of peace was carrying on. On his arrival he concluded a peace at Estaples, and immediately returned to England, having obtained by this sham war all that he wanted, a large sum of money.

1493.—The Duchess of Burgundy was continually contriving means for giving Henry trouble. She incited Perkin Warbeck, the son of a converted Jew, of Tournay, but who had resided a long time in London, to personate the Duke of York, who, she caused it to be rumoured, had escaped from the Tower when his brother Edward V. was murdered. Warbeck went over to Ireland, and assumed the name of Richard Plantagenet; and being very like Edward's family, he was generally looked upon as the real Duke of York. The King of France invited him to Paris, and treated him as a prince till the peace of Estaples, when he refused to deliver him up to Henry, but sent him out of his dominions. Warbeck then went to the Duchess of Burgundy, and was joined by many people from England; but Henry, by steadiness and perseverance, and the vigilance of his spies, discovered all Warbeck's history, which he made public to the nation, and then put some of the principal conspirators to death.

1495.—Warbeck went to Scotland, where King James received him kindly and honourably. James even gave him Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntley, a relation of his own, in marriage.

James made an irruption into England, to try how far Warbeck would be supported; but no part of the population offering to rise, he retired after ravaging Northumberland. Finding that he could never have a permanent peace with Henry whilst he countenanced Warbeck, he sent the latter and his wife over to Ireland.

1498.—A peace was concluded with Scotland, negociated by the Spanish Ambassador.

Warbeck went to England, and, being joined in Cornwall by between three and four thousand men, laid siege to Exeter. On the King's advancing against him his adherents immediately dispersed, and he was obliged to take refuge in

the sanctuary of the monastery of Beaulieu, in Hampshire ; and being offered his pardon if he surrendered, he placed himself in the King's hands and was sent to the Tower.

1499.—Warbeck entered into a plot to escape from the Tower with the young Earl of Warwick. This plot being discovered, Warbeck was hanged at Tyburn, and the Earl of Warwick beheaded.

1500.—The plague raging in England, Henry and his family resided for some time at Calais.

1501.—Prince Arthur, Henry's eldest son, married Catherine, fourth daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. He died in April 1502, and the King, not liking to part with Catherine's dowry, obliged his son Henry to marry her.

1503.—The Queen, Elizabeth, died.

The King, during the subsequent years of his reign, being at peace with all the world, spent his time in the indulgence of his favourite passion, avarice, and by exactions and imposts amassed immense riches. He died in 1509.

The White Rose of England.

Methinks I see it in thy face
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

TEMPEST.

IT was towards the close of a fine autumnal day, and while the sun was gilding with his brightest beams the domes and spires of the city of Ghent, and the rich and fertile scenery which surrounds it, that two ladies, young, lovely, and richly habited, were seen walking on the banks of the river Scheldt, and engaged in earnest conversation. Although both seemed persons of distinction, one appeared, from the deference and respect which her companion paid her, to be of superior rank and importance. She seemed about twenty years of age, was exquisitely fair, tall, and finely formed, with features of almost perfect regularity, large blue eyes, long flowing auburn hair, and a gait that seemed to unite the majesty of the swan with the lightness and gracefulness of an aërial being. Her companion would, in the absence of her superior, have been considered exquisitely beautiful. She was of shorter stature, and of a somewhat rounder figure; at least, as she stood by the side of her friend, her form suffered in comparison with the perfect symmetry and elegance of the latter. Her complexion was dark, and her eyes and hair of a jet black hue. She appeared to be exerting her powers of raillery at the expense of her companion, and yet seemed at times to be agitated by a deeper feeling, and to be personally interested in the subject of their conversation.

"Nay, gentle Eleanor!" said the fair lady, "spare me, I beseech you. I said but that the youth was handsome, and of manners and deportment far superior to his apparent condition; and that since I have been on this visit to the Duchess, he is continually haunting the neighbourhood of the palace. When I go out, he is at the gates—he crosses my path in my most retired and distant walks; and when I return, I find him at the gates again. Thinkest thou, Eleanor, that I, with the royal blood of Scotland in my veins, can be mad or weak enough to cherish affection for a nameless, an unknown, perhaps an infamous person, especially when I have by my side so noble an example as thou, who, being the daughter of a Scottish Baron, wast too proud to wed an English Knight, Sir Robert Clifford?"

"Nay, nay, Madam," said Eleanor, "nameless and unknown he is, but I will not believe that he is infamous. He has features that seem formed to be surmounted by a diadem, and a step that would mount a throne with becoming majesty and grace! I said nought to disparage the youth, Lady Katherine; neither when I rejected the proffered hand of Sir Robert Clifford, was his inferior rank the only cause that prompted my refusal."

The zeal and fervour with which Eleanor disclaimed any intention of disparaging the merits of the youth were such, that had the Lady Katherine really entertained an affection for him, they might have awakened jealousy in her mind. She did not, however, seem distinctly to hear her friend's words, nor to notice the tone and manner in which they were spoken, her attention being at that moment diverted to another object "Behold! Eleanor," she said, "behold!" pointing to a tuft of white roses, which grew low down on the shelving bank of the river—"those beautiful flowers! never did I behold such fair white roses since I last visited the country in which they grow in the greatest perfection,—merry England."

"They have the real English hue and fragrance, Madam," said Eleanor, "and have doubtless been transplanted from that country."

"Then I will win and wear them, Eleanor," said the Lady

Katherine: "I love England and its white roses. Would, would that the latter flourished there in the high places as heretofore!"

Thus saying, the Lady Katherine began to descend the steep bank of the river, for the purpose of gathering the roses which grew about midway between the path on the top of the bank and the bed of the stream. "Stay, stay, gentle Madam," said Eleanor, endeavouring to detain her. "Know you not the tradition relative to your noble house—

> 'Ill shall betide the Gordon fair,
> Who would the White Rose of England wear?'"

"Idle girl!" exclaimed the Lady Katherine, laughing. "Have you brought your old wives' Scottish traditions to haunt us in the palace of the Duchess of Burgundy? I will wear the white rose, Eleanor, come what come may."

Thus saying, she sprang towards the fair flowers, for the purpose of gathering them, and planting them in her fairer bosom; she, however, advanced with incautious haste towards them, and just as she had plucked them from their stem, her foot slipped, and she was precipitated into the river.

Eleanor uttered a dreadful shriek, and was looking around for help, but none appeared in sight. Suddenly a young man sprang from a neighbouring thicket, rushed hastily past her, and plunged into the river. At that moment the Lady Katherine, who had sunk beneath the wave, emerged from it. The youth, who appeared to be a dexterous swimmer, immediately caught her in his arms, and, supporting her head above the water, bore her towards the bank. Terror seemed almost to have deprived her of life; but she clung as it were instinctively to her deliverer, who soon reached the edge of the river, and leaped on shore with his lovely burden in his arms. Eleanor ran to embrace her mistress, and to join her in expressions of gratitude to her preserver. The terror and alarm of the ladies, great as they were, were however not sufficient to hide the deep blush which mantled over the cheeks of both, as they recognised in the young man the person who had so recently formed the subject of their conversation. The graces of his person

fully accounted for the interest which he appeared to have excited in the hearts of Katherine and Eleanor. He was somewhat above the middle size, slightly but elegantly formed, of a fair and ruddy complexion, and his features were not only remarkably handsome, but wore such an expression of dignity and majesty as struck the beholder at once with admiration and awe. He was plainly and neatly, but not richly, dressed; and to the romantic imagination of the ladies, appeared to be an emperor in the disguise of a peasant.

"Lady!" said the youth, gazing passionately on the wan but still beautiful features of Katherine Gordon, "I trust that you have sustained no injury?"

"My greatest hurt," replied the lady, "has been the terror that I have suffered;" but her heart told her that her lips spoke false; for her greatest hurt was there. The affection which had been long growing in her bosom, although she was herself scarcely conscious of it, for this unknown youth, was strengthened and confirmed by the incident which had just now occurred. The jealous eye of her attendant soon discovered this fact, and read it in the manner in which she encountered his gaze, and the tone in which she answered his inquiry.

"It is growing late, Madam," said Eleanor; "and the best cure for the alarm that you have undergone will be repose and slumber. Let us hasten to the palace."

"The lady counsels well, Madam," said the youth. "The chilly night dews are descending, and your immediate return to the palace will be your best precaution against any injurious results from your accident." He did not with his lips ask permission to accompany her, but his eyes pleaded so eloquently as he proffered his arm, that the lady placed her fair hand within it, and followed by Eleanor, proceeded with a beating heart, in which a thousand various emotions were at war, towards the palace. Arrived there, the youth, after having procured permission to call on the following day, for the purpose of inquiring after the health of the Lady Katherine, took a respectful leave, and bent his steps moodily, and dejectedly towards his own humble dwelling in the suburbs of the city.

The Lady Katherine Gordon was one of the most celebrated persons in Europe for her beauty and her accomplishments. She was also of illustrious birth, being daughter to the Earl of Huntley, and a near kinswoman of James the Fourth, King of Scotland. The King of Scotland was at that time a firm friend and ally of the Lady Margaret, the Dowager Duchess of Burgundy. This lady was sister to the deceased King of England, Edward the Fourth, and consequently an inveterate foe of the House of Lancaster, and of the reigning monarch of that country, Henry the Seventh, who, to add fuel to her anger and hatred, was reported to behave with great neglect, unkindness, and even severity, to her niece, Elizabeth of York, whom, as a matter of policy, he had espoused. The whole business of her life seemed to consist in devising measures for the annoyance of Henry, and rendering his seat upon the throne uneasy, if not insecure. She had encouraged the Earl of Lincoln in his rebellion, and assisted him with men and money. She had also countenanced the imposture of Lambert Simnel, who had personated the Earl of Warwick, son to the deceased Duke of Clarence. Both these schemes having failed of success, her restless brain was now teeming with some new intrigue. She caused it to be reported, that the Duke of York, the second son of King Edward the Fourth, who was commonly supposed to have been murdered at the same time with his unfortunate brother, Edward the Fifth, had escaped from the assassins, was still living, and would shortly appear at the court of his aunt, the Duchess of Burgundy, for the purpose of claiming her assistance and that of her friends in recovering his inheritance, the crown of England. She was only in want of some fit agent, to personate this Duke, whose years, character, and capacity, would correspond with the history which she intended to invent for him. She strove anxiously to secure the friendship of the neighbouring princes, and especially that of the King of Scotland, whose enmity to Henry, and the contiguity of whose dominions to those of the latter, rendered him a most important ally. She invited his kinswoman, the Lady Katherine Gordon, to her court, where she treated her with the utmost respect and distinction. This lady was accompanied by

Eleanor Lyndsay, the daughter of the deceased Baron of Glenloch, who, having been left portionless by her father, had entered into a sort of honourable service on the Lady Katherine. Her poverty did not make her forget her high birth, of which she was so tenacious, that when Sir Robert Clifford, a wealthy English knight, who stood high in the favour of King Henry, tendered her his hand, she rejected it with scorn. Love, however, could make her forget her birth, although power and riches could not. While Katherine and Eleanor were at the court of the Lady Margaret, it was impossible for them not to observe the attentions of the young man who has been already introduced to the reader, and which attentions each lady imagined were directed to herself. The youth was evidently in a humble walk of life. The timidity and hesitation of his gaze showed that he feared he was guilty of unpardonable presumption when his eye wandered towards the Lady Katherine and her companion. The lovely form and features of the former had arrested his attention at the first glance. It happened that he was among the crowd at the moment that she and her attendant landed at the quay. He formed one of the admiring crowd who followed her to the palace gates, and long after every other individual of that crowd had returned to his home, he was still there watching and waiting for the reappearance of that fair and high-born lady, for whom it seemed little less than madness in a person in his situation to nourish a feeling of affection. The next day he was again at the palace gates, anxiously expecting to catch a glimpse of the Lady Katherine. That day, however, overcome by the fatigue of the yesterday's journey, she did not venture out; but on the ensuing day she proceeded from the palace, in company with the Lady Margaret, and attended by Eleanor Lyndsay, to participate in the diversions of the chase, in the woods which adorned the environs of the city of Ghent. The love-stricken youth was at the gate when she came forth, and soon afterwards was seen near her in the chase, well mounted, and eager in pursuit of the deer. As Eleanor was always near the person of her princely mistress, her mistake in ascribing the attentions of the youthful inamorato to herself is easily accounted for. She soon,

however, perceived that Katherine also was smitten with the personal charms of the youth, and jealousy began to exercise its influence over a bosom in which heretofore love and loyalty towards the person to whose service she had devoted herself had held undivided rule. Hence arose the conversation with a short reference to which this narrative began, and which was followed by the events already detailed, the accident which happened to the Lady Katherine, and her rescue from its effects by the interposition of the person who had formed the subject of that conversation.

The youth, after taking his leave of the two ladies at the gates of the palace of the Duchess of Burgundy, directed his steps homewards. Arrived there, he threw himself on his couch, and gave vent to the feelings which agitated his bosom. "Alas! alas!" he said, "wherefore do I allow this fatal passion and these wild hopes to disturb my peace? How dare I, the son of an humble clothworker in the town of Tournay, drawn to Ghent in the hope of obtaining a situation in the army of the Duchess of Burgundy, lift my affections so high as the princely heiress of the house of Huntley, in whose veins runs the blood royal of Scotland? Yet an irresistible destiny seems to impel me towards her. Some unseen being seems to whisper in my ear, that her fortunes and mine are indissolubly linked together. Are they the oracles of fate, or the juggling counsels of some lying fiend that I am listening to? Surely the hopes that swell my bosom, the visions of power and glory that rise before my imagination like things of celestial birth dropt suddenly from heaven, the crown that appears to encircle my brow, the sceptre that I so often seem to grasp—surely these are glimpses at the volume of futurity, which some superior and benevolent being has opened to my gifted eye." His mind continued to brood over such ideas as these; wealth, and dominion and pomp seemed to surround him; but, amidst all these dreams of splendour, the lovely form of Katherine Gordon appeared to mingle as the presiding deity of the whole, and he felt that, to be possessed of her, he could resign all the other glittering phantoms that presented themselves to his imagination.

At an early hour of the next day he proceeded, in pursuance of the

permission granted him by the Lady Katherine, to inquire after the health of the person whom he had been so fortunate as to rescue from a watery grave. He was immediately ushered into a stately chamber, whose costly decorations were in perfect accordance with the magnificence and opulence of the princely owner of the palace. Here he found at the upper end of the chamber, seated on an elevated platform beneath a canopy, a lady who, although evidently considerably advanced in years, still retained much of personal grace and beauty. Her long flowing locks were white as silver; her face, although time had planted his wrinkles there, wore an extraordinary expression of mingled majesty and sweetness; and her large black eyes seemed yet to sparkle with the fires of youth, and bent a glance on the youth, as he approached, that appeared to penetrate his very soul, and seemed to denote a mind of dimensions correspondent with those of her tall and almost gigantic form. By her side sat the Lady Katherine Gordon, whose slender and elegant figure was advantageously contrasted to the dignified and majestic, but somewhat masculine deportment of the Duchess of Burgundy. Behind the former stood Eleanor Lyndsay; while on the chair of the latter leaned an old man with pale and withered features, a low and sunken but sparkling grey eye, and diminutive form, and whose curled lip and lowering brow indicated the practised intriguer and wily politician. To this person the Duchess whispered, while a mingled expression of surprise and pleasure mantled over her features, as the young man bent his knee before her.

"'Tis the youth, may it please your Grace," said the Lady Katherine, "to whom I was yesterday indebted for the preservation of my life."

"And right welcome, fair cousin," said the Duchess," "is he into our presence, were it but for thy sake; yet his noble features and his princely demeanour carry, methinks, with them their own recommendation. He is wondrous like my brother, Frion," she added, turning to the old man behind her chair, and speaking in the English language, whereas she had as yet expressed herself in French.

"He is the very person," replied Frion, speaking in the same language, "of whom we have been so long in want. If his mental powers equal his personal endowments, (and, methinks, if I have any skill in physiognomy, that they do,) this is the bolt that, hurled by your vigorous hand, shall dash the tyrant from his throne."

"By Heaven!" said the Duchess, who, during this colloquy had narrowly watched the expression of the youth's feature's, "he comprehends the nature of our conversation.—Young man," she added, turning towards him, "you understand English?"

"Even so, Madam," said the youth; "it is indeed my native tongue. My father's business drew him for awhile to reside in the famous city of London, in the days of your royal brother, King Edward the Fourth, of glorious memory. There his wife brought me into the world, and the King, out of a religious nobleness, because my father was a Jewish convert, stood godfather to his child."

"Ha!" said the Duchess, her eye flashing still more brightly at every syllable which the youth uttered. "Tell me thy name and age."

"My name," he said, "is Perkin Warbeck; and at my next birthday I shall be twenty-three years of age."

"By the Mother of God!" said the Duchess, again turning to her aged counsellor, "'tis the very age which my nephew the Duke of York would have attained had he been now living.—And what," she added once more addressing Warbeck, "is your business in Ghent?"

"My parents," he replied, "by whose industry I was supported, are dead. I cannot bend myself to the trade which they followed. I burn to distinguish myself in arms; and hearing that your Grace was raising an army against the English tyrant, Henry Tudor, who has usurped the throne of my royal godfather, I bent my steps to Ghent in the hope that you will permit me to enlist myself in your service."

"Gallant spirit!" said the Duchess: "it is indeed the very being whom I have been so long seeking.—Fair cousin," she

added, addressing the Lady Katherine Gordon, and putting a chain of gold of exquisite workmanship around Warbeck's neck, "permit me to present this testimony of regard to your brave preserver, and to hope that a more substantial reward is yet awaiting him. Young man, we will talk to you more anon. My secretary, Frion, shall call on you at your residence, and acquaint you more at large with my intentions towards you. It is in your own power," she added, in a lower tone, which was audible only to Warbeck, "if you follow implicity my counsels and instructions, to become the foremost man in Europe. Away! and remember that wealth, and power, and dignity, attend on those who are honoured with the friendship of Margaret of York; but that ignominy and destruction are their lot who slight her favours and reject her benefits."

Warbeck bent his knee, made a lowly obeisance, and then retired from the apartment and the palace. The wild dreams which he had entertained seemed to be converting themselves into realities; the dubious and uncertain hopes that agitated his bosom, to be expanding into substantial certainties: the cloud that had stood darkling between his present obscure state and his ambitious visions of futurity, to be melting away, and revealing in all its brightness the glorious destiny which was reserved for him. Dark and mysterious as were the words of the Lady Margaret, the sanguine youth could not help hoping that they pointed at the probability of an union between the fair Katherine Gordon and himself. An alliance with the royal family of Scotland seemed indeed a destiny sufficiently illustrious for the son of a poor clothworker, but it was love of the purest and most disinterested kind that filled the bosom of Perkin Warbeck, notwithstanding the distinguished rank of its object. The fair face and gentle spirit of Katherine would have won his heart, although she had been born in a station as lowly as his own. Ambition indeed was a leading feature in his character, but it was now subdued, and rendered but a secondary feeling by love. "Could I but make thee mine, sweet lady!" he mentally said, "my good sword and my proud spirit should soon prove me worthy of thy choice." Such were the thoughts which occupied the mind of Warbeck during the whole

of that and the succeeding day, while he was anxiously expecting the promised visit from the Duchess's secretary, Frion. In Frion he fondly hoped to meet the messenger of love, who would inform him that his passion was returned by the Lady Katherine, and approved of by the Duchess of Burgundy. On the evening of the third day, the secretary made his appearance: Warbeck flew to meet him, his heart overflowing with hope and love.

"Young man," said Frion, "lend me your attention for awhile. I have matter of serious import to communicate to you. Endeavour to elevate your mind to the height of the glorious destiny which the Duchess is preparing for you."

"Say on, say on," exclaimed Warbeck, "my mind is already prepared! I burn with desire to know the beneficent intentions of the Duchess."

"In your interview with the Lady Margaret," said Frion, "you expressed your hostility to Henry Tudor, and your desire to see the injuries of the House of York avenged."

"I would shed the dearest blood in my veins," said Warbeck; "I would endure captivity and famine, ignominy and death, to attain such a consummation."

"You are not asked," said Frion, "to undergo all or any of these sufferings to attain that end. On the contrary, you are asked to accept of wealth and honour,—to encircle with a diadem your brows,—to place the regal purple on your shoulders."

"What mean you?" said Warbeck, in a tone of mysterious wonder. "She whom I adore may boast indeed that the blood of kings runs in her veins; but she is far distant from any prospect of wearing the diadem on her brow, or the regal purple on her shoulders."

It was now the secretary's turn to wear a look of wonder. "Young man," he said, "you seem not to understand my meaning. I must be more explicit. You have heard of the adventures and fate of Lambert Simnel."

"The young protégé of the priest Simon," said Warbeck, "who was mad enough to assume successively the characters of the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of York; one of whom is now a prisoner

in the Tower, and ten long years have rolled over the grave of the other."

"Ten long years have rolled over the grave of the Duke of York, says't thou?" said Frion. "Who ever saw his grave, or knows that he ever descended into it? That madness of Simnel's, as thou callest it, would have shaken King Henry from his throne had the youth possessed thy genius, thy aspiring mind, and thy wonderful resemblance in form and feature to the deceased King, Edward the Fourth."

Warbeck started, as a sudden light seemed to flash upon his mind, the precursor of the storm by which in an instant afterwards his whole frame was agitated. He sunk into his chair, and hid his face for several minutes in his hands, while his breast heaved tumultuously, and the cold drops poured down his brow. Frion fixed his keen, soul-searching gaze upon him, and was silent until he saw that his pupil's emotion was somewhat moderated.

"These, Master Secretary," said Warbeck, starting from his seat, and pacing hurriedly up and down the apartment, "are dark and mysterious words. I comprehend them not. I expected a message of a different import from you. I pray you, speak no longer in riddles; show me your meaning undisguised."

"Then know, young man," answered Frion, "that the people of England are weary of their tyrant and his Lancastrian myrmidons. They believe that the Duke of York is yet alive, and in some place of concealment, under the maternal care of the Lady Margaret. Let any person assuming his name come forward, acknowledged by the Duchess of Burgundy, and assisted by the Kings of France and Scotland, and his road to the royal throne of England is easy and sure."

"And where," said Warbeck, "can you find an impostor bold enough to attempt an enterprise so wild and perilous?"

"I can find him, I think," said Frion, "in one whose aspiring soul even now spurns his inglorious station; in one whose lofty and ardent mind is well typified in his princely and majestic person; in one whose first presence opened to him a place in the heart and affections of Margaret of Burgundy;—in Perkin Warbeck!"

Though Perkin had now for some time anticipated the design to which Frion's discourse was tending, yet when the avowal came, he again felt his soul shaken to the centre by the daring boldness of the enterprise which was proposed. He again strode hastily up and down the chamber; his face was a volume in which a thousand unutterable and incessantly varying thoughts might be read; his hair bristled on his head, as though a troop of spectres passed before his eye, and the hue of his cheek was changeable as the effect of sunset on the Alps; one moment glowing red as volcanic fires, and the next pale as molten silver. At length, the mental struggle seemed to subside; his eye assumed the steady glance of determined resolve; his lips ceased to quiver; and approaching Frion, he said:

"Never, never, never! It is true that aspiring thoughts have crossed my mind; that dreams of ambition have disturbed my imagination. I have sighed to attain power and fame and glory, but I have never chalked out for myself any other path towards their attainment than that through which honour led. I have wished to give distinction to the name of Warbeck, not to play the part of a vile impostor. No more, no more!" he added, interrupting Frion, who was about to remonstrate with him; "my resolution is made. My name may descend with me to the grave unknown to fame, but it never shall be tarnished with dishonour!"

As the young man spake, his flushing cheek, his fiery eye, his imperious brow, and his expressive gait and gesture, struck the secretary with admiration, and, while they convinced him that Warbeck would not lend himself to the Duchess's enterprise, proved that he was the very person fitted to prosecute such an enterprise with effect.—"Warbeck," he said, "I will communicate your determination to the Duchess, whom the interest which she takes in your welfare has alone prompted to make this proposal to you. Promise me, therefore, that the zeal, perhaps the imprudent zeal which has animated her in your behalf, shall not in any way tend to the prejudice of herself or her friends; and that you will hold the fact of this interview a sacred secret in your breast, never to be divulged. I ask but your plighted word to this effect, which,

when once given, will, I am persuaded from what I have this day observed, be held inviolate."

"Thou hast it, thou hast it!" said Warbeck; "but, I pray thee, let me never more be importuned upon this subject. Thou hast roused a demon in my heart, which I had thought was too pure to hold such an inhabitant. That I have been able to quell it, I owe to the existence of a passion there, spotless as the snow upon the untrodden summits of the Alps; although its object is as far beyond my reach,—as distant, as unattainable."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Warbeck, when the departure of the secretary had left him in solitude, "through what fearful vicissitudes of feeling have I passed, and in how short a period! Love, ambition, hope, fear, self-contempt, and self-approval, by turns have agitated my bosom. Yet what am I now? A friendless and houseless wanderer, who has implacably offended the only person who ever showed a disposition to serve him; and besides, nurses a fatal passion in his heart, which it is worse than madness to entertain. Wherefore was I not born to attain power and greatness at a court, or Katherine to be content with poverty and humility in a cottage! Yet love has been known ere now to level ranks! The heart wears no diadem; the affections cannot be clothed in purple robes. That she regards me with a feeling of gratitude, I know; that a tenderer emotion mingles with that feeling, I believe. Presumptuous Warbeck! darest thou nurse so wild a hope!"

As he thus spake, he rushed into the streets of the city of Ghent, as though he sought in the refreshing coolness of the evening to relieve the fiery temperament both of his mind and body. He walked along for a considerable time in a state of perfect mental abstraction, from which he was only aroused by feeling his elbow gently pulled, and finding a paper in his hand. He turned round, but could see no one. He stood alone in one of the principal squares of the city. The night had now set in, and thick darkness had gathered over all things. He therefore returned hastily home, where, on his arrival, he lost no time in examining the contents of the paper of which he had become possessed in so mysterious a

manner. With a beating heart he unfolded it, and read the following words :—

"Lose no time in proceeding to the Palace. The lady on whom you have placed your affections, notwithstanding the disparity of rank, returns your passion with equal ardour. She offers you her hand and heart, and is ready to accompany you to the church of St. Gudule, where the good priest Arembert waits to unite you in the holy bands of matrimony. Present yourself at the eastern gate of the Palace. Be speedy and be secret."

Warbeck's eyes ran over with the tears of joy and wonder as he perused this epistle. "Perish all the Duchess's ambitious projects!" he exclaimed; "my self-denial is rewarded infinitely beyond its merit in the triumph of my love. The husband of Katherine Gordon needs not envy the occupant of the English throne."

Warbeck ran, or rather flew, to the eastern gate of the palace. There he found the person whom he sought waiting for him, but muffled up in coarse garments and with her face closely veiled. An exclamation of rapture was bursting from his lips, but she caught his arm and whispered in his ear—"Be silent or we shall be discovered." Warbeck could easily understand the motive of the Lady Katherine's desire for secrecy and silence. Should the Duchess, or should any of the haughty Scotch nobles who accompanied their sovereign's kinswoman to the Burgundian court, discover her intention to contract so mean an alliance, they would doubtless take effectual measures to prevent her from accomplishing that intention. He therefore placed her arm silently in his, and with noiseless steps and mute lips they proceeded towards the cathedral. They were challenged by one sentinel as they passed, whom Warbeck knew to be a Scotchman, and well acquainted with the features of the Lady Katherine. He was therefore in an agony of fear, when he saw him lift the lady's veil and gaze on her face. He immediately, however, let the veil drop, and motioned them to pass on; and Warbeck's heart beat high as he found that they were beyond the precincts of the palace, and that the entrance to the cathedral was before them. They entered; the lady grasped

his hand more firmly than ever; and after they heard the cathedral doors close behind them, she threw herself into his arms, and uttered an exclamation of joy. Warbeck pressed her fondly to his heart. A monk approached, holding a lighted torch in his hand. "Remove," said Warbeck, "this now unnecessary cloud, which veils the features of so bright an orb!" Thus saying, he lifted up the veil, and was about to imprint a kiss on the lips of the Lady Katherine, when he started back full of wonder and disappointment, as he found that the fair burden in his arms was no other than Eleanor Lyndsay.

His surprise had so far overcome his gallantry, that he relinquished his grasp, and the lady would have sunk on the pavement of the cathedral, had not the monk rushed forward and received her falling in his arms.

"Dearest Perkin!" said Eleanor, as she saw his changing features, "are you ill?"

"I am bewitched!—bewildered!—in a dream!" he exclaimed. "Where is the Lady Katherine?"

"The Lady Katherine!" ejaculated both the lady and the priest; "Heaven forefend that she should be near us at this moment!"

"What then am I to understand by this?" asked Warbeck, drawing the paper from his bosom.

"'Tis my appointment with you," said Eleanor, "which you flew on the wings of love to honour."

The youth now perceived his error, and drawing the father aside, briefly explained to him the mistake.

We will not attempt to describe the feelings or the conduct of Eleanor, when she became acquainted with the situation of embarrassment in which she was placed. Insulted love turned to hatred, jealousy, revenge—all took possession of her bosom,—and she rushed from the cathedral in a state bordering upon frenzy. It had occasioned no small effort to tame down her proud spirit so far as to acknowledge, even to herself, that she returned the affection which she imagined that young Warbeck entertained for her. When she found, however, that all those symptoms of affection which she had discovered in him, were directed towards the

Lady Katherine, and not to her, she determined if possible to effect the ruin of both those young persons. She was so fortunate as to regain her chamber in the palace without her absence having been perceived, and passed an anxious and restless night in revolving in her mind the best mode of effecting her revenge. She came at length to the determination of denouncing them both to the Duchess of Burgundy; one as being guilty of overweening and even traitorous presumption, and the other of unworthy forgetfulness of her high birth and station. Such accusations, she had no doubt, would awaken the anger and indignation of the Duchess, and end in the Lady Katherine's being sent over, disgraced and a prisoner, to Scotland, and occasion the permanent loss of Perkin's liberty, and perhaps even of his life. At an early hour, therefore, in the morning, she sought an interview with the Lady Margaret, before whom she laid her discovery, without however informing her of the manner in which she had made it. She told her, that being commissioned by the Lady Katherine to bestow on Warbeck a gold chain in token of her gratitude, the youth had avowed to her that he looked for a yet higher reward, —that he was enamoured of the Lady Katherine, and that the attachment was mutual. She added, that from what she had observed of the lady's manner and demeanour, she was convinced that the youth's assertion was no vain boast, but that the royal blood of Scotland was in danger of being contaminated by a mixture with the base stream that flowed in the veins of the offspring of a Flemish clothworker. The Lady Margaret heard her narrative with unaffected surprise, but with an apparent sorrow and indignation by no means equally sincere. She saw that she had now discovered the spring by which she might move Perkin Warbeck to her purpose; she saw that his principles of honour were sufficient to fortify his mind against the blandishments of power and glory; but she hoped that they were not sufficiently powerful to cope with the omnipotent influence of love. She therefore thanked Eleanor for her intelligence, told her that she would take prompt and effectual measures for preventing the family of her royal ally from being so disgraced; but immediately on her departure sent

for her secretary Frion, to consult with him on the best means of applying this unexpected discovery towards the furtherance of her plot for disturbing King Henry upon his throne. The result was, that Frion was once more dispatched to Perkin, with instructions to bring him immediately into the presence of the Duchess of Burgundy.

"Young Sir," said the Lady Margaret, as the youth once more appeared before her, "you seem to value but lightly the favour of princes and sovereigns. We have already deigned to acquaint you with our wishes, and you spurn them as though a beggar petitioned you to grant him a mercenary alms."

"Pardon me, gracious Madam," said Warbeck; "my heart is penetrated with your kindness; but I dare not, must not listen to the proposal made to me by your Grace's secretary. I am of humble birth, of slender talent, and aspire to no higher destiny than that of serving in your Grace's ranks against the tyrant of England, or in any other service that your Grace may be pleased to assign to me."

"Thou aspirest to no higher destiny?" said the Duchess. "Then what a lying fiend must that have been that whispered in my ear that Perkin Warbeck, of such humble birth and slender talent, had the presumption to aspire to become the possesser of the hand and heart of Katherine Gordon, the near kinswoman of the royal majesty of Scotland!"

The blood rushed to Warbeck's cheek, yet he did not hesitate for a moment in his reply. "It is most true, princely Margaret!—it is most true that my heart, though rocked during its infancy in a peasant's cot instead of a monarch's palace, is not insensible to the charms and the merits of the Lady Katherine. It is also true that that heart is so sensible of the unapproachable distance between itself and the object of its passion, that it is already preparing itself for the grave, in which alone it can cease to nurse the feelings that consume it."

"Thou art right, Warbeck,—thou art right!" said the Lady Margaret; "for how canst thou, the poor, despised offspring of an humble tradesman of Tournay, persuade the princely James of

Scotland to bestow his lovely kinswoman upon thee; she who is fitted to adorn a throne, and who, if I read the stars aright, is infallibly destined to sit upon one."

Warbeck sighed, for he knew that the Lady Margaret was skilled in divination and astrology; and the words she had just uttered seemed to place an impassable barrier between his hopes and their fulfilment.

"But," said the Duchess, approaching him, and taking his hand in hers, "wert thou to appear before the royal James as Plantagenet and the Duke of York, with the troops of France and Burgundy in thy train, and acknowledged by the sister of King Edward as entitled to assume that character,—then would the King of Scotland smile graciously on thy suit, and then might Perkin Warbeck himself sit upon a throne, with the Lady Katherine, his princely consort, by his side."

Perkin lifted up his eyes; they encountered the Lady Margaret's. He seemed fascinated as by the gaze of a basilisk, fell upon his knees, seized her hand, pressed it to his lips, and exclaimed:—"Do with me as you will, I devote myself to your guidance! I am Plantagenet, York, Richard, what you please. Make but the Lady Katherine mine, and Perkin Warbeck is your pliant instrument for ever!"

The Duchess drew up her stately figure to its utmost height: and as she gazed in a mirror before her, was conscious of the smile of mingled contempt and triumph that mantled over her features. She instantly tamed down the offensive expression of her countenance, before it had been observed by Warbeck, and taking his hand in her's, said—"My royal nephew—the White Rose of England—for such shall henceforth be thy designation, I congratulate thee on the glorious determination at which thou hast arrived. The Lady Katherine is thine. A word, a breath from me will be to her royal kinsman and guardian as the oracles of fate. In a few days, however, she must take her departure for Scotland: and it will be well that, until thou hast better perfected thyself in the part which thou hast to play, thou should'st not have farther converse with her. In the meantime, the King shall

know that I shortly expect my restored nephew at my court, and that I claim the fair daughter of the Earl of Huntley for him as his bride."

The events which followed are matters of history which are very generally known. The reader must, however, be presented with a brief summary of them, in order to render this narrative in itself intelligible and complete. "The Lady Margaret," says Lord Bacon, in his History of King Henry the Seventh, "viewing Perkin well, and seeing that he had a face and personage that would bear a noble fortune, and finding him otherwise of a fine spirit and winning behaviour, thought that she had now found a curious piece of marble to carve out an image of the Duke of York." She kept him by her a great while, but with extreme secrecy, instructing him by many private conferences, first in princely behaviour and gesture, teaching him how he should keep state, and yet with a modest sense of his imputed misfortunes. Then she informed him of all the particulars and circumstances concerning the person of the Duke of York, whose name and character he was to assume; describing the individuals and features of the King and Queen, of his pretended brother and sisters, of various other individuals who were near the Duke of York in his infancy, and many incidents, some secret and some well-known, which were likely to have lived in a child's memory until the death of King Edward. Then she added the particulars of the time, from the King's death until the Duke of York and his brother were committed to the Tower. As for the history of the two princes' residence in the Tower, the death of Edward, and the pretended escape of Richard, she knew that they were things in which very few could detect him. She therefore taught him only to tell a smooth and probable tale of those matters, warning him not to vary from it. It was agreed likewise between them what account he should give of his adventures abroad, intermixing many things which were true, and to which others could bear testimony, for the credit of the rest, but still making them to hang together with the part which Warbeck was to play. She taught him likewise how to avoid captious and tempting questions; but in this she found that she might

safely rely on his own wit and readiness. Lastly, she raised his thoughts with present rewards and farther promise, setting before him the glory and fortune of a crown, if things went well ; a sure refuge at her court, if the worst should befall ; and above all, the certainty of an union with the Lady Katherine Gordon, as she had received letters from the King of Scotland, assuring her of the pride which he felt in the prospect of an alliance between the two families. It was resolved that as soon as a war broke out between England and France, Perkin should land in Ireland ; but the Duchess knew that if he went immediately from her court thither, he would be suspected for a new impostor of her setting up. She therefore sent him into Portugal, where he remained above a year under the care of the Lady Bampton, an English lady, and some other emissaries of the Duchess. At length Henry the Seventh declared war against the King of France. Perkin Warbeck landed in Ireland, and proclaimed that he was Richard, Duke of York, the second son of King Edward the Fourth, and announced his arrival to the Earls of Desmond and Kildare, who, with other powerful nobles and their retainers, joined his standard.

He did not, however, remain long in Ireland, finding that no arrangements had yet been made there to enable him to assert his claim with success. Being invited by the King of France to visit his court he left Ireland, and arrived at Paris, where the French King treated him with great distinction, addressed him as the Duke of York, and lodged and accommodated him in great state. Sir George Neville, Sir John Taylor, and about a hundred other Englishmen of quality, also repaired to him there, and made him a tender of their services. Peace, however, being soon afterwards concluded between England and France, Perkin found that the latter was no longer a safe asylum for him. He therefore went to Flanders, to the court of the Duchess of Burgundy, pretending that, having been variously tossed by fortune, he directed his course thither as to a safe harbour. The Duchess received him with apparent suspicion and coldness, pretending that she had learned wisdom by the example of Lambert Simnel, and would not easily again be deceived by a counterfeit. She pretended at the

first, in the presence of others, to examine him with great caution, and put questions to ascertain whether he were really and truly the Duke of York. Seeming at length to receive full satisfaction from his answers, she then feigned to be transported with joy and wonder at his miraculous deliverance, receiving him as if he were risen from death to life, and inferring that God, who had in so wonderful a manner preserved him from death, had likewise preserved him for some great and prosperous fortune. The Duchess, therefore, did him all princely honour, always calling him her nephew, and, as the last scion of the House of York, giving him the delicate title of "*The White Rose of England.*" She also appointed him a guard of thirty halberdiers to attend his person.

Warbeck's heart, however, was still occupied with his passion for Lady Katherine Gordon; and in private he took frequent opportunities of reminding the Duchess that he acceded to her scheme, on the express condition that he should be speedily united to that lady. The Duchess, on these occasions, always assured him that she had not forgotten the condition, and was taking steps for its fulfilment. One day she came unexpectedly, and in a hurried and disordered manner, into Warbeck's chamber, and exclaimed, "My Lord of York, I have letters from Scotland; you must proceed immediately thither."

"Transporting news!" said the Duke of York, for so we must for the present style him; "yet what say your letters touching my suit to the fair Gordon?"

"King James," said the Duchess, "is anxious that the espousal between the Duke of York and the Lady Katherine should take place — your friends, both English and Scotch, have an equal anxiety on that subject—but for the Lady herself ——." Here the Duchess paused, and seemed fearful to conclude her sentence.

"Torture me not, I beseech you," said the Duke; "let me know the worst! When I see the extent of my calamity, I may perhaps learn to bear it; but while it is involved in darkness and obscurity, I start at shadows that otherwise I should despise."

"Then know that the Lady Katherine refuses to listen to the proposed union with the Duke of York; and that her attendant,

Eleanor Lyndsay, has acquainted the King with a secret passion which she entertains for another person."

"Death to my hopes!" exclaimed the Duke. "Farewell, thrones, and sceptres, and dignity, and power, unless Katherine Gordon participate with me in their enjoyment. Yet tell me, who is that supremely blest person on whom she has bestowed her affection?"

"'Tis a poor wandering Fleming," said the Duchess, "whom she accidentally saw in Ghent while she was a visitant at my court, —one Perkin Warbeck."

"Ha!" said the Duke, "is't possible?"

"'Tis even so," said the Duchess; "the accusation of her attendant was made so abruptly in the presence of the King and of herself, that she was constrained to admit its truth. She, however, disclaimed any intention of corrupting the royal blood in her veins by an union with a person so far her inferior in birth, but protested that she could never bestow her hand and heart on any other."

"Hasten, gracious Lady!" said the Duke, falling on his knees, and pressing the Lady Margaret's hand to his lips,—"hasten my departure to Scotland!"

"All things are now ready for your departure. Frion shall accompany you. I have also letters from England which bring us cheering intelligence. The people there are incensed against the King. The loss of Brittany, the peace of France, his injurious treatment of your sister his wife, his exactions and his tyranny, have roused against him a host of enemies. Nor are these discontents vented in mere murmurings—Sir William Stanley, his Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Fitzwalter, Sir Simon Montfort, and Sir Thomas Thwaites, have entered into a secret conspiracy to favour your title. Their active agent, Sir Robert Clifford, is now in Edinburgh, as well for the purpose of soliciting assistance for you from King James, as to advance a private suit of his own. He has long been enamoured of the fair Eleanor Lyndsay, the Lady Katherine's companion, who has rejected his suit with scorn. She will wed no one under the rank of a peer. It will be in your power, when recognised by the royal James as King of England,

to bestow upon him that dignity, and so to prosper his suit to the fair Eleanor, and to bind him still more firmly to your cause."

Perkin felt as though he listened to the temptation of a fiend, to whom he had sold himself, body and soul. He felt the danger and rashness of his enterprise; but he also felt that if he abandoned it, he abandoned all hopes of becoming the husband of Katherine Gordon. He therefore wholly resigned himself to the guidance of the Duchess, and on the following day set sail for Scotland with a numerous and well-appointed army of Burgundians and English, resolved to gratify at once his ambition and his love, or to perish in the attempt.

In the mean time, the Lady Katherine resided in the palace of Holyrood, a prey to the deepest melancholy and distress. The death of her father having left her to the guardianship of the King, her fate was entirely in his hands, and at the last interview which she had with him, he had insisted, with much sternness and severity of manner, on her accepting the Duke of York, whose arrival in Edinburgh was daily expected, as her husband. "Would," she said, as she was one day walking solitarily in the gardens of the palace, "that I had been born a peasant! then might my hand have been bestowed according to the dictates of my heart; no odious state policy had stood in the way of my affection, and happy and humble I had lived and died."

As she spoke, a rustling in the leaves of the bower in which she sat, attracted her attention; and lifting up her eyes, whose gaze had, during her soliloquy, been directed to the ground, she beheld Perkin Warbeck standing before her.

A deep blush mantled the lady's cheek, as her eye encountered that of the very person by whom her thoughts had been just occupied. She saw the same noble and majestic face, the same brilliant and soul-searching eye, and the same stately and well-proportioned form which had won her heart on the banks of the Scheldt. Instead, however, of the mean habiliments which he then wore, he was now clothed in silk and purple, the insignia of the order of St. George was round his neck and on his leg, and a coronet sparkled in his cap. He approached her, nevertheless,

timidly and respectfully; and, sinking on his knee, placed a letter in her hand, in the superscription of which she recognised the writing of the Lady Margaret.

"Ha!" exclaimed Katherine, holding the letter in her hand, unperused, and keeping her eyes fixed upon Perkin, "who is't that I behold?"

"Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York," said the youth, "or, if that name offend thine ear, Perkin Warbeck; but whether Warbeck or Plantagenet be the name by which thou wouldst rather designate him, believe that it is thy own true lover who stands before thee."

"Thou Richard Plantagenet! thou Duke of York!" exclaimed Katherine; "it cannot be!"

"Read, gracious lady, read," said Warbeck; "the letter of my aunt of Burgundy will inform you of my wondrous destiny."

"Thy aunt of Burgundy!" said Katherine, with a look of incredulous wonder. She then broke the seal of her letter, and soon became so absorbed in the interest excited by its perusal, that she seemed for a time to have forgotten that the person whose marvellous history it narrated stood before her. Warbeck fixed his gaze upon her, and anxiously watched the expression of her changing features as she read the letter. At first, he could read only the most unyielding incredulity there. Soon, however, these unwelcome symptoms became softened, and he could see that wonder took possession of her soul. As she read on, her bosom heaved; the letter trembled in her hand; the tears gathered in her eyes; and letting the epistle drop to the ground, she exclaimed, "Merciful Heaven! inscrutable are thy ways, and thy decrees past finding out!" She then sunk on her knees before Warbeck, and said: "Pardon, most mighty Prince, any ignorant boldness that I may have committed in thy presence. I knew not as yet that I was indebted to the Duke of York for my preservation from a watery grave; or that the person whose services I tasked with so much freedom was heir to the throne of England."

"Rise, gracious Madam!" said Warbeck, lifting her from the ground; "I beseech you rise; and now," he added, himself sinking on his knees before her, and taking her hand in his, "it is my

turn to supplicate. Scorn not the proffer of a heart that beats but for you; listen, and accede to the wishes of the gracious King James; fulfil the wishes of all the friends of the House of York, and let Katherine Gordon be the bride of Richard Plantagenet."

The lady blushed; Perkin felt her hand tremble in his, and read in her soft blue eyes the confession which could not find utterance from her tongue. He started to his feet, pressed her in his arms, and imprinting a kiss upon her lips, the compact which made them indissolubly one was instantly and irrevocably sealed.

"Sweetest Katherine!" said Warbeck, "farewell for a short interval. I have but this moment arrived in Edinburgh, nor have I yet been presented to the King. I hastened first on the wings of love to the place where I learned that I might gaze on the star that rules my destiny." Thus saying, he once more pressed his lips to hers, placed her fair hand upon his heart, and disappeared.

The news that the Duke of York was in the Scottish capital,—was to be assisted by the King with men and money to enable him to recover his inheritance, and was to marry the beautiful Katherine Gordon, soon spread far and wide. Many were incredulous as to the identity of the young adventurer with Richard Plantagenet; but all agreed, that if the King did indeed assist him in his enterprise, and give him his young kinswoman in marriage, he must have received the most convincing evidence to assure him, that he was indeed the person whose name and character he assumed. The news that Perkin Warbeck and the Duke of York were one and the same person, was listened to with the utmost wonder and interest by Eleanor Lyndsay; the fires of hatred and jealousy now burned with tenfold vehemence in her bosom. She determined, if possible, to effect the destruction of both the lovers; and she was not long before she found a fit associate to enable her to carry her enterprise into effect.

Robert Clifford, the chief agent of the English malcontents in Scotland, had, as the reader has been already informed, been an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Eleanor Lyndsay. His hopes, however, had never been entirely extinct; and now that he found himself once more near the lady, he began to renew his solicita-

tions. From the peremptory repulse which he had formerly undergone, he was prepared to meet with no very gracious reception: his surprise was therefore great, to find that the lady not only treated him with courtesy, but gave much tacit encouragement to his suit.

The lady dropped mysterious hints as to the reward to which her affection had a claim, and sighed for the days which were gone, when a lover held the slightest wish of his lady to be entitled to more respect than the commands of monarchs, or the interests of nations. Clifford was so infatuated with his passion, and felt so grateful for the change in the demeanour of his once haughty and distant, but now kind and condescending mistress, that he fell at her feet, entreated her to acquaint him with her wishes, and vowed that no power on earth should stand between them and their accomplishment, if he possessed the means of effecting it. Eleanor then informed him that she could not wed a partisan of Perkin Warbeck; and that if he hoped to become possessed of her hand, he must make King Henry acquainted with the details of the plot which was brewing against him, and with the names of those persons in his own court who were nearest and dearest to him, that had entered into the conspiracy. The knight was deeply pledged to assist the enterprise of Warbeck; but the fascinations of Eleanor Lyndsay worked upon him like a spell. She offered the cross of pearls which hung around her neck, for him to swear upon it that he would perform her wishes. The knight took the oath, and the cause of Perkin Warbeck was irretrievably ruined.

The doubts which were entertained as to the course which King James meant to pursue, were entirely dissipated on the day when he gave a public reception to the young adventurer. Seated on his throne, in the presence of the great nobles of the kingdom and the ambassadors from foreign states, with the Lady Katherine Gordon placed on his right hand, he commanded his master of the ceremonies to inform the Duke of York that the King waited his coming. Warbeck immediately entered the presence-chamber, followed by a goodly retinue of knights and lords of England, France, and Burgundy. The king immediately descended from

his throne, and after having embraced him, resumed his seat. Warbeck then bowed gracefully to the monarch, and after retiring a few paces backwards, with a loud voice, and animated and expressive gestures, spake the following words:

"High and mighty King! your Grace, and these your nobles here present, may be pleased benignly to bow your ears to hear the tragedy of a young man, that by right ought to hold in his hand the ball of a kingdom; but, by fortune, is made himself a ball tossed from misery to misery, and from place to place. You see here before you, the spectacle of a Plantagenet, who hath been carried from the nursery to the sanctuary, from the sanctuary to the direful prison, from the prison to the hand of the cruel tormentor, and from that hand to the wide wilderness, as I may truly call it—for so the world hath been to me. So that he that is born to a great kingdom hath not ground to set his foot upon, more than this where he now standeth by your princely favour. Edward the Fourth, late King of England, as your Grace cannot but have heard, left two sons, Edward, and Richard Duke of York, both very young. Edward, the eldest, succeeded their father in the crown, by the name of King Edward the Fifth; but Richard Duke of Gloucester, their unnatural uncle, first thirsting after the kingdom through ambition, and afterwards thirsting for their blood out of desire to secure himself, employed an instrument of his, a confidant to him as he thought, to murder them both. But this man that was employed to execute that execrable tragedy, having cruelly slain King Edward, the eldest of the two, was moved, partly by remorse and partly by some other means, to save Richard his brother; making a report, nevertheless, to the tyrant, that he had performed his commandment to both brethren. This report was accordingly believed, and published generally; so that the world hath been possessed of an opinion that they both were barbarously made away with:—though truth ever hath some sparks that fly abroad, until it appear in due time, as this hath had. But Almighty God, that stopped the mouth of the lion, and saved little Joash from the tyranny of Athaliah, when she massacred the King's children, and did save Isaac when the hand was stretched

forth to sacrifice him, preserved the second brother :—for I myself, that stand here in your presence, am that very Richard Duke of York, brother of that unfortunate Prince, King Edward the Fifth, now the most rightful surviving heir male to that victorious and most noble Edward, of that name the Fourth, late King of England. For the manner of my escape, it is fit it should pass in silence; or at least, in a more secret relation; for that it may concern some alive, and the memory of some that are dead. Let it suffice to think, that I had then a mother living, a Queen, and one that expected daily such a commandment from the tyrant for the murdering of her children. Thus, in my tender age escaping by God's mercy out of London, I was secretly conveyed over sea; where, after a time, the party that had me in charge, upon what new fears, change of mind, or practice, God knoweth! suddenly forsook me; whereby I was forced to wander abroad, and to seek mean conditions for the sustaining of my life. Wherefore, distracted between several passions, the one of fear to be known, lest the tyrant should have a new attempt upon me; the other of grief and disdain to be unknown, and to live in that base and servile manner that I did; I resolved with myself to expect the tyrant's death, and then to put myself into my sister's hands, who was next heir to the crown. But in this season it happened that one Henry Tudor, son to Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, came from France and entered into the realm; and by subtle and foul means obtained the crown of the same, which to me rightfully appertained: so that it was but a change from tyrant to tyrant. This Henry, my extreme and mortal enemy, so soon as he had knowledge of my being alive, imagined and wrought all the subtle ways he could to procure my final destruction; for my mortal enemy hath not only falsely surmised me to be a feigned person, giving me nicknames—so abusing the world; but also, to defer and put me from entry into England, hath offered large sums of money to corrupt the princes and their ministers with whom I have been retained, and made importune labours with certain servants about my person, to murder or poison me; and others to forsake and leave my righteous quarrel, and to depart from my service—as Sir Robert

Clifford and others. So that every man of reason may well perceive that Henry, calling himself King of England, needed not to have bestowed such great sums of treasure, nor so to busy himself with importune and incessant labour and industry, to compass my death and ruin, if I had been such a feigned person. But the truth of my cause being so manifest, moved the most Christian King Charles, and the Lady Duchess Dowager of Burgundy, my most dear aunt, not only to acknowledge the truth thereof, but lovingly to assist me. But it seemeth that God above, for the good of this whole island, and the knitting of these two kingdoms of England and Scotland in a strict concord and amity by so great an obligation, hath reserved the placing of me in the imperial throne of England for the arms and succours of your Grace. Neither is it the first time that a King of Scotland hath supported them that were bereft and spoiled of the kingdom of England—as of late in fresh memory, it was done in the person of Henry the Sixth. Wherefore, for that your Grace hath given clear signs that you are in no noble quality inferior to your royal ancestors, I, so distressed a Prince, was hereby moved to come and put myself into your royal hands, desiring your assistance to recover my kingdom of England; promising faithfully to bear myself towards your Grace no otherwise than if I were your own natural brother; and will, upon the recovery of mine inheritance, gratefully do you all the pleasure that is in my utmost power."*

This address, graced as it was with the rich, full tones of Warbeck's voice, the varying expression of his noble and majestic countenance, and the natural and unforced, but at the same time graceful and appropriate, action with which he accompanied it, wrought with wonderful effect on the feelings of his auditors. Occasionally a deep hum of sympathy and approval was heard, sometimes an ejaculation of indignation, and at others the clash of steel, as some zealous partisan half-drew forth his dagger, and then returned it violently into its sheath. When Perkin had concluded his address, every sword leaped from its scabbard,

* Bacon.

and almost every voice shouted, "God save King Richard the Fourth!"

The King of Scotland, who evidently participated strongly in the feeling which Warbeck's oration had excited, now once more descended from his throne, and taking the youthful orator by the hand, said: "My Lord of York, the long-hidden, but now happily discovered, White Rose of England, I greet you well! Trust me, fair sir! that you shall never have cause to repent that you placed yourself in my hands: and, in token of the love that I entertain for you, behold! I give you the fairest flower in Scotland to grace your enterprise.—Sweet cousin," he added, addressing the Lady Katherine Gordon, and placing Warbeck's hand in hers, "wear the White Rose of England in your bosom; and may its future blossoms be numerous and long-enduring!"

Warbeck clasped the lady to his heart; and though a pang shot through it as he thought of the unworthy imposture which he was practising upon her, yet he felt that he had now an imperative motive to continue that imposture, if it were but to reward with a throne the trusting heart which had implicitly relied on his truth and honour. "Come what come may," he mentally said, "now will I wear the diadem of England, or perish in the attempt!" Katherine, too, felt some misgivings as she sunk into the arms of her lover. The mysterious warning rang in her ears—

> "Ill shall betide the Gordon fair,
> Who would the White Rose of England wear."

"But," she thought, "it is she who *would*, and not she who *doth* wear the fair flower, against whom the fatal prophecy is directed." And as Warbeck wound his arms around her neck, she felt assured that the ominous saying could not have any reference to her.

Three years elapsed after the marriage between Warbeck and his lovely bride, before the ill-boding prediction was fully accomplished; and then, among the memorials of the dead in the church of Saint Margaret at Westminster, on a plain unornamented tablet, might be read the name, "Katherine Gordon." Spirit-humbled,

heart-broken, and exhausted by the vicissitudes of evil through which she had passed, this unfortunate lady, while a captive in the power of Henry the Seventh, sank into a premature grave. The events which led to this catastrophe are well known :—Clifford betrayed all the secret details of Warbeck's plot ; and accordingly, when the King of Scotland entered England, with a small but gallant army, to enforce his claim, expecting to be joined by numerous partisans in the counties through which he passed, before Henry was aware of his expedition and prepared to repel it ; and expecting also to hear that Stanley, Fitzwalter, and the other friends of the supposed Duke of York, in London, had openly revolted and seized the person of the King, he found that the English, instead of joining him, treated the pretensions of Warbeck with indifference or ridicule ; had to encounter a numerous and well-appointed army under the Earl of Surrey ; and received intelligence that Fitzwalter, Stanley, and their associates, had expiated their intended treason by the forfeiture of their heads. Peace was soon afterwards concluded between the Kings, Henry and James. Warbeck found that the dominions of the latter could no longer afford him an asylum, and after enduring various vicissitudes in England and Ireland, finally perished ignominiously on a scaffold at Tyburn, having first read to the assembled populace a full confession of his imposture.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

HENRY VIII. and his Queen Katharine were crowned in June 1509.

Thomas Wolsey, a butcher's son, at Ipswich, who was bred to the Church, was introduced at court by Bishop Fox, and soon gained ground in the King's favour.

1512.—The King declaring war against France, the Parliament granted a subsidy to carry it on.

1513.—Wolsey was made prime-minister, and had the preparations for the French war committed to him.

Henry carried over his army to France, and laid siege to Terouenne, which he took, after beating the Duke de Longueville at Guinegate. This engagement was called the Battle of Spurs, from the French flying so quickly. Instead of advancing towards Paris, he lost his time in taking Tournay; the Bishop of which being dead, he bestowed the administration of the see on Wolsey, and then returned to England, taking the greatest part of the army with him. When Henry went to France, the King of Scotland raised an army and ravaged Northumberland, but was defeated and slain by the Earl of Surrey, at Flodden Field.

1514.—Henry made peace with Louis, King of France, and gave him his sister Mary in marriage.

1515.—Pope Leo X. created Wolsey a cardinal.

1520.—The Emperor Charles V. paid the King a visit in England. The King went over to Calais, and had an interview with Francis, King of France, betwixt Guines and Ardres; where there was so much magnificence displayed, that it was called the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

1521.—The political jealousy betwixt Charles and Francis broke out into hostilities, though both pretended that they wished for peace; for which reason a congress was held at Calais, where Wolsey presided, to try to accommodate matters; but without effect. Wolsey then had an interview with Charles at Bruges, where he formed a league with him and the Pope, against France, and contracted the Princess Mary to him. Henry wrote a book in defence of the Catholic religion, against Luther, which he sent to the Pope; who, in return, bestowed upon him and his successors the title of "Defender of the Faith."

1524.—The English and Imperialists invaded France. Francis, nevertheless,

sent an army, under Admiral Bonnivet, into Italy ; but being deserted by the Swiss, he was obliged to retreat into France, with the loss of all the duchy of Milan.

1525.—Francis laid siege to Pavia, where he was defeated and taken prisoner by the Imperialists, and was soon afterwards removed to Madrid, where the Emperor then resided.

Henry entered into an alliance with the Regent of France.

1526.—Francis, to recover his liberty, entered into a very disadvantageous treaty with Charles ; but as soon as he arrived in France he refused to fulfil it. The Pope and many other powers, joined Francis in a league against the Emperor.

1527.—The Imperial army attacked and plundered Rome, and took the Pope prisoner.

Henry and Francis declared war against Charles.

The King began to affect to have scruples about the validity of his marriage with Katharine, his brother's widow ; which were not a little assisted by the charms of Anne Boleyn, maid-of-honour to the Queen.

On the Pope's being applied to, he privately seemed inclined to grant a divorce ; but durst not speak out, as he was at that time the Emperor's prisoner. He was soon afterwards released, on Francis sending an army to Italy under the command of Lautrec.

1528.—The Pope threw various obstacles in the way of the divorce, being afraid of the Emperor, who constantly threatened him. He associated Cardinal Campeggio with Wolsey, as legates, to inquire into Henry's reasons, but with private orders to delay the divorce as much as possible.

1529.—Whilst Henry was in hopes of seeing the affair of the divorce finally settled by the two legates in England, the Pope made peace with the Emperor, recalled his commission, and evocated the cause to Rome. Henry was so much exasperated at these proceedings, that laying the whole blame of them on Wolsey, he seized on all his riches, and banished him from court ; but afterwards restored him to some small degree of favour.

Peace took place among all the powers of Europe.

1530.—Wolsey was banished to his see of York, whence the Earl of Northumberland in a short time was ordered to conduct him to London, in order that he might be tried for high treason : but he died at Leicester Abbey, on his way to the metropolis.

1532.—The King determined on withdrawing from all subjection to Rome. He procured his marriage with Katharine to be annulled in England, and publicly married Anne Boleyn. The Pope declared Henry's marriage with Anne null and void.

1534.—The Parliament abolished all Papal authority, and only allowed the Pope the title of Bishop of Rome.

1535.—Pope Paul III. excommunicated Henry.

1536.—Three hundred and seventy-six monasteries were suppressed.

A translation of the Scriptures into English was ordered.

The King grew jealous of Anne Boleyn, caused her to be beheaded, and married Jane Seymour.

The Queen died a few days after the birth of her son Edward.

1538.—Henry suppressed all the remaining monasteries.

1540.—Henry married Anne of Cleves ; but contrived in a short time to be divorced from her ; and she lived in England on a pension, during the rest of her life. Cromwell, Earl of Essex, was disgraced and beheaded.

The King married Catherine Howard, niece to the Duke of Norfolk.

1541.—The King created six new bishoprics, and endowed them out of the revenues of the suppressed monasteries.

1542.—The Queen was tried for adultery, found guilty, and beheaded.

1543.—The King married Catharine Parr, widow of Lord Latimer, and daughter of Sir Thomas Parr, of Kendal.

1546.—A peace was concluded betwixt England, France, and Scotland.

The Pope made a league with the Emperor against the Protestants ; the chief patrons of whom were the Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse.

1547.—The King died on the 28th of January.

The Kings;

A TALE OF

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

Her honour first drank poison, and her life,
Being fellows in one house, did pledge her honour.
CYRIL TOURNEUR.

Those twin glories—those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Ardes.
SHAKSPEARE.

IT was a fine autumnal morning in the year 1520, and the sun was riding high, and gilding with its brightest beams one of the loveliest prospects in all France. The castle of Chateaubriant, on the banks of the river Vilaine, in the province of Brittany, then towered in all the grandeur of feudal strength and majesty, and its massive walls and lofty battlements became softened into gentleness and beauty, in the picture which they reflected on the still and expansive bosom of the river. Vineyards, groaning under the wealth with which they were loaded, extended along the high banks of the river down to the water's edge. Behind the castle spread an enormous forest, whose myriads of leaves were tinted with an infinite variety of hues by the autumnal sun, while a ridge of lofty but fertile hills, waving with yellow cornfields and purple vineyards, and placed in strong relief against the deep blue sky, terminated the horizon. At the castle-gate stood two steeds, and on each side of the noblest and most richly caparisoned was a

cavalier, one of whom, from his style and bearing, as well as from his costume, appeared to be of a rank very superior to the other. Between him and a lady of a majestic figure, and such a face as poets and artists have grown mad in contemplating, a conversation of intense interest appeared to be passing.

"Sweet Françoise!" he said, "dry these tears. I go not now on any enterprise of peril, to dye my sword in the blood of the infidel or of the Spaniard, nor to humble the haughty Islanders who flout us in our own fair town of Calais; I go to swell the train of our gallant King in the vale of Ardres, to kiss the hand which laid on my shoulder the badge of knighthood, to make a short and a reluctant sojourn amid scenes which have now lost for me all their attractions, and then to return to those arms, the dear ark within which all my happiness abides."

"Farewell, then! farewell, Henry!" replied the lady; "but you will write to me often?"

A cloud came over the cavalier's brow as he grasped his lady's hand, and said in a suppressed tone, "I will write, Françoise; but trust not, believe not, obey not, aught that I may write upon that subject about which we conversed yesterday, until I send the token. The atmosphere of courts is deceitful and betraying. The tongue utters what the heart does not dictate. The smile that plays upon the lip there costs a more painful effort than the tear that flows in solitude and seclusion—and the pen traces characters at which the soul revolts as at ignominy and falsehood. My letters, although addressed to thee, are intended for the eyes of others, unless accompanied by this;" and then he touched a ring of a singular workmanship, which he wore upon the forefinger of his left hand.

As he spake these words he parted the dark locks which shadowed the fair forehead of the lady, gazed upon her fondly, and imprinted a lingering kiss on her lips. Then springing into the saddle, and motioning to his attendant, he waved his hand to the lovely mourner, and followed by other horsemen, proceeded at a rapid pace down the long avenue of trees which led from the castle to the road. Often and anxiously did he look back to return his lady's signal, and he sighed as her white kerchief looked

less and less in the increasing distance. At length emerging from the avenue, he lost all sight of the mansion of his ancestors, and found himself on the high road which led to the town of Chateaubriant.

The day was fine, and the scenery through which the travellers passed was full of that melancholy beauty which autumn impresses upon every object. The fragrance which they inhaled was the last of the year; the leaves which rustled over their heads denoted by the very beauty and variety of their tints how soon they were to perish; and many, at the very moment that they were glowing under the influence of the autumnal sun, were shaken from their branches and scattered by the somewhat fresh breeze.

"We all do fade as a leaf!" mentally exclaimed the cavalier; "we spring up like trees; but the statelier and nobler we become, the broader is the shadow which is thrown around us. We put forth our most precious hopes and affections only to perish like leaves upon the branches. Some are nipped in the spring-tide of their lives by an untimely blast; some in their summer-strength are plucked away by the hand of violence; myriads fall in the autumn, just as they arrive at beauty and maturity; and a few linger out a cold and lonely existence through the winter of their days, until the blast which tears them up by the root, levels all in undistinguishing ruin."

This train of thought was becoming painful, and our traveller was about to seek relief from the oppression of his own mind by entering into conversation with his attendant, when a sudden turning of the road brought him into contact with a person richly dressed and well mounted, who was travelling at a very rapid pace. The stranger was about to bow slightly as he passed; but as he caught the eye of our hero, he checked his steed, and exclaimed, in a tone of mingled pleasure and surprise, "Chateaubriant!"

"St. Foix!" exclaimed the latter, "what lucky chance brings you into our poor province of Brittany?"

"No lucky chance," replied St. Foix, "but a good steed, and a king's message to the most noble Count de Chateaubriant."

Another of those dark clouds which would sometimes steal across the fine open brow of Chateaubriant, and which had even thrown a gloom over the parting interview with his beautiful Countess, now gathered on his features, and it was not without some difficulty that he contrived to suppress his emotions as he said to St. Foix, "With me, his Majesty's pleasure needs only be known to be obeyed."

"The King," returned St. Foix, "commands me to express his sorrow and surprise at the last intelligence which he received from you. He trusts, notwithstanding, that your lady will accompany you to Ardres. It will look neither seemly nor loyal, that on an occasion when all the rank and beauty in France will surround the throne, the place of so distinguished a lady as the Countess de Chateaubriant should remain vacant."

"I have used, my lord," said Chateaubriant, "every effort in my power to induce her to accompany me, but she remains inexorable. Indeed, her rustic manners and natural timidity are but ill fitted for such a sphere. You know, St. Foix, that I stooped much below my rank when I married; for, although distantly related to the house of De Foix, she was herself born of humble parents, and has but little to boast of on the score of education and accomplishments."

Although Chateaubriant had completely recovered his self-possession, St. Foix saw, or fancied he saw, a sinister expression on the features of the attendant while his master was speaking, which led him to doubt the truth of the excuse which the latter made for the non-appearance of his lady at court.

"I am sorry, Count," he said, "to inform you that the King takes this matter much to heart, and that he considers it as a slight put upon himself. In order to convince him of your sincerity in endeavouring to overcome the inflexibility of your wife, it might be as well for you to send a letter to her by me, once more urging the propriety of her accompanying you to the court."

The attendant, who continued within hearing, and had listened with great apparent interest to this conversation, now fixed his eyes with much curiosity upon Chateaubriant, as if anxious to

ascertain the effect which this proposition would have upon his master. His own features denoted considerable surprise at perceiving those of the latter brighten, and assume an air of gratification at the proposal.

"Most willingly, noble St. Foix," answered Chateaubriant, "will I give my sovereign this proof of my zeal and loyalty. We are now within half a league of the town of Chateaubriant; and if you will turn your horse's head the same way with my own, I will, on my arrival there, give you the letter which you desire."

They had no sooner arrived at the town, and entered the mansion of Chateaubriant, than the latter redeemed his promise by writing the following letter, and putting it into the hands of St. Foix:—

"The bearer, beloved Françoise, is the Viscount St. Foix, one of my oldest and most valued friends, who brings a message from our gracious Sovereign, requiring you to accompany me to Ardres. As you value my peace and favour with the King, hasten to this place, whence I will provide means for escorting you to Picardy."

"What think you now, Pierre?" said St. Foix to the attendant, as the latter helped him to his saddle; "is not the twig well limed?"

"I know not, my lord," answered Pierre; "the bird may be warier than either of us imagines."

"Well! continue faithful and secret, and you shall be well rewarded. Some persons may think that you might be more honestly employed; but what task can be nobler and more chivalric than that of rescuing a fair lady from a dull castellated prison in Brittany, and transplanting her into the harem of the gallant Francis?"

"The dull fool thinks my conscience needs a salve," muttered Pierre, as St. Foix struck his spurs into the horse's flanks, and bounded from his view. "No, no; if gold were not sufficiently powerful, what cannot hate—fixed, invincible, irrevocable hate—achieve!"

"What! soliloquizing, Pierre, and at the gate of an hostelry?

It is a goodly place, truly, to whisper to the world your secret machinations!"

The person who uttered these words was a female of apparently little more than twenty years of age, of a slight but pretty figure, and a face in which might be traced the remains of beauty ruined by early sorrow or dissipation, or probably by both. While she was speaking, a melancholy smile played over her wan features, which was quickly succeeded by an expression of a darker and more malignant character, as she added: "You are surprised to see me here; but I bring news—rare, invaluable news!"

"Tell it me, sweet girl! Have our plans succeeded?"

"Nay, not so fast, Pierre! But know, that though Chateaubriant may write, and that often and angrily, Françoise will not leave Brittany, and her lord will smile upon her the more sweetly for her disobedience."

"Thou talkest riddles, Therese; I pray thee unravel them."

"I can unravel them but in part," she replied; "but this I have gathered from the Countess, that Chateaubriant carries about him some token, unaccompanied by which all his letters are but wasted ink, and all his mandates are empty air."

"Thanks! a thousand thanks, Therese! for this timely intelligence. St. Foix, who has just started with a letter from Chateaubriant to the Countess will have but a fruitless errand: but it shall be my care that the next journey speed better; and I trust that ere I have been long in Picardy, I shall extract from the easy, confiding disposition of the Count all that is necessary for me to know. In the meantime, Therese, be faithful—be secret!"

"Away!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Are not my wrongs heavy as thy own? The vengeance of Therese never—never will be appeased, until she sees him a widower and a murderer, howling over the mangled corpse of Françoise."

There was a tone of truth and earnestness in this avowal of unslaked revenge, which removed every suspicion from the mind of Pierre, if he had before harboured any. He clasped Therese in his arms: but she repelled him with firmness, and even dignity. "Avaunt! begone!" she said; and then added, in a more melan-

choly tone—"No, no! never more shall human lover press these lips; the cold worm alone shall revel there. There is no falsehood in his embrace: the heart-ache does not follow it; and the pillow which we shall press together will never be wetted with my tears."

The hard heart of the ruffian who was coolly plotting his master's dishonour was melted by this involuntary ebullition of feeling. He took her hand, and gazed silently in her face, while tears stood in his eyes.

"Pierre," she said, withdrawing her hand, as if she feared that the touch of humanity would soften her from her purpose, "the world is over for me. Hope, fear, sorrow, joy, love, all the emotions of the heart, have perished within me; and what am I but a lifeless corpse, into which Revenge, like a fiend, has entered, and imparted to it a transient animation? The Demon will go out of me when his work is accomplished, and then I shall sink into the grave, which has been too long defrauded of its prey."

She looked earnestly at Pierre as she uttered these words; then drew her dark mantle over her face, and gliding down the street, vanished from his sight.

The conversation between Pierre and Therese will have enabled the reader to divine that the Viscount St. Foix returned from his mission without having been successful in its object. The result almost led him to believe in the sincerity of Chateaubriant and the pertinacity of his lady; but the short interview which he had with the latter convinced him that what her husband had alleged of her mind and manners was untrue, while her beauty beggared the wildest pictures which his imagination had portrayed. He rejoined his friend at the town of Chateaubriant, where they both passed the night, and in the morning St. Foix took the direct road to Picardy; while Chateaubriant, whose affairs required him to pass through the metropolis, made the best of his way to Paris.

As nothing of moment occurred between the departure of the Count from Chateaubriant and his arrival at Ardres, we shall avail ourselves of the interval, by acquainting our readers with some

particulars in the history of the personages who have been introduced to them.

The Count de Chateaubriant was one of the most gallant and accomplished noblemen of France. He had served in Italy, Navarre, and the Low Countries, and had been desperately wounded at the battle of Ravenna. He was not more distinguished for his prowess in the field, than for his polished manners, and the grace and suavity with which he mingled in the gaieties of the Court, and among the refined society of the French metropolis. During the intrigues which Francis carried on after the death of the Emperor Maximilian, Chateaubriant, finding no employment either civil or military to occupy him, retired to his beautiful domain in Brittany; and soon afterwards his late associates of the Court were astonished by the intelligence that he had given his hand in marriage to a person of very inferior rank, without fortune or anything to recommend her but her personal charms. Of the latter, exaggerated reports circulated in every direction; and when the election of the King of Spain as Emperor, left Francis once more at leisure for his darling pursuit, gallantry, he heard of nothing more frequently than the beauty and accomplishments of the Countess de Chateaubriant. The curiosity of the King, as well as some less venial passions, were excited by these accounts; and when Chateaubriant hastened to Paris to do homage to his Sovereign, the latter inquired after the health of his Countess, and begged that she might be introduced at Court. Chateaubriant, who knew the amorous and intriguing disposition of the King, and foresaw in this introduction the death-blow of his happiness, excused his lady on the ground of her naturally shy and timid disposition, her unpolished manners, and the invincible repugnance which she felt to mingling in public life. The King, who instantly saw through Chateaubriant's excuses, was not so easily baffled. He set on foot secret inquiries, from which he learned that the mind and manners of the Countess were not surpassed even by her beauty. A deep and uncontrollable passion for this unseen object fired the heart of the King, and he determined to possess himself of the prize at any hazard. In the Viscount St. Foix, an ancient

comrade and bosom-friend of Chateaubriant when at court, he found a ready and pliant instrument. This man, to great talents and a polished exterior, joined a most depraved mind. His knowledge of human nature was profound, and his influence over Chateaubriant unlimited. He perceived, however, that to execute his plan thoroughly, he should want confederates, and it was not long before he found in Pierre, the favourite servant of his friend, the very man of whom he stood in need.

This person had been reared from boyhood in the family of the Count, and had been always treated with peculiar favour, and admitted into extraordinary confidence by his master. He had formed an early attachment to a beautiful peasant girl of the name of Annette Delville, who resided in the neighbourhood of the castle. Pierre had been accepted both by the girl and her parents and a day was fixed upon for their nuptials, when, unhappily for the lovers, Annette caught the eye of Chateaubriant. The youth the beauty, the wealth and accomplishments of the courtier, soon triumphed over the virtue of the fair peasant girl; she remained for some time the avowed mistress of the Count, who at length however, grew weary of his easy prize, and neglected her. The beautiful Françoise de Foix soon eclipsed the humbler charms of the poor peasant girl, and in process of time became the Countess de Chateaubriant. Annette no sooner heard the rumour of the intended marriage than she became moody and melancholy, and one morning was missed from her accustomed chamber in the castle. A long and anxious search was made for her, for Chateaubriant himself became sensible of his unworthy conduct, but without success. The river in the vicinity was dragged, couriers were despatched to make inquiries in the adjacent towns and villages, and large rewards were offered for the slightest intelligence, but neither Annette nor the faintest clue to her movements, could with all their exertions be discovered.

It may be imagined that these events made no slight impression on the mind of Pierre. From exerting the utmost devotion and fidelity to his master, he became his bitterest and most implacable enemy. His own wrongs, as well as those of Annette, for whom

all his fondness revived when he perceived the altered conduct of the Count towards her, goaded him to revenge. He did not, however, let his master perceive this alteration in his feelings, but affected to laugh at the loss of Annette, as a prize too worthless to be regretted. He professed still more devotion than ever to the interests of Chateaubriant, in whose favour and confidence he continued to make rapid advances.

In this state of mind he was discovered by the wily St. Foix, while in attendance on his master at Paris. The King's gold, added to the deep-rooted sense of his own injuries, was irresistible, and the ruin of the Countess was determined on. When he found Chateaubriant inflexible in opposing his wife's journey to Paris, Pierre resolved to do what he could towards corrupting her mind at home. For this purpose he introduced a female attendant to her, who was entirely under his influence. He found little difficulty in prevailing on his master to accept the services of any person whom he recommended, and the wishes of the Count were received as laws by his lady. Therese was accordingly received into her service and confidence.

Against this triple and secret league, it may easily be imagined that the unfortunate Chateaubriant found it a task of no slight difficulty to defend himself. To the repeated requests, and even commands of his sovereign, he was obliged to reply by excuses and evasions, which had been practised so often that he could scarcely hope that they would continue to be successful. At length, the period arrived when all the nobility of France were required to attend their sovereign to the Vale of Ardres in Picardy, on his expected interview with the King of England. Chateaubriant, aware that he would be more sorely pressed than ever to exhibit his hidden treasure to the wondering gaze of the King and courtiers, and that nothing would satisfy the former but a written mandate under his own hand to the Countess, resolved upon defeating his purpose by an ingeniously conceived stratagem. He had two rings made, of an ordinary appearance, but of so very peculiar a construction, that it was impossible that they could be mistaken by those acquainted with the secret for any others. One of these he

kept in his own possession, and he gave to the Countess its counterpart, enjoining her, at the same time, not to obey any message which he might send, nor any letter which he might write, unless it was accompanied by the ring which he had reserved to himself. The Countess promised to comply with this request, and Chateaubriant left his paternal mansion lighter of heart than he had felt himself for a considerable time previously.

It was not until the very morning on which the memorable interview of the Field of the Cloth of Gold was appointed to take place, that Chateaubriant arrived in the Vale of Ardres. He found himself at an early hour of that morning about half a league from the town of Guisnes, and in front of a most magnificent square castellated palace, whose walls were apparently of freestone, raised upon a deep plinth, or basement of red brickwork. Chateaubriant started as if some magical illusion had presented itself to his eyes; for, although he was well acquainted with the vicinity of Guisnes, and had very recently visited this spot, he had never before beheld the stately edifice on which he was now gazing. It seemed to be near two hundred feet in height; the grand gateway, or entrance, was formed by an arch, whose archivault rested on the capitals of two Corinthian pillars, forming the architrave which covered the jambs of the doorway. On each side of the gateway were two large transome bay windows, separated from each other by a square freestone tower, which was carried up above the battlements of the parapet, and terminated by a large projecting moulded cornice. The walls were kernelled at the top, and fortified at their angles, as also on each side of the grand gateway, by a circular tower of brickwork, pierced with loop-holes.

The building was ornamented by several freestone statues in various attitudes. Above these ornaments was a grand armorial escutcheon, charged with the arms of France and England quarterly, supported by a lion and a dragon. The initial letters H. and R. were placed one on each side of the escutcheon, and the whole was surmounted by an imperial crown.

On the plain before the castle stood two superb conduits, placed at a small distance from each other; both were running with red

wine, and surrounded by a populace which was availing itself, with the least possible loss of time, of the festivity allowed to them on the occasion of the approaching ceremony.

"Heavens, Pierre!" said Chateaubriant, "sure some necromancer has been waving his wand over this place, and has called from the entrails of the earth yonder gorgeous pile."

"No necromancer, my lord," replied the valet; "but Sir Edward Belknap, by the assistance of the three thousand cunning artificers who accompanied him from England, has reared this pile. This must be the building which my Lord St. Foix informed us was to be sent over by King Henry on the occasion of his interview with our gallant sovereign."

Pierre's account was correct. The building, which was of timber, had been sent ready framed from England. The outside was covered with canvas, painted in imitation of freestone and rubbed brickwork, and the interior was ornamented with a variety of sculptures. Chateaubriant, who was gazing in stupifying amazement, was roused from his trance by the report of a cannon which was fired from Guisnes, and was answered after a short interval by another from Ardres.

This was the signal for the two monarchs to proceed to the place of interview; and presently afterwards Chateaubriant perceived, both to the right and left, indications of the approach of a numerous cavalcade.

He turned his eyes in the first instance towards the town of Guisnes, whence the English procession issued. The advanced part of the procession was the Yeomen of the Guard, mounted on bay horses, and carrying halberts in their hands. These were followed by three ranks of men on foot, five in each rank, and all of them unarmed. Five persons on horseback next appeared; the middlemost was dressed in a black gown, and bore in his right hand a cross; on his right was a person in a scarlet gown, carrying a cardinal's hat on a cushion. The two persons on the right and left of these were dressed in black, and wore massy gold chains hanging down from their shoulders, while he on the extreme right was habited in a white linen surplice. These, who, as Cha

teaubriant afterwards learned, were officers in the household of Cardinal Wolsey, were succeeded by two horsemen clothed in orange-coloured gowns, and supported on their right and left by a mace-bearer clad in crimson. Then followed two other horsemen, supported in the same manner, with black bonnets on their heads and gold chains round their necks. The thickening crowd, as well as the increasing interest depicted in every countenance, gave Chateaubriant to understand that the more distinguished personages of the cavalcade were approaching. A cry of "Garter! Garter!" resounded over the plain, as a gallant cavalier pricked past him, mounted upon a piebald charger richly trapped and caparisoned, whose high mettle he found great difficulty in restraining within the solemn pace of the procession. He was bareheaded, wearing the tabard of the Order of the Garter, and was supported on his left hand by a mace-bearer mounted upon a black horse. These were indications which enabled Chateaubriant to recognise Sir Thomas Wriothesley, the English King at Arms.

He was followed by a nobleman, also bareheaded, mounted on a beautiful dun horse, and carrying in his hand the sword of state in a sheath, upright. He was superbly dressed in a gown of cloth of gold, and by the side of his horse ran a brace of milk-white greyhounds, with collars round their necks.

Shouts of "Vive le Roi!" intermixed with cries of "Largess, largess!" now resounded on every side; and the Yeomen of the Guard on foot, carrying their partisans on their shoulders, as well as two of the King's henchmen, also on foot, indicated the approach of royalty itself.

Henry was mounted on a stately white courser, most gorgeously caparisoned; the trappings, breast-plate, head-stalls, reins, and stirrups being covered with wrought gold and highly embossed. On his head was a black velvet cap with a white plume, and studded with rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones. He wore a damask garment of cloth of gold, thickly ribbed with silver, over a jacket of rose-coloured velvet; from his shoulders hung a beautiful large collar, composed of rubies and branches of pearl

set alternately, and on his breast was a rich jewel of St. George suspended by a ribbon of the order. His boots were of yellow leather, and he held a small whip in his hand.

Abreast of the King, mounted on a bay horse, rode Cardinal Wolsey. He was habited in the full robes of a cardinal, and the magnificence of his dress surpassed even that of his master; while innumerable multitudes crowded around him, some waving their caps, and some prostrate on their knees craving his blessing. In his right hand he held a small ivory crucifix, which he pressed to his bosom, while his left was outstretched, as if dispensing his benediction to the populace. He tortured his features into an expression of excessive mildness and humility; but master as he was of the art of dissimulation, he had not been able to tame the fiery eye, or to curb the writhed lip, which too plainly indicated his haughty and imperious temper.

A long train of noblemen, knights, and gentlemen of distinction brought up the rear of the procession. Their fine forms, their gorgeous apparel, and the beauty and spirit of the noble animals upon which they were mounted, beggared all description. The whole collected wealth of England appeared to have been lavished on the Vale of Ardres. Here and there, a nobleman of more than ordinary distinction was followed by the principal officers of his household and a numerous body of his tenantry, who made the welkin ring with their shouts of "A Howard!" "a Percy!" or "a Clifford!" Occasionally a prelate rode by, amid the prayers and genuflexions of the assembled populace; and sometimes a renowned warrior, followed by their deafening acclamations.

Chateaubriant's attention had been so much engaged by the splendid cavalcade to the right, that he had not observed what was going forward at a short distance from him on the left. He, however, now spurred his steed towards the French procession, followed by his valet. The van of the procession, consisting of the great officers of state and other distinguished persons, with their retinue, had already passed by; and was now forming into ranks on the left hand of the palace, in front of the English, who

were ranged on the opposite side : but the deafening acclamations, the delight and eager interest visible in every face, and the involuntary movement by which the whole crowd appeared to be simultaneously swayed, announced the near approach of the King of France.

Francis was less gorgeously apparelled than his brother monarch, and indeed his whole appearance, as well as that of the gallant steed on which he rode, evinced a less eager love of pomp and magnificence, but at the same time indicated a finer taste and greater simplicity of feeling. His train was as numerous, and composed of persons of as high rank and distinction, as that of his brother monarch.

As the King rode past Chateaubriant, the latter fancied that St. Foix whispered in the monarch's ear. An indefinable expression played upon the King's features, and our hero hardly knew whether it was one of displeasure or surprise. The King's eye, however, soon caught his, and a smile played upon his lip as he beckoned Chateaubriant towards him. He instantly rode up to the King and saluted him. "Ye have been long coming, my Lord, but ye see that I have kept the post of honour vacant for you. Ride on my right hand; and although my retinue is not graced with the presence of a cardinal, I shall not feel ashamed to meet King Henry, with one of the gallantest peers of Europe in my train."

A blush of mingled bashfulness and pride mantled the cheek of Chateaubriant, as he made his obesiance to his sovereign, and fell into the ranks of the procession in the order in which he was commanded. He thought that he heard something like a murmur among the peers of higher and more ancient rank, who rode behind him; and although he could not restrain a certain feeling of exultation in his breast, he was not without some fearful misgivings at this distinguished proof of his sovereign's favour. "Françoise," he mentally said, "is this meant as the price——" with an involuntary shudder he endeavoured to break off from the painful train of feeling which was suddenly awakened in his breast;

and apparently with so much success, that during the remainder of the day,

"His brow belied him if his heart was sad."

At a signal from Cardinal Wolsey, the grand master of the ceremonies, the bugles sounded, and the two monarchs rode briskly towards each other—Henry attended by a young English nobleman, and Francis by Chateaubriant; shouts of "Henri!" "François!" "Les deux Grands Rois!" arose on every side.

The Kings of France and England were esteemed the two most handsome and accomplished men in Europe, and none who witnessed their appearance on that memorable day could feel disposed to question the accuracy of the general opinion. Both were then in the flower of their age, had given signal proofs of their personal gallantry and prowess, were liberal patrons of the fine arts and their professors, and one, Henry, had himself evinced a talent for poetry. Their personal appearance was such as must have claimed the approbation of the most sullen enemy of royalty. The form and features of each were remarkable for manly beauty, and yet were finely contrasted with each other. The bluff, round, ruddy face, blue eyes, and well-proportioned, yet somewhat bulky figure of Henry, were equally admired, although strongly opposed to the keen and intelligent, but, perhaps, too sallow features, the dark fiery eye, and the spare but elegant figure of Francis.

The two monarchs saluted on horseback; then dismounted, and, after having embraced each other with great apparent cordiality, amidst the clang of bugles, the roll of drums, and the deafening shouts of the assembled multitude, retired into the tent which we have described, preceded by Wolsey, and followed respectively by the young English nobleman and the Count de Chateaubriant.

Of the political matters which transpired during this memorable interview, the historians of the age have given full details. We have nothing new to lay before our readers on the subject, and we do not mean to inflict upon them the thrice-told stories of the

ancient chroniclers. The most memorable incident which occurred was the circumstance of Henry, when he began to read the proposed treaty, stopping at the words "*I, Henry, King,*" and then merely adding, "*of England,*" without subjoining "*and France,*" the usual style of the English monarchs. Francis remarked this delicacy, and expressed by a smile his approbation of it. The treaty was signed and ratified at the same time by both sovereigns; and although attended by fewer and less solemn formalities than the treaties of modern times, it turned out, as our readers well know, to be as hollow and faithless, and as mere waste-paper a contract as ever received the signature of plenipotentiary or potentate.

"And now," said King Henry, after the mere business of the interview was concluded, and as he surveyed with an approving smile the manly form and gallant bearing of Chateaubriant, "having received and returned the friendly greeting of our royal brother, may we crave to know the name of him by whom he is so worthily attended?"

"It is Henry de Chateaubriant, Sire," said the Count, bending his knee, "who has the honour to approach your Majesty's presence."

"By the mother of God!" said the King, using his favourite oath, "the gallant Breton! the possessor of the noblest mansion and the fairest lady in all Armorica; a lady, my Lord," he added, turning to his youthful attendant, "who, if report say true, would prove a dangerous rival to thy far-famed Geraldine."

"Sire," said Wolsey, "the charms of the Countess de Chateaubriant, it would seem, are such as stand in no need of the paltry homage of puling poets, whatever those of the paragon of Kildare may do."

"Ha! ha!" shouted the monarch, as a hearty laugh discomposed the gravity of his bluff features, "my Lord Cardinal looks somewhat askew at the whole tribe of poets, since that rascal Skelton treated him so scurvily. But my Lord Chateaubriant," he added, as he put upon the Count's finger a large and precious emerald, which had sparkled upon his own "wear this ring for

my sake, and tell your fair Countess that Henry of England wishes her well."

Chateaubriant knelt down and kissed the monarch's hand in token of respect and gratitude. "Thanks, my brother," said King Francis, "for my gallant servant's sake; but I take shame to myself that I have allowed you to outstrip me in this race of courtesy. My Lord of Surrey," he added, as he plucked a jewel from his bonnet and placed it in the hands of the noble bard, "wear this for my sake. I knew not until now that I stood in the presence of him whom the united voice of Europe acknowledges as the first poet, as well as the most accomplished chevalier of his age. Wear it, and let it sometimes bring to your remembrance Francis of France, who knows and admires the efforts of your genius, although not fitted by being, like your own sovereign, accomplished in the same divine art, to appreciate them duly."

Surrey knelt down, and received the French King's courtesy with due grace and thankfulness; while Henry, whose eye at first flashed with the fires of jealousy, was tamed into good humour by the compliment to himself with which Francis concluded. The latter and his attendant then took their leave of the English monarch, and shortly afterwards the bugle was heard announcing the return of the French cavalcade to Ardres.

On the evening of the same day, as Pierre was assisting his master to his couch, he observed on the finger of the latter the precious ring which had been given to him by King Henry.

"Put this, Pierre," he said, "into my escritoire, and lay the key beneath my pillow. It is a King's gift, and must be guarded carefully."

"It is indeed, my Lord," said Pierre, "a jewel of great price and most exquisite workmanship; and methinks becomes your Lordship's finger far better than the poor toy which you used to wear at Paris."

Chateaubriant looked at his finger, and a sudden emotion of distress and surprise appeared to overwhelm him. "Almighty God!" he exclaimed, and turned as pale as ashes.

"What ails your Lordship," said Pierre, hastening to the assistance of his master.

"Ruined, Pierre! ruined past redemption. That ring, that toy, as thou callest it, was more precious in my eyes than all the wealth in the united treasuries of France and England. It is the talisman which protects my honour and my peace; it is the magic circle within which all my happiness and my hopes abide, and, like a gaudy fool, hastening to sport my bravery amidst these mummeries on the plains of Picardy, I have left my treasure behind me at Paris."

"Nay, my Lord, if that be all, it is safe enough where you have left it; and if not, methinks you are compensated for its loss a thousandfold by the splendid gift of King Henry."

"Pierre," said Chateaubriant, "thou art ignorant of the precious prize which is staked upon this cast; and trusty though I know thee to be, I will not even breathe into *thy* ear the secret of my bosom's happiness. But haste thee, ere the hour-glass is once more turned, to Paris; purchase the noblest and fleetest steed in all Guisnes, and keep it for thy pains; take this key, which will unlock the casket that contains my treasure, bring it to me safely and speedily; and then, to show thee how highly I prize thy service, King Henry's ring shall be thine own."

Pierre gazed at his master for a moment in a stupor of mingled astonishment and delight; then, suddenly recollecting himself, made a low obeisance and retired.

"It is done! it is achieved!" exclaimed Pierre. "Vengeance, thou dear delicious cup which I have thirsted for so long, I now shall quaff thee till my full soul is saturated with the delightful dew! Oh God! oh God! how am I changed! A few short months ago, and for this man—this Chateaubriant, whom I am now hurrying to perdition, I would have bared my neck to the headsman's axe to save a hair upon his head from injury. Annette! Annette! thou who wert the angel of my peace, art now a phantom haunting me to destruction, a fiend beckoning me to the same precipice where thou thyself wert lost; and by thy wrongs, and by my hatred, and by the invincible

spirit of revenge, I will not fail to do thy bidding. I come! I come!"

The next moment saw him in close conference with St. Foix, and shortly afterwards the fleetest steed that could be selected from the King's stables bore him proudly on its back towards Paris.

The reader's attention must now be diverted from the plains of Picardy to the forest in the neighbourhood of Chateaubriant's castle in Brittany, in which, as, at the close of a fine autumnal day, Therese was wandering solitary and lost in the contemplation of her own thoughts, she gave utterance to the following soliloquy:

"Am I turned fiend, to plot the destruction of one so good, so gentle, so beautiful? Ha! my heart, wilt thou betray me once again? Hast thou not already paid dearly enough for thy fatal softness? Have not hatred, and injury, and scorn been thy reward? Is there not poison in these veins, and madness in this brain, and misery on this brow; and do I not see *her* beloved, and blessing and being blest? Am I turned fiend, did I say? Rather should I ask, am I not relapsing into infantile imbecility? Can I forgive? can I forget? Forget! It is a word that is blotted from my vocabulary. It is a word unknown in heaven and in hell, and among the loftier spirits of the earth. Forget? Therese forget her love or her hatred, her injuries or her revenge! Ha! ha! ha!"

As she concluded this incoherent soliloquy, Therese made the forest in which she was wandering ring with her maniacal laughter. It was repeated in a still louder tone by a voice which seemed to belong to a more substantial organ than that of the echoes of the forest, and turning round she beheld Pierre at her side.

"Has the passionate expression of my sorrows conjured up a fiend indeed? Welcome, thou unwearied minister of my revenge! welcome to thy native woods!"

"And welcome, a thousand times welcome, sweet Therese, to this devoted bosom."

"Unhand me fool! What have we to do with the vanities of love? I tell thee, Pierre, again, my heart is shut to every human emotion, save one. Attempt to disturb that master-passion, or to

enthrone a feebler in its place, and, by Heaven! its lightning, although directed mainly at a loftier head, shall not disdain to fall upon thy own."

"Well, well," said Pierre, moodily, "thou art right; thy heart is constant to its purpose, nor deem that mine has wavered; our work is finished, our vengeance is achieved."

"He is not dead?" asked Therese anxiously; and her face grew black as night as she made the inquiry.

"No, no," said Pierre, "I have not done our work so bunglingly; he lives to writhe in tortures more exquisite than the malignant wit of man ever invented. The bolt has not yet fallen; but a sign, a breath, a word, Therese, and our feet are upon the neck of our victim."

"Now, thou Almighty Destiny! I will accuse thy purposes no more. Bitter is the cup which thou hast made me quaff, but how does it enhance the sweetness of revenge! Tell me, Pierre, tell me all; my thirsty soul gasps for the delicious draught."

"Behold this ring," said Pierre, taking Chateaubriant's treasure from his bosom; "this is the token, unaccompanied by which, as thou toldst me, all his letters to the Countess are but wasted ink, and all his mandates empty air."

"Is't true, is't possible? My senses stagger; I dare not, must not believe it."

"Then listen to me, girl."

Pierre then related to her the circumstances which led to his mission to Paris, and informed her of his becoming possessed of the precious ring.

"A cunning artificer of Paris, Therese, made such a copy of it, that thy own blue eye bears not more resemblance to its fellow, than this did to its original. The counterfeit I gave to Chateaubriant; the original is the talisman which must lure his Countess to the embraces of King Francis."

"And did he truly reward thee with King Henry's precious gift?"

"Behold it here! take it, Therese, 'tis thine; a mean reward for thy services in our common cause."

"Mean indeed!" she said, as she returned the ring indignantly

"take back your bauble, Pierre; I want no reward but one, and that I shall grasp speedily."

"Speedily, I trust," replied Pierre. "I have come to Brittany in attendance upon the Viscount St. Foix, who is the bearer of a letter from Chateaubriant to the Countess, and have ridden in advance to announce his coming to your lady. His letter contains an earnest request to her to set off with us for Guisnes in the morning; a request her compliance with which will be secured when she sees this ring."

"And when thou hast conducted her to Guisnes, what hast thou done, but led her to the longing arms of her husband? Faithful as the turtle dove in his absence, thinkest thou that his presence will tempt her to inconstancy?"

"We must trust to the blandishments of the court, to the arts of Francis, and to the weakness and vanity of a woman's heart," returned Pierre.

"Peace, peace, babbler!" said Therese: "what knowest thou of woman's heart—of what it can achieve, or what it can endure? Chateaubriant must be removed from Picardy, or our vessel is wrecked even in sight of port. Give me the ring."

"The ring, Therese! what ring?"

"King Henry's ring. The bauble has within a few short minutes acquired a value in my eyes. Adieu!"

"Adieu, sayest thou? Whither art thou going?"

"To the plains of Picardy."

"Surely thou art not mad!" said Pierre, as he attempted to stop her.

"And if I were—and if I were," exclaimed Therese, lifting her hands and eyes to heaven, "have I not cause? But Heaven is not so merciful. It has given me the tortures of madness, without its Lethean balm. I am going to Picardy; ask not when, or how, or wherefore; delay the departure of the Countess but one day, and then the victory is our own."

"This is illusion," said Pierre, as he gazed upon the slight figure of Therese disappearing amidst the recesses of the forest; "madness is in her eye and on her lips; but her actions, strange and

inscrutable as they appear, have tended to one object, and have ever accelerated the completion of our design."

"Why, Pierre," said St. Foix, as he came up with the valet, "thou hast forgotten thy accustomed diligence. I thought that, ere this, thou hadst announced my arrival at the castle: wherefore hast thou loitered thus?"

"I met Therese, my lord, in the forest, to whom I unfolded the history of our plot, and who, I fear, for very joy has gone distracted. She snatched King Henry's ring from off my finger, and darted from my sight to go, as she told me, to the plains of Picardy."

"Fear her not, Pierre; her heart has meditated too long and too intensely on her wrongs to suffer her to deviate from the high road which leads to the accomplishment of her revenge. But now, Pierre, as we are so near to the castle, we may as well proceed together; only, as we must not be seen in its neighbourhood indulging in too much familiarity, do thou fall a little in the rear."

They now continued their journey towards the castle in silence. Each was too much occupied with his own thoughts, to feel inclined to intrude upon the taciturnity of the other. Pierre especially, who with all his dark passions and too well remembered injuries, had more of human feeling in his composition than the heartless courtier, was wrapt up in the contemplation of the business in which he had engaged. "I am a robber, and a traducer, and shall be a murderer!" It was thus that he conversed with his own dark thoughts; "but I cannot arrest the wheels of destiny in their course—that course in which they will eventually crush me as well as mine enemy—me, whom they have already bruised so fearfully. Had I never been injured—had this snake, this reptile of the court, this Chateaubriant, never crawled between me and my love—had he never defiled that couch on which I had hoped to rest my heart and head together, I had not been what I am now, a blighted branch, a cankered flower, poisoning the air in which I breathe, killing the sweet shrubs which grow around me. And yet I mar the sanctity of my hatred, I profane the righteousness of my revenge, by taking bribes to spur me on, by receiving

fees from this St. Foix and his master. Therese, thy purpose is as black as mine, but thou walkest towards it in a holier road. I am a villain, a sordid villain—but this trash," he added, as he took from his bosom a bag of gold, and surveyed it wistfully, "although love alone could sweeten the cup of life, this trash may help to soften its acidity."

With such reflections as these, in which hatred, revenge, avarice, and self-contempt were mingled, but without the slightest feeling of relentfulness or remorse, was his bosom occupied until the lofty turrets of the castle of Chateaubriant met the gaze of the travellers.

Something of a softer feeling came over his heart as he looked at the birth-place of himself and his father; but the sight of a little white cottage at the entrance of the avenue of elms which led to the castle gate, seemed to turn all the blood in his veins to poison. "Vengeance is at hand," he exclaimed; "blood must atone for lust—bitter remorse and torturing agony must be the price paid for unhallowed joys and violated oaths!"

The Countess de Chateaubriant had, since the absence of her lord, remained strictly immured within the castle and its adjacent grounds, and had neither paid nor received any visits, except the one short audience which she had given to St. Foix, when he was the bearer of her husband's letter. Her principal attendant and favourite was Therese, with whom she felt more than ordinarily interested on account of her superior intelligence, far beyond her station, and of the indications which she displayed of deep internal suffering, occasionally mixed, as the Countess feared, with symptoms of insanity. The kindness and attentions of the Countess only appeared to root the melancholy of Therese more deeply. Some slight compunctious visitings, not of remorse or of irresolution—for she never once wavered from her purpose—but of sorrow, would come across her, that she was obliged to doom to shame and misery a being whom she felt that, under happier circumstances, she could have revered and loved. Could the ruin of Chateaubriant have been effected as completely and signally in any other way, Therese would gladly have saved the Countess. But she was the

casket which contained all the jewels of her husband's soul—his hopes, his fears, his joys, his love, his honour. Poverty, or banishment, or disgrace, or death would be nothing in comparison to the loss of that affection and innocence which he found enshrined in the pure bosom of Françoise.

As these thoughts passed in her mind, Therese became more and more confirmed in her purpose. "She shall die," she said, "but not yet: and he shall be tortured into frenzy, but it shall be by degrees." The pensive and melancholy expression which deep thought now cast upon her brow more than ever interested the compassion of the Countess, who little thought that the gloom which she so much commiserated was only a shadow from those machinations which were plotting for her own destruction. Therese was much addicted to solitary wanderings, and the forest in the neighbourhood of the castle, with whose mazes she appeared to be acquainted in an extraordinary degree, considering the short period of her residence there, was her favourite haunt. Here she would frequently spend whole days, from the earliest hour in the morning, and return at night, sinking with hunger and fatigue.

Such was the state of affairs in the castle, when St. Foix and Pierre stood before the Countess. She received the first with much coldness, remembering the purport of his last mission; but her eyes sparkled with delight, which she neither wished nor was able to conceal, when she encountered those of Pierre.

"Welcome, good Pierre! welcome! Tell me, how fares my lord? What think the gallants, who are assembled in Picardy, of Henry de Chateaubriant? What says King Francis of his gallant subject?"

"My honoured lord is well, Madam," returned Pierre, "and as happy as he can be while separated from you. The cavaliers, both of England and France, acknowledge him the most accomplished knight in Christendom, and both monarchs vie in testifying the favour which they bear him."

"Now may all good angels shield thee for being the bearer of such happy tidings! And what message sends my lord to me, Pierre?"

"That, Madam, the letter of which my Lord St. Foix is the bearer will best inform you."

A cloud came over the lady's brow. "No message, Pierre?" she asked, faintly; "I would rather listen to ten words warm from his heart, and preserved warm in the memory of a faithful servant, than peruse all the frigid epistles that ever were indited!"

Our fair readers will possibly not agree with the Countess, in her comparative estimate of the value of a lover's message and his letter; but they will remember that Françoise had her lord's own word to assure her that his letters were compositions to which, although penned by his hand, his heart was an utter stranger.

"Madam," said St. Foix, "I have once more the honour to be the bearer of my Lord Chateaubriant's letter to your ladyship; and the message for which you vainly inquire of Pierre was also entrusted to me: that you would read his heart's undisguised sentiments in that letter, and that he hoped you would lose no time in complying with the request which it contained."

A melancholy and incredulous smile played over the features of the Countess, as she took the letter and began listlessly to read its contents; and tears gushed from her eyes when she had finished her perusal.

"Heavens, Madam!" said St. Foix, "why this emotion? My lord, I believe, merely requests that you will put yourself under the protection of me and Pierre, who are to be your escort to Guisnes."

"And it is a request, my Lord St. Foix," returned the Countess, "to which I have only the same answer to make as on the last time when you honoured the castle with your presence. I cannot comply with it. Adieu, my lord, adieu!"

St. Foix now saw that it was necessary to make use of the ring, which he was anxious, if possible, to avoid doing, in order to escape the necessity of making any explanation to Chateaubriant.

"Nay, Madam," he said, as he gently prevented her exit from the apartment; "his lordship's valet is the bearer of a token which, I believe, will silence all your doubts."

Pierre approached the Countess, and bending on one knee, he

took her hand, which he kissed respectfully; and then placed the ring upon her finger.

"Is it possible!" she exclaimed; "can I believe my eyes!" and she looked alternately at both rings. "It is indeed the token which I have so anxiously looked for, and which is to reunite me to my lord. My Lord St. Foix, I pray you, pardon my apparent coldness. But solitude, and hope deferred, and trembling anxiety have made me cautious and suspicious. Pierre, saddle the fleetest steeds in my lord's stable; we will depart instantly!"

"Nay, Madam," said St. Foix, smiling, "you will stand in need of repose, before you take so long a journey; and Pierre and I, I fear, would scarcely at this moment be a competent escort. On the day after to-morrow, if your ladyship pleases, we will bid adieu to Brittany."

"Methinks it is an age, a dreary age," said the Countess; "but I am indeed forgetful of the fatigues incurred by my honoured guest and my lord's faithful servant. Therese shall bring some refreshment; and then, my lord, I have a thousand anxious questions with which to weary your patience."

She clapped her hands, and a female servant entered. "Where is Therese?" inquired the Countess.

"Therese, Madam, has been missing all the day. She was observed to be more thoughtful than usual last night, and this morning her chamber was found deserted."

"Poor Therese!" said the Countess; "it is thus that she will wander for hours together. She has borne my lord's absence even more painfully than I."

A bitter smile played on the features of St. Foix, and a cloud gathered on those of Pierre, while the Countess spake. The former was incapable of any deeper feeling than malignity; but a thousand varied emotions agitated the breast of the latter, while they followed the Countess into the refectory.

The day's residence of St. Foix at Chateaubriant afforded no incident worth recording, except that during that period an anxious but fruitless search was made for Therese, whom the Countess wished to accompany her to Guisnes: and on the second morning

after the arrival of the confederates she departed for Picardy in a travelling carriage, escorted by St. Foix and Pierre on horseback. The English, and even the French reader, in the present halcyon days of travelling, will be surprised to hear that the journey from Chateaubriant to Picardy occupied four days, and that it was not until the morning of the fifth that the travellers found themselves in the plains between Ardres and Guisnes. Here the Countess, whose heart as well as her limbs had been shut up in her husband's château, and whose wildest wishes never roamed beyond it, except during the absence of Chateaubriant, was positively bewildered by the gay scenes through which she passed. The accomplished and gorgeously apparelled cavaliers—the beautiful and still more splendidly attired females—the gallant steeds—the gay equipages—the passage of heralds and messengers between the two Kings—the magnificent tents or temporary dwellings erected by the English—the stirring effect of the martial music resounding on every side, and the banners which waved around her, displaying all the colours of the rainbow, altogether formed a scene in which her senses were overpowered with astonishment and delight.

Only one cloud passed over this atmosphere of pleasure, and that was gone in a moment. A carriage, closely guarded by an equal number of French and English soldiers, and apparently containing a prisoner of distinction, came up to them ; and as it passed the equipage of our heroine, she heard a dreadful shriek from some one within, and saw an attempt to let down the carriage window, which was prevented by the guards.

"Alas!" said she to St. Foix, who was riding by her carriage window, "what unfortunate person is that?"

"I know not, Madam," said St. Foix. "It is probably some maniac who has been disturbing the festivities, and whom the King has thought proper to send to Paris."

"Alas!" thought she, as she sank back in her seat, "even amid scenes of gaiety and magnificence like these, madness and misery will intrude, to teach kings that they are subject to the accidents of mortality, and to breathe into the ears of pleasure the harsher but truer lessons of pain."

These thoughts filled her mind with sadness, and she sank into

a reverie, from which she was not roused until she heard the carriage wheels rattling over the paved entrance of the fortifications of Ardres.

In the mean time, tilts and tournaments, and every varied species of amusement had been going on in the Plains of Picardy. The nobility of France and England vied with each other in pomp and magnificence; and such was the profuse expenditure of all who accompanied the two Kings in this memorable interview, that the spot on which it took place acquired the name of "*Le Champ du Drap d'Or.*"

There were still many cautious ceremonials when the two Kings met, indicative of mutual suspicion and distrust, which shocked the frank and generous temper of Francis. "The number of their guards and attendants," says Hume, "was carefully reckoned on both sides; every step was scrupulously measured and adjusted; and if the two Kings intended to pay a visit to the Queens, they departed from their respective quarters at the same instant, which was marked by the firing of a culverin; and the moment that Henry entered Ardres, Francis put himself into the hands of the English at Guisnes."

Francis determined to put an end to these ungenerous forms, by an incident which strongly marked his romantic and chivalrous character. Accordingly, on the day before that on which the Countess de Chateaubriant arrived at Ardres, the guards at Guisnes were much surprised at seeing the King of France ride up to the gates, attended only by a single cavalier. "You are all my prisoners!" he exclaimed; "carry me to your master." The guards, as soon as they recovered from the stupefaction occasioned by their surprise, opened their gates, and admitted the monarch and his attendant. The news spread with great rapidity, and the whole population of the town had thronged around the illustrious visitor before he arrived at the palace gates. "Chateaubriant," said the jocund king—for it was our hero by whom he was accompanied—"go from us to our brother England, and tell him that we summon him to yield himself and the garrison of this fair town our prisoners; and exhibit in thy own person the mighty armament which we have equipped, in order to compel him to

obedience." The Count made his obeisance, alighted from his steed, and was ushered into the presence of the King of England.

He found Henry seated under a canopy of state, with Cardinal Wolsey at his right hand, and several yeoman of the guard behind him. He was richly dressed in a garment of cloth of gold edged with ermine. The sleeves were crimson and the doublet and hose of the same colour, and the badge of the Order of the Garter was suspended from his neck by a collar of pearls of inestimable value.

"A messenger from the King of France, may it please your Majesty," said the usher, "craves admittance to your royal presence."

"Let him enter," said King Henry, in a tone of surprise; and immediately Chateaubriant was on his bended knees before him.

"Ha!" ejaculated the King, while his large eye glowed like a ball of fire, and his brow grew black as midnight. Signs of intelligence passed between him and Wolsey, and the latter whispered one of the yeomen, who immediately left the apartment. "Rise, my Lord," said the King to Chateaubriant; "what is our royal brother's pleasure?"

"He bids me, Sire, in his name, demand of your Majesty the surrender of your person and of the garrison of this town, as his prisoners. He has himself arrived in Guisnes to enforce this demand with a powerful armament, the whole of which is at this moment in your Majesty's palace."

"Ha!" said Henry, and a hundred varied emotions made their transit in an instant over his capacious brow.

"Is King Francis now in Guisnes?"

"He is, may it please your Majesty."

"And how, say you, attended?"

"By the pomp and power, Sire, which reside within the limbs which are now prostrate before your Majesty."

"By St. Thomas of Canterbury!" said Henry, as he again extended his hand to raise Chateaubriant from his knees, "we are

fairly outstripped in this race of courtesy. Hasten, my lord, to your master, and tell him that his prisoner waits to surrender himself into his custody."

Francis was soon in the presence of his brother monarch. "My brother," said Henry, "you have here played me the most agreeable trick in the world, and have showed me the full confidence I may place in you. I surrender myself your prisoner this moment." He then took from his neck the precious collar of pearls of which we have already spoken, and putting it about Francis's, he added, "I pray you to wear this for the sake of your prisoner."

Francis received the collar, which was valued at 15,000 angels, but at the same time took a bracelet from off his own wrist which was worth double that sum, and putting it on Henry's, he said,—"My prisoner must wear this manacle, the badge of his captivity."

"And now," said King Henry, turning to Chateaubriant, "I marvel, my lord, that you should have come into our presence without that ring which we placed upon your finger when we saw you last. It was a king's gift, and methinks a fitter occasion could not have been found for wearing it than the present."

Chateaubriant's colour changed. The ring he had given to Pierre, and he was fearful of incensing the King of England by declaring that fact, as well as of exciting the curiosity and suspicion of his own sovereign, as to the nature of the service which could have called for so costly a reward.

"I own myself in fault, may it please your Majesty," said Chateaubriant confusedly; "but I trust it may be excused in consideration of the hasty and unexpected summons which I received from my gracious Lord here to attend him this morning."

The eyes of both Kings being fixed upon Chateaubriant as he spoke, increased his embarrassment and confusion. "I trust, my lord," said Wolsey, "that you have not considered the King of England's present so trifling a bauble as to part with it to any loose companion of your hours of dalliance, to any frail female who may have been unable to resist your fascinations and solicitude."

Chateaubriant, whom the first part of this address had somewhat alarmed, felt reassured by the conclusion of it, and he gave an emphatic negative to the accusation which it implied.

"Call in the witness?" said King Henry; and immediately the yeoman, who had retired from the presence on Chateaubriant's arrival, re-entered, leading by the hand a female, whose face was muffled in her cloak, but by whose dress and figure Chateaubriant easily recognised Therese.

"Know you that female?" asked Henry, in a voice rendered almost inaudible by passion.

"I do, Sire," said the Count, "she is an attendant upon my wife."

"When did you last see her?"

"At the castle of Chateaubriant, before I had the honour of my first admission into your Majesty's presence."

"Sirrah," said Henry, "you are an attendant upon my royal brother, or I would on the spot make you repent the utterance of so insolent a falsehood to a King. Did you not give the ring which I presented to you to that girl?"

"My last answer, Sire," said Chateaubriant, firmly, "is an answer also to this question—I never did."

King Henry's face became swollen with fury. "Death! traitor!" he exclaimed; "do you mean to assert that you are innocent of the crime of triumphing over the innocence and virtue of your wife's servant?"

"I am most innocent," said Chateaubriant; "so help me Heaven and all its saints!"

"Thou art a liar and a slave!" said Therese, throwing back her hood, "wert thou twenty times Count de Chateaubriant."

Chateaubriant retreated several paces, as though he had seen a spectre, and his face assumed the gastly hue of death, while every limb quivered with astonishment and fear. Therese's hair and brows, which had always been of a jet black hue, were now of a bright auburn colour; and her face, instead of that swarthy glow which denoted an oriental origin, was exquisitely fair. She wore a necklace of pearls, which Chateaubriant recognised as his own gift, round her neck, and King Henry's ring upon her finger, while

her dress, being the same as she had uniformly worn before her disguise, completed the *éclaircissement*, and revealed to the eyes of the astonished Count the form of the injured Annette Delville.

The behaviour of our hero was construed by both the Kings into a confession of his guilt, and Henry's eyes sparkled with the expression of a wild beast's when it has secured its prey; while Francis, whom surprise had hitherto kept mute, said, "I perceive, my brother, that your princely gift has been most unworthily appreciated. The Count de Chateaubriant is your prisoner, to be disposed of as you may think fit."

"Did he owe allegiance to me, my brother, his sentence should be more severe," said Henry; "but your attendant and confidant, however unworthy of his honours, demands some consideration from me. I will therefore beg that he may be sent back a close prisoner to his own castle, under the surveillance of an equal number of French and English guards."

"Be it so," said Francis; and Henry immediately motioned to the yeomen of the guard to take Chateaubriant into custody.

The Count, whom the sudden apparition of Therese had struck dumb, now attempted to speak, but could not obtain a hearing. "Away with him!" shouted the tyrannical Tudor; "and on the morrow, with our royal brother's approbation, he shall be escorted to his place of exile." The sentence was one with which Chateaubriant felt rather pleased than otherwise, as it would restore him to the society of his Countess; and believing that he should have an opportunity of vindicating his honour to the satisfaction of his own sovereign, he did not make any further attempt at an explanation, but bowed respectfully to both monarchs, and retired.

"Farewell, my noble lord, most upright and honourable Count de Chateaubriant," whispered a female voice in his ear, when he had proceeded about twenty yards from the royal chamber. He turned round, and beheld Therese.

"Annette," he said mournfully, "perhaps at your hands I have deserved this. And yet think not that the heart of Henry de Chateaubriant has ever been indifferent to your welfare. I have suffered much on your account, and my bosom is relieved of half

its sadness by seeing you again. But tell me, Annette, tell me truly, how did you become possessed of that ring?"

A bitter laugh was the only answer to this inquiry.

"You have dishonoured me before two Kings. You have driven me from their presence with the brand of ingratitude and perjury fixed to my name: and yet," he added smilingly, "I can scarcely complain, for you have been the occasion of sending me some months earlier than I expected to the castle of Chateaubriant, the casket which contains the jewel of my soul."

Annette grasped his hand, while a fiend-like smile played upon her lips. "Sayest thou so, fond fool!" she exclaimed. "Go then, go to the valleys of Brittany; you will find the casket safe enough, but the jewel is stolen from it."

"Ha! sayest thou so!" said Chateaubriant, in an agony of surprise: "what meanest thou? Tell me, for the love of Heaven!" he added, endeavouring to detain her, but she eluded his grasp; and as she glided from his sight, he heard the long corridor through which she disappeared echoing with her boisterous laughter.

That night Chateaubriant remained a close prisoner in one of the English tents; and the brutal Henry refused him even those indulgences and attentions which were suitable to his rank. His mind, however, in consequence of what he had heard from Therese, was in a state which rendered him incapable of feeling, and still more of resenting, this petty malignity. He was far, however, from giving implicit credence to the intelligence of Annette. He knew that the ring was still in his own possession; and as he gazed at it on his finger, he smiled at the durance in which he was held, since with it he had purchased the safe possession of the precious token.

"It is only a malignant invention of Annette's," he said, "fabricated either for the purpose of disturbing my repose, or of defaming the reputation of my sweet Françoise; only a few hours, heavy and tedious hours indeed, but still only a few, and all my fears will be removed, and all my torturing anxiety will be allayed by the certainty of bliss."

Still his mind was in a state of too great excitation to allow him

a moment's repose during the night, and it was not until the noonday sun was pouring its radiance into the tent, that he was discovered asleep by the commandant of the escort which was to convey him to Chateaubriant.

"We wait for you, my lord," said this officer, awakening him. "We have King Henry's commands to lose no time in conveying you to Brittany."

"I shall not give either King Henry or you, Sir," said Chateaubriant, "much trouble by delaying you in the execution of his orders. I have seen enough of courts and kings to return without a broken heart to my own peaceful mansion, on the banks of the Vilaine."

"Doubtless, doubtless," said the officer, shrugging up his shoulders, as if expressing a concurrence of opinion; "but it was a dangerous thing in you, my lord, to part with the King's present as you did. Had you been an English subject," added he, looking cautiously round the tent, "your head would have been in a much more precarious situation than it is at present."

"I am innocent, Sir, of the crime which has called forth King Henry's displeasure, and am at this moment ignorant of the way in which the ring came into the girl's possession."

The officer shook his head incredulously, and then, with a wagish smile, asked, "Am I to have the honour of escorting the young lady as well as your lordship?"

"No, Sir," said Chateaubriant haughtily. "I am now at your service; and as I perceive that I am addressing a person who doubts my word, I beg that we may converse during the journey as sparingly as possible."

Thus saying, they proceeded to the travelling carriage which stood at the door of the tent, and in which Chateaubriant seated himself. The officer then mounted a horse which stood abreast of the carriage, and giving the signal to the six men under his command, three of whom were French and three English, they proceeded on their journey.

Chateaubriant, whose temper had been considerably ruffled by the short conversation which we have just related, was now left to

his own thoughts, which again began to assume a painful character. He was soon roused from his reverie by the noise of wheels, and he was panic-struck, as he looked through the carriage-window, to see his own family carriage, which he had left in Brittany, approaching at a rapid pace. He almost doubted the evidence of his senses, until he saw his friend St. Foix riding abreast of it, and Pierre at a short distance ; and as it passed him he saw the Countess in the inside apparently buried in deep thought. The horrible conviction of Annette's veracity, and of the cause of his present captivity, flashed upon his brain, and he uttered a heart-piercing scream as he endeavoured to let down the carriage-window. In this he was prevented by the commandant, who placed one hand on the window, and with the other brandished his sword.

"Beware ! Count," he said ; "give me but another instance of a refractory disposition, and I have orders which I shall be compelled, however unwillingly, to execute."

"For God's sake !" said Chateaubriant, "pursue that carriage. I'll make the fortune of the man who arrests its progress."

"Nay, Sir, nay," replied the other ; "the men at present under my command have other duties to perform ; and as it was formerly your desire, so it is now mine, that we should converse as sparingly as possible—we will, therefore, drop this subject."

Chateaubriant's distress was too great for resentment or anger to find a place in his bosom for a moment : he supplicated the officer in language more humiliating than his pride had ever allowed him yet to use, but the latter was inexorable. In the meantime, the distance between the two carriages widened, and at length Chateaubriant, exhausted by the violence and variety of his emotions, sank back in the carriage in a state of listless stupor.

Years rolled over the grey turrets of Chateaubriant's castle, but the lovely Countess was no longer seen within its walls, enlivening by her beauty, grace, and intelligence, the gloom around her, or wandering, "herself a fair flower," through the beautiful plantations which were attached to the old castellated mansion. The result of the treachery which lured her to Paris may easily be divined. Exposed to the arts, the fascinations, and (for, if neces-

sary, such would not have been spared) the violence of Francis; receiving no answer to the letters which she almost daily addressed to her lord, but which of course were never suffered to reach their destination, and believing from this circumstance, as well as from having received the fatal ring, and from the protracted absence of Chateaubriant, that he had made a base barter of her freedom and her honour, and was no longer worthy of her regard, she at length fell into the net which was everywhere spread around her.

The Count in the meantime continued in the mansion of his ancestors. For above a twelvemonth he was a close prisoner; but on a war breaking out with England, Francis did not feel himself obliged to keep one of his own nobles in captivity as the prisoner of his enemy. Long before the period of his liberation, however, Chateaubriant had heard of the dishonour of his Countess; and Paris, which in the early part of his durance he had panted ardently to revisit, was the place which of all others he abhorred. He therefore continued voluntarily shut up in his castle, where his only solace was the society of his daughter, a beautiful child of about nine years of age. Although her extraordinary resemblance in feature, voice, and manner, to her mother served only to feed his melancholy, still he was never so calm as when in her company. She retained also a strong recollection of her mother, and of the affectionate parting embrace which she had received from her about three years before; and the artlessness and simplicity of the inquiries which she would occasionally make after her wrung the unfortunate Chateaubriant to the heart.

At length the King of France set out on his Italian wars, and, at the fatal battle of Pavia, was made prisoner by the forces of the Emperor of Germany. Of the three brothers of the Countess de Chateaubriant who followed him on that expedition, two were made prisoners and one was slain. Deprived thus of the protection both of her royal paramour and of her relatives, she found herself in a very forlorn and destitute situation. Among the females, she whom they had once envied now became their scorn; the men persecuted her with addresses, which she received with abhorrence and disgust; and the family of the monarch looked

upon her as an object which they were bound to consign to infamy and contempt. At length the King's mother, the Countess of Angoulême, who was regent of the kingdom during her son's captivity, determined to send her home to her husband, and directed a mandate to the Count, requiring him to receive her into his castle. Passive obedience was the order of those days. The Count bowed submissively and kissed the royal mandate, although his heart recoiled at its contents; and Françoise became once more an inmate of the mansion which had been the scene of her happiness and felicity.

Chateaubriant, with a mingled feeling of horror at her crime and dread of her fascinating influence, resolved never to admit her into his presence, but assigned her a suite of apartments, where she lived more like a prisoner than an ordinary occupant. Pierre took care to confirm him in this resolution, dreading nothing so much as an interview, except the *éclaircissement* to which he naturally expected it would lead. This fiend in human shape was also continually goading his master to the destruction of the unhappy Countess, a course towards which he felt but too much inclination; but the recollection of his daughter always intervened like a guardian angel between this purpose and its perpetration. Nevertheless, to carry his designs of revenge and punishment into execution as much as possible, he caused her to be confined in an apartment hung with black, and with a singular refinement in the art of mental torture, he hung upon this gloomy tapestry numerous portraits of the King, so that wherever she turned her eyes they encountered an object of shame and painful recollection.

Françoise, finding all her entreaties for an interview with Chateaubriant of no avail, begged at least that she might be permitted the society of her daughter. Pierre even opposed this indulgence; but the remonstrances of his wife's female attendant, and the tears and entreaties of the child, triumphed over the resolution of Chateaubriant.

In the society of this beautiful, and indeed improved, miniature copy of herself, Françoise forgot half her sorrows. Her daughter had but a very indistinct knowledge of her mother's history; but

she saw that she was unhappy, and her heart soon believed that she was ill-used.

The child became more and more attached to her mother, while for her father she gradually learned to entertain feelings approaching to hatred. The pictures with which the room was hung particularly excited her attention, and she would often ask the Countess if the King was as beautiful and as finely formed as his portraits represented him to be, and added that she had a great desire to see him, and that when he returned from Spain she would ask her father to take her to court.

To observations of this nature, Madame de Chateaubriant could only reply by sighs; but feelings of a still bitterer and more poignant nature would often be excited by the artless inquiries of the child. "Wherefore does not my father come to see you? and why do you never go to him? Why are you always shut up in this chamber, instead of walking out in yonder beautiful wood with us?" Then she would throw herself on the neck of her mother, and with tears in her eyes beseech her to take a walk with her, or to tell her why she refused.

"It is the will of Heaven, my dearest child," said the Countess, "and we ought to submit patiently to all which that will ordains."

"Nay, nay," answered the child, "I know that it is my father who orders this; but I will so besiege him with my supplications and my tears that he shall grant my request, or I will never see him any more, and will always remain with you."

In vain did the Countess beg her to abandon her intention; on the very day on which it was formed it was executed. As she every evening related to her father all that had passed between her mother and herself, she that night reproached him with his cruelty, and begged that he would release her mother from her confinement, and that they might all go together to visit some relations in Dauphiny.

The Count regarded her with a severe glance, and bid her, as she valued his favour, to speak no more upon the subject.

"Speak no more upon it!" she exclaimed; "then must not I see you more; for whenever my eyes behold my mother's perse-

cutor, my tongue shall not be silent upon my mother's wrongs." Thus saying, with a lofty brow, but with tears in her eyes, she rushed from the apartment.

"The brat is well tutored, my lord!" said Pierre. "Doubtless you have chosen for her the society of a person well fitted to inspire her with sentiments of filial affection and respect towards yourself!"

"Thou sayest truly, Pierre," said Chateaubriant; "she shall no longer visit Françoise—I mean, that woman. Let her durance be sad and solitary, as her shame was open and avowed."

"Durance!" said Pierre—"durance!" and then, fixing his eyes upon his master, he added, in a subdued tone, "methinks there were a shorter way."

"Rouse not the fiend within my bosom, Pierre. How could the murderer of the mother bear to gaze upon the face of the daughter?"

It was, however, determined that that mother and that daughter should be separated. The former bore her fate with more resignation than had been anticipated, but with the child it was far otherwise; the green stalk of her life

"was snapped,
And the flower drooped, as every eye might see."

She turned away with disgust from every attempt to amuse her, and took scarcely any nourishment. The efforts of her father to console her only redoubled her despondency; and at length a fever ensued, which terminated in an affection of the brain. During her paroxysms, she was continually calling for her mother; and when the Count approached her bed, she hid her face from him, and only answered his inquiries by saying that she wanted to see her mother. At length his heart was softened, and he gave his consent once more to an interview between them.

Both mother and daughter derived great consolation from this interview, and the former continued in the sick-chamber until the evening of the day on which it took place. Chateaubriant then caused her to be removed to her own apartment, and himself visited the juvenile sufferer. He found his child in a state of still

greater danger than she had ever yet been: the violence of her fever increased rapidly, and after passing several hours in great agony, she expired in the arms of her father.

Thus early did the grave close over the ill-starred existence of the heiress of Chateaubriant. The minds both of the father and mother immediately experienced a revolution. The latter found herself more than ever alone in an unhospitable world, and the former gave himself entirely up to the demon of revenge which raged in his bosom, and which had hitherto been only restrained by his affection for his daughter. The intelligence that the King had returned from his long captivity, which arrived about the same time, gave wings to his design, and Pierre at length obtained from him an authority for the destruction of his Countess.

On the evening of the day on which this deed of blood was to be achieved, Chateaubriant was pacing his apartment with hurried step and faltering bosom, in expectation of the arrival of his trusty valet with the announcement. At length the dark visage of Pierre, with an expression of malignant delight upon it, appeared at the door of the chamber.

"Is the deed done, Pierre?" asked Chateaubriant, in a low and stifled tone.

"She has not an hour's life in her," returned the other.

"There, there, take thy reward!" said Chateaubriant, throwing a purse to him, "I thank thee; but never let me see thee more."

As soon as Pierre had left the apartment, Chateaubriant sunk down into his seat, and covered his face with his hands; cold drops of sweat stood on his brow, and his whole frame shook with the violence of his emotions.

"Poor Françoise!" he exclaimed, "thy crime is expiated. I could now look upon thee and curse thee not; I could weep in very fondness over thee; I could press thy lips to mine as I used to do. Gracious God!" he added, and started up, "was it for this that I watched so tenderly over thee; that I suffered not the wind to blow too rudely on thee, lest thy fair and fragile frame should suffer injury? Yet, wherefore should I mourn, save that one tomb will

not contain us both;—that whilst thou goest down at once into the silent depths of the grave, I must rot piece-meal on the stagnant waters of life, and only know that I exist by the keenness of my misery."

A low, rustling sound attracted his attention, and he started as if he had seen a spectre, when he beheld Françoise enter the apartment.

Chateaubriant fancied that she had never looked more beautiful, although the paleness of death was upon her face. The exquisite fairness of her features was no longer relieved by the blooming roses on her cheeks; but her full black eyes, although wet with tears, sparkled more brilliantly than ever, and her stately figure was drawn up to its utmost height, and appeared to dilate amidst the dubious shadows of the approaching twilight.

"Henry!" she said, in a mournful tone, "I was told that you were about to leave the kingdom, and I came before your departure, not to ask for your blessings, or even your forgiveness, but for your pity—Chateaubriant, your pity!" Tears streamed down her cheeks as she uttered these words.

"Thou hast it, Françoise, thou hast it: my compassion, my forgiveness, my blessing, thou hast them all; and may the God which is to judge thee be equally merciful!"

"Amen, amen!" responded Françoise. "Noblest of men, farewell!"

Chateaubriant gazed at her as she was about to leave the apartment, with feelings of the bitterest anguish. Cold sweat mingled with his tears; his knees knocked against each other, and a feeling of suffocation was in his throat. All the strength he could command was exhausted in calling "Françoise!" and he sunk feebly into his seat.

She approached at first timidly; but seeing the violence of his paroxysm, she ventured to draw nearer, and supported his head upon her bosom.

"For the love of Heaven, Françoise!" he exclaimed, "waste not these precious moments in idle cares for me."

"What mean you?" she said; and then drawing back, added,

"true—true, I am not worthy! And yet, Chateaubriant, but for you this bosom might now have afforded you as pure a resting-place as when it pillowed your head in our own peaceful mansion of Brittany."

"Woman," he exclaimed sternly, "no more of this! I would not now utter one reproachful word. That mansion might, however, have been peaceful still, if you had not deserted it."

"And never, never would I have deserted a home so dear; but your strong bidding, accompanied by the fatal token, lured me to destruction."

"I pray thee, Françoise, do not—do not mock me now! Thou knowest not why I touch so tenderly upon thy frailties; but soon, very soon, the secret will be revealed to thee."

He gazed wistfully in her face. She approached him once more, and with one hand grasping his, held up the other, on which sparkled both the fatal rings.

"God of my fathers!" he exclaimed, and started up, "this is delusion—it cannot be!" He then rushed with frantic haste to the cabinet in which he had deposited the counterfeit token, burst it open, and taking out the ring, compared it with those on the finger of the Countess. Away from its prototype it was impossible to discover the cheat; but when placed in juxtaposition it soon became apparent. A conviction of the horrible truth soon flashed on the mind of Chateaubriant.

"Treason! sacrilege!" he shrieked; "Oh, Françoise, how have we been betrayed!"

"Did you not write to me, requiring my attendance at court? and was not Pierre the bearer of your letter?"

"It is most true—say on."

"And did you not entrust him with this ring, in token that you wished the mandate of that letter to be obeyed?"

"Never, never! Villain! heartless, remorseless, treacherous villain!"

She wrung her hands in agony, and sank upon the ground. Chateaubriant leaned over her in speechless horror. A dreadful pang shot through her whole frame.

"Support me! save me! Oh! whence proceeds this torture? I cannot, will not bear it."

"Oh, Françoise! it is now my turn to sue. Pity me; pardon me! The wine which you just now drank was poisoned!"

A dreadful shriek burst from her lips, which was quickly succeeded by another of those convulsive pangs.

"Oh! save me—save me, Henry! Do not let me die! Have mercy on me—mercy!"

The poison seemed to have imparted a supernatural strength to her, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Chateaubriant held her in his arms. This, however, soon gave way to more than feminine weakness. Her colour varied from black to red, and thence to a mortal paleness. Her eyes, which at first gleamed with an unnatural brightness, became glazed and filmy, and the throes with which her bosom heaved became fainter and fainter, until she lay perfectly motionless in the arms of her husband.

"She's dead! she's dead!" he shrieked, and throwing himself upon the body, gave vent to his agony in tears. He had not been long in this situation before he drew back with redoubled horror; for the corpse, instead of exhibiting those appearances which wait upon "soft natural death," was swollen and distorted, and the face was spotted over like a leper. A bitter fiend-like laugh rang in his ears at that moment, and turning round he beheld Therese.

"What means this intrusion?" he said indignantly; but added, on perceiving who the intruder was, and remembering that she had not before been seen in the castle since her abrupt departure, "Whence and wherefore come you now? Is not thy insatiable spirit of revenge at length satisfied?"

"It is, it is!" she shouted wildly: "and now, thou base and earth-born clay, yield a passage for the inhabitant who has too long endured thy galling fetters."

As she spake these words she produced a poniard, which was instantly sheathed in her bosom. She fell bathed in blood at the feet of her seducer, who recoiled with horror at the sight of this

second tragedy. The wretched girl, however, evinced no feeling but that of exultation; and the last sound which she uttered was a faint and stifled laugh.

Such, gentle reader, is the history of "The Rings," for little remains to be added. Chateaubriant, as may be easily imagined, felt little attachment to the scene in which so dismal a drama had been acted, and spent the remainder of his days in exile. Of Pierre nothing more was heard: and St. Foix lived to a grey old age in the enjoyment of honour and opulence.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

EDWARD THE SIXTH.

1547.—EDWARD was only nine years of age when he succeeded to the throne. The Earl of Hertford, his maternal uncle, was declared Protector during his minority, and created Duke of Somerset. He encouraged the Reformation, and allowed no one to be about the young King who was not of the Protestant persuasion. Bishop Gardiner opposed the progress of the Reformation, but to very little purpose.

About two months after Henry's death, Francis, King of France, died, and was succeeded by Henry II., a prince of abilities, but who, being much governed by the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal Lorraine, listened to their advice, and sent immediate assistance to Scotland, where the Reformation was making rapid progress. Cardinal Beaton burnt one of the most popular of the Protestant preachers, Wishart ; for which a few days afterwards he was assassinated in his palace. Somerset, determined on adhering to Henry's wish, of uniting Edward to the young Queen of Scotland, marched an army into Scotland ; but being strongly opposed by the Queen-mother and the Catholic clergy, a battle ensued at Pinkey, in which the Scots were entirely defeated ; after which the Protector, hearing that some cabal was carrying on in England against his authority, returned to London.

1548.—About 6,000 French, under D'Esse, arrived in Scotland ; but not being able entirely with that number to check the English, the young Queen was sent over to France, and contracted to the Dauphin.

Lord Seymour, the Protector's brother, being of a violent, ambitious temper, and having married Henry VIII.'s widow, formed many projects against the Duke : and his wife dying, he was in hopes of marrying the Princess Elizabeth.

1549.—Seymour was attainted and beheaded.

An act passed forbidding images in churches, commanding the service to be performed in English, and allowing the priests to marry.

The King of France attempted to take Boulogne, but without effect.

A conspiracy was entered into against Somerset, which obliged him to resign the Protectorship. The Earl of Warwick, who then governed the affairs of the nation, supported the Reformation.

1550.—A peace was concluded with France, in which Scotland was comprehended. Boulogne was restored on payment of four hundred thousand crowns.

The Princess Mary, a determined Catholic, was supported by the Emperor, who threatened to declare war if she was not allowed liberty of conscience.

1551.—Gardiner and some other prelates were deprived of their benefices for not conforming to the Protestant religion.

Warwick was created Duke of Northumberland, and finding Somerset still popular, had him arrested and tried for treason and felony, for intending to assault him, being a privy counsellor. He was acquitted of the treason, but condemned for the felony.

1552.—Somerset was beheaded on Tower Hill, much regretted by the people.

Northumberland persuaded the young King to exclude his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, from the succession to the crown, and to nominate Lady Jane Grey as his successor.

Tonstall, Bishop of Durham, was deprived of his bishopric for not conforming strictly to the Protestant religion.

1553.—The young King visibly declined in health. A Parliament was drawn up settling the succession on the heirs of the Duchess of Suffolk, the descendants of Henry VIII.'s sister Mary.

The King died of a consumption, brought on by a violent cold, on the 6th July.

The Oak of Reformation.

Up Fish Street! down St. Magnus corner! kill and knock down. Throw them into Thames.

Second Part of K. Henry VI.

DURING the reign of Edward the Sixth, the insurrections of the common people, the astonishing success which for a considerable time attended them, and the ease with which they were finally put down and punished, are the most romantic incidents which occurred. Of these insurrections, perhaps the most remarkable was that which took place in the county of Norfolk, and which was headed by John Ket, a tanner of Wimondham. The motives which impelled the leaders of this insurrection are by the annalists of the time represented to have been similar to those which influenced Jack Cade and his associates in the reign of King Henry the Sixth, who were indignant at the discovery that the King's council were not good workmen, and that the nobility thought it scorn to go in leathern aprons. The gentry of the county, however, were accused by the insurgents of inordinate avarice and pride, and of exercising rapine, extortion, and oppression upon their tenants and poorer neighbours. The numerous inclosures of common land too were loudly complained of, and the first act of open violence committed by the insurgents was the breaking up of some hedges and ditches, which had been made by a person of the name of Green, near the town of Altiborough, for the purpose of inclosing a part of the common pasture belonging to that town.

This riotous act was speedily followed by others of a similar

nature: the numbers of the rebels daily increased; and John Ket, a tanner, of Wimondham, and a man of great boldness and enterprise, was unanimously chosen their leader. They then advanced to the little town of Bowthorp, destroyed all the hedges and ditches in the neighbourhood, and encamped in the town during the night. Here Sir William Windham, the High Sheriff of Norfolk, came to them, proclaimed them traitors and rebels, and in the name of King Edward commanded them to disperse. This proclamation, instead of awing them, exasperated them to a state of absolute fury, and they attempted to possess themselves of the person of the Sheriff. Sir William Windham, being well mounted, broke through the ranks of the mob which surrounded him, and made his escape unhurt into the city of Norwich, which was not above a mile distant. During the night, a vast number of the lower orders, or as Holinshed calls them, "lewd people," joined the rebels from Norwich and the surrounding country, bringing with them weapons, armour, and artillery.

The next day they established themselves on St. Leonard's hill, where the Earl of Surrey had built a stately mansion called Mount Surrey, and took up their quarters in the house and the adjacent woods. In the meantime, the Mayor and Aldermen of Norwich having consulted together whether it would be best to attack the rebels immediately, or to wait until they had apprised the Duke of Somerset, who was then Protector of the realm during the King's minority, of all that had occurred, determined on pursuing the latter course, and immediately despatched a messenger to London. The insurgents continued to plunder and burn houses, obstruct high roads, stop up ferries, and by lighting beacons and ringing bells drew a great multitude from Norfolk and Suffolk and the adjacent parts to join them. They had in the course of their enterprise made many prisoners, among whom was the Vicar of St. Martin's, in Norwich, whom by threats and violence they compelled to officiate as their chaplain, to perform the church service every morning, and to pray to God to prosper their undertaking. They also got Thomas Cod, the mayor of Norwich, Robert Watson, a clergyman, and Thomas Aldrick, a gentleman of some

property, into their custody. These they compelled to be present at all the councils which they held, and to take upon themselves, jointly with Ket, the administration and government of the affairs of the council. Their offices, however, were merely nominal, Ket being in fact the sole dictator; but the names of his associates being subscribed to all proclamations and other documents, ensured extraordinary respect and obedience to them. Among other papers to which their signatures were affixed, was one which ran as follows:—

"We, the King's friends and deputies, do grant licence to all men to provide and bring into the camp at Monsold, all manner of cattle and provision of victuals, in what place soever they may find the same, so that no violence or injury be done to any honest or poor man; commanding all persons as they tender the King's honour and royal majesty, and the relief of the Commonwealth, to be obedient to us the governors, and to those whose names ensue."

By virtue of such commissions as this, many persons of rank and wealth were seized upon in their houses, and brought prisoners to the camp; also the ditches and hedges by which the commons in that neighbourhood had been inclosed, were destroyed, and many persons were warned and called upon from various parts, to come forward and assist those who committed these outrages.

The citizens of Norwich, in the meantime, remained in great perplexity and anxiety, not having received any answer to their application for relief from the Protector. The cause of that nobleman's delay was, that he was at that time sufficiently occupied in quelling the insurrections which had broken out in other parts of the country nearer the metropolis. The power and numbers, therefore, of the Norfolk rebels increased so much, that there were assembled in Ket's camp above sixteen thousand men, provided with artillery, powder, and other implements of war, of which they had plundered ships, gentlemen's houses, and other places that had sustained their attacks. They also scoured the country far and wide, and brought in cattle, corn, and wine, so that they were abundantly supplied both with weapons, and provisions.

The spoils, however, were sometimes not very equitably divided; many provided for themselves at the expense of the commonwealth, and Ket, determined to remedy this inconvenience, decreed that a place should be appointed where judgments might be pronounced as in a judicial hall. For this purpose they selected a great old oak tree, where Ket, or some other person having authority, was accustomed to sit and hear and determine the disputes of their adherents. This tree they called "The Oak of Reformation."

The mayor, Aldrick, and others who had been received into the number of governors, would often mount this tree and harangue the multitude, in the hope of inducing them to cease their violent and outrageous proceedings. Many clergymen also would come from the city of Norwich, and other parts of the country, and exhort them to return to loyalty and obedience. These, among whom was Doctor Matthew Parker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, were commonly received and listened to with much respect. Parker, on one occasion, coming into the camp, found the insurgents assembled round the Oak of Reformation, and listening to the Vicar of St. Martin's, who was reading the litany. At its conclusion, Dr. Parker went up into the tree, and preached a sermon, which he divided into three several parts. In the first, he exhorted his hearers to use with moderation the victuals with which they had provided themselves, and not riotously to waste and consume them. In the second, he advised them not to seek revenge for private injuries; not to chain or keep in irons those persons whom they detained in their custody, and not to take away any man's life. Lastly, he wished that they would have regard to their own safety, and leave off their rashly begun enterprise, giving ear to such heralds or other messengers as came from the King, and showing such honour to his majesty in his young and tender years, as that they might live under his rule when grown up, in virtue, with great joy, comfort, and gladness. The multitude for a long time listened with great attention, and even apparent emotion, and the Doctor began inwardly to felicitate himself on the success of his appeal to their better feelings, when a stentorian voice from among them shouted out, "How long

shall we suffer this hireling Doctor, who, receiving his wages from gentlemen, is come hither with his tongue, which is sold and tied, to serve their purpose? Notwithstanding all their prating words, let us bring them under the orders of our law."

This was firing a train which, although it had hitherto appeared perfectly quiet and harmless, needed but a spark to make it explode in all directions. Some grasped their swords, others pointed their bows, and one exclaimed, "It were well that for his fair tale we should bring him down with a mischief with our arrows and javelins." Doctor Parker began to repent his rashness, and fancied that he heard the clash of weapons immediately under him. The Vicar of St. Martin's, however, at that moment relieved him from his fears, by beginning, with the help of some choristers who were with him, to sing the canticle, "Te Deum." The multitude, diverted from their anger by the sound of singing, almost unanimously joined in the canticle; and Parker, scarcely observed by a single eye, slipped down from the tree, and made his way towards the city, in which he arrived somewhat terrified, but unhurt.

The rebels, proceeding from one outrage to another, after they had plundered the neighbouring gentry of their goods, began to seize their persons, and to bring them by force into their camp; so that such as were fortunate enough to make their escape, were glad to hide themselves in woods and caves. Even the King's authority was used to sanction the proceedings of the insurgents; for commissions having been directed under the great seal to various gentlemen of the county, empowering them to put down the rioters, Ket got these commissions into his possession, and tore off the seals, which he fastened to the documents signed by himself and his associates. They plundered the country in all directions, seizing cattle, breaking into parks, killing deer, and destroying woods. Their prisoners were treated with great barbarity; some were brought to trial before the Oak of Reformation, and the judges asking the multitude what should be done with the prisoners, the unanimous answer was, "Hang them, hang them!" and the sentence was usually as summarily executed as it was pronounced.

A citizen of Norwich, named Leonard Southerton, being very obnoxious to the rebels, felt that his life was in danger, and fled to London. There he was examined before the Privy Council as to the state of the country. He then detailed all that he had seen and heard of the outrageous proceedings of the rebels, but declared that it was well known that there were many among them who would be glad to abandon their associates and return to their allegiance, if they were but assured of receiving the King's pardon; and that if the King would issue a proclamation, promising a pardon for what had passed, to all those who would quit the camp and return quietly to their homes, he had no doubt that the insurrection would be speedily quelled. His suggestion was immediately acted upon, and he was sent, accompanied by a herald and several other citizens of Norwich, to the camp of the rebels.

The herald entered the camp attired in his official dress; and, standing before the Oak of Reformation, proclaimed with a loud voice the King's free pardon to all such as would on the instant depart to their homes, and laying aside their arms, give over their traitorous enterprise. After he had ended the proclamation, the multitude cried out, "God save the King!" Many fell upon their knees, and with tears in their eyes, expressed their sense of the lenity with which they were treated. Ket, alarmed at these indications of returning loyalty, mounted the Oak of Reformation, and harangued them with a zeal and eloquence which, combined with the habitual respect which they had learned to entertain for him, turned the feelings of the multitude once more in his favour. He told them that kings and princes were accustomed to grant pardons to such as had offended, and not to others; that they had committed no crimes, and therefore had no need of pardon; and, therefore, he besought them not to forsake him, but to remember his promise, that he was ready to lay down his life in their quarrel. The herald then proclaimed John Ket a traitor, and commanded the sword-bearer of Norwich to attach him for treason. Then began a great tumult among the multitude; they crowded round Ket for his defence, and innumerable arrows, javelins, and swords

were pointed at the herald and his associates. The herald, then perceiving that the favourable effect which the proclamation had produced had been entirely dissipated by Ket's harangue, determined to leave them, and cried out with a loud voice, "All ye that be the King's friends, come away with me!" The Mayor of Norwich, Aldrick, and a few others who had been unwillingly detained in the camp, followed him, but the multitude only answered his invitation with jeers and threats, although no act of violence was offered to him or any of his party.

The Mayor, on his return to the city, caused the gates to be shut, and such gentlemen as the citizens, during his absence, awed by the vicinity of the rebels, had committed prisoners to the castle or other places in the city, to be set at liberty. He soon, however, found that many in the city were in secret league with the rebels, of whom great numbers, notwithstanding his precautions to keep them out, were admitted within the gates. He therefore thought that his friends would be most secure by being once more shut up in prison, lest the rebels, finding them abroad, should murder them. At length he contrived to eject all the disaffected from the city, and then began to see that the gates were properly watched and defended, to plant ordnance, and to take all necessary measures for resisting the insurgents.

The city and the camp now began to exchange shots; but the rebels finding that their artillery, planted on the summit of the hill, did but little injury to the city, removed it lower down, and thence began to batter the walls. Shortly afterwards, Ket sent messengers to the Mayor, to treat for a short truce, and to request that, during its continuance, the insurgents might have free ingress and egress to and from the city to procure provisions, a great want of which began to be felt in the camp. This request was peremptorily refused by the Mayor and aldermen, who protested that they would not permit any traitors to have passage through the city.

The rebels, incensed at this answer to their application, poured down in myriads from the hill, and assaulted the gates, but were beaten back by the arrows of the besieged. Such a determined spirit, however, prevailed among the insurgents, that it is related

that even the boys and lads plucked the arrows with which they were galled out of their flesh, and gave them to their bowmen to be returned upon the enemy.

In the meantime, while the Mayor and his forces were thus engaged on one side of the city, an alarm was raised that the rebels had entered at the other. The citizens immediately left the posts at which they had hitherto been stationed, and rushed to defend this new point of attack, but they discovered that they had been tricked by a false alarm. The place where the real assault was made being thus left undefended, the rebels rushed into the river which ran before the gate called Bishop's Gate, burst the gate open, and entered the city almost unresisted. The citizens, panic-struck at this unexpected event, having hid themselves in their houses, the rebels marched through the streets, possessed themselves of all the implements of war which they could lay their hands on, and removed them to their camp. The herald, being yet in the city, came into the market-place, and commanded all persons, in the King's name, immediately to lay down their arms and depart to their homes; promised a free pardon to such as should obey that commandment; and threatened the punishment of death to such as should disobey it. The rebels heard the proclamation patiently; but at its conclusion told the herald that "it was not his fair offers, nor his sweet flattering words, that should beguile them, since they made no account of such manner of mercy that, under a colour of pardon, should cut off all their safety and hope of preservation."* The herald, seeing that they were not to be moved either by the fear of punishment or the hope of pardon, departed from the city. The rebels, after his departure, made strict search for Leonard Southerton, but he contrived to elude their vigilance. They then seized upon the persons of the Mayor, and others of the inhabitants who had been most active in resisting their attack, and abandoning the city, carried them prisoners to Mount Surrey.

The Council, upon the herald's return, were convinced that the

* Holinshed.

Norfolk rebels could only be reduced by force; and therefore sent the Marquis of Northampton with an army of fifteen thousand men to Norwich, to act against them. The Marquis was accompanied by Lord Sheffield, Lord Wentworth, Sir Anthony Denny, Sir Gilbert Dethwicke, who held the office of Norroy King-at-Arms, together with many other persons of distinction, and a small band of Italians, under the command of a captain named Malatesta. The Marquis was joyfully received by the inhabitants of Norwich, and on the night of his arrival, supped and lodged in the city, but he and all his comrades kept their armour on all night, that they might be prepared to repel any sudden attack of the rebels. He appointed diligent watch to be kept at the gates and on the walls; and the soldiers, kindling a large fire in the market place, which illuminated the whole city, remained there all night, well armed and prepared to resist the attempts of any enemy.

About midnight the rebels began to discharge their artillery upon the city, but with very little effect, as the shot passed over the heads of the inhabitants, without doing much injury. The Marquis of Northampton, who had retired to rest, was roused by the noise of artillery, and immediately summoned a council of officers, for the purpose of deliberating with them on the measures necessary to be taken for the defence of the city. It was determined that the gates which were on the contrary part of the town from the rebels' camp, and also such part of the walls as had fallen to decay, should be made secure; so that if the enemy should assault the city, he might the more easily be repelled.

While this determination was being carried into effect, the whole multitude of the insurgents sallied from their camp, and with loud shouts and yells rushing towards the city, attempted to fire the gates, to climb over the walls, to pass the river, and to enter the city at those parts of the walls which were decayed and ruinous. The parties within repelled this attack with great constancy and valour. The battle raged furiously for the space of three hours; the rebels making incredible efforts to possess themselves of the city, and the Marquis and his soldiers using equal exertions to

drive them back. The courage and zeal of each party seemed equal, but the better discipline of the Marquis's troops at length prevailed over their opponents, who retreated in confusion to their camp.

The next day the Marquis received information that many of the revolters in Ket's camp would gladly desert their leader if they were certain of receiving the King's pardon; and that at Poklethorpe Gate, there were near five thousand men, who were willing to lay down their arms on being assured that the royal mercy would be extended to them. The Marquis immediately dispatched Norroy King-at-Arms and a trumpeter to that gate, with instructions to proclaim a free pardon of all past offences to such of the insurgents as should immediately lay down their arms. There was no one to be seen at the gate when Norroy and the trumpeter arrived there; but on the latter sounding his trumpet, a vast multitude came running down the hill, headed by a man of the name of Flotman. The latter demanded wherefore he and his friends were thus called together by sound of trumpet?

"Go thy ways," said Norroy, "and tell thy company from my Lord Marquis of Northampton, the King's Majesty's Lieutenant, that he commandeth them to cease from committing any further outrage; and tell them that if they obey his commandment, all that hath passed shall be forgiven and pardoned."

Flotman, who in violence and desperation scarcely yielded to Ket himself, answered that he cared nought for the Marquis; that he and the rest of the insurgents were earnest defenders of the King's royal Majesty; and that they had taken up arms not against the King, but in his defence, since they sought but to maintain his royal estate, the liberty of the country, and safety of the commonwealth. To conclude, he utterly refused the King's pardon, and said that he and his comrades would either restore the commonwealth from the decay into which it had fallen, being oppressed by the tyranny and covetousness of the gentlemen, or that they would die like men in the quarrel.*

* Holinshed.

While Flotman and the King-at-Arms were thus parleying at the gate, a body of rebels entered the city by the hospital, and began to commit great devastation; but being encountered by some soldiers under the command of the Marquis, a dreadful fight ensued, which was fiercely contested by both parties. During the heat of the engagement, the Lord Sheffield rushed into the midst of the enemy's ranks, and with his single arm committed great havoc among them; but as he was about to turn his horse's head, he fell into a ditch, and the rebels, encompassing him, prepared to kill him. He declared his name and rank, and offered them a large booty if they would spare his life. His enemies, however, were implacable; and as he pulled off his head-piece and showed his features, which were well known, to convince them that he was really the person whom he represented himself to be, a butcher of the name of Fulks struck him a blow on the head with a club, which immediately deprived him of life.

The death of Lord Sheffield, which was speedily followed by the slaughter of several other persons of distinction, greatly dispirited the royalist party, and infused fresh courage into the rebels, who, advancing through the streets, drove the Marquis and his soldiers before them, and finally compelled them to abandon Norwich, and leave it to the mercy of the conquerors. Many prisoners were taken; and the Marquis, and such as effected their escape, fled with all speed to London. The rebels then set fire to Norwich, which, but for the timely fall of great abundance of rain, would have been utterly consumed. Many buildings, nevertheless, fell a prey to the flames; of the citizens, some fled with as much gold and silver as they could carry with them; others hid their goods in wells and other secret places; and the rebels, entering the houses of such of those as were reputed to be the most wealthy, seized upon all articles of value that they could find, and carried them away. The firing of artillery, the shouts and execrations of the rebels, the howling and groans of the wounded and dying, and the weeping and shrieking of the women and children, formed a dismal accompaniment to the tragedy that was acting in every street.

The Mayor's deputy (the Mayor being himself a prisoner in the camp) shut himself up in his house, aud beheld the destruction of the city, but durst not venture out. At length, a great multitude of the rebels surrounded his house, and endeavoured to break open the doors; but finding their strength not equal to such a task, they began to fire the house; when the Deputy, seeing that all resistance was vain, threw open his doors, and the lawless rabble rushed in and seized upon him, plucked his gown from off his back, called him traitor, and threatened to kill him if he did not tell them where the Marquis of Northampton had hidden himself.

The Deputy informed them that the Marquis had certainly made his escape, and was then far on the road to London. The insurgents, enraged at this information, affected to disbelieve him, searched every chamber in the house, and laying their hands on such valuables as they could possess themselves of, at length took their departure. Many of them, afterwards, partly pacified by presents of money, and partly moved by the reproofs of the better disposed among them, gathered together vast quantities of the booty which they had seized, and threw them into the shops of those houses out of which they had previously taken them: still there were many of the citizens who were spoiled of all that they possessed, by the persons who entered their houses under the pretence of searching for the Marquis of Northampton and his adherents. The houses of all those citizens who had fled were plundered and ransacked, for the insurgents branded them with the names of traitors and enemies to their King and country, that thus had forsaken their houses and dwellings in a time of such necessity. Many of the citizens, however, bringing forth bread, beer, and other victuals, for the refreshment of the rebels, somewhat calmed their fury, and so escaped their violence.

Ket having thus got possession of the city, and chased from it all who were hostile to his purposes, began to take precautions for his defence, and set a watch of citizens at each of the gates, threatening them with a shameful death if they did not faithfully execute the trusts which he reposed in them. In the meantime, the Pro-

tector and the Council, incensed at the defeat of the Marquis of Northampton, and alarmed at the example of successful insurrection, which the rebels of Norfolk set to the rest of the nation, determined to employ a numerous army, both of natives and foreigners, which had been destined, under the command of the Earl of Warwick, for the invasion of Scotland, in the suppression and punishment of these outrages.

The rumour of the intended attack upon them soon reached the ears of Ket and his rebellious army. They therefore concentrated all their strength, and full of hope from their past successes, prepared to abide all the hazards which the fortune of war might bring. The Earl of Warwick was speedily on his march, and arrived at Cambridge, where he was met by the Marquis of Northampton and the wreck of his discomfited army. Here also he met many of the exiled citizens of Norwich, who falling on their knees before him, besought him to be "good lord unto them," and to take pity upon their miserable and destitute situation. Conscious that many among them had, either by cowardice and negligence, or by actual connivance at the designs of Ket, materially contributed to the success of his enterprise, they prayed that, if in the grievous extremity to which they and their city had been reduced, they had through fear or ignorance committed any thing contrary to their dutiful allegiance, it might please the Earl to pardon them, for that "if any thing were amiss on their parts, the same came to pass sore against their wills, and to their extreme grief and sorrow."*

The Earl of Warwick answered that he knew, indeed, the dangers and sufferings to which they had been exposed, and that he was disposed to overlook many offences. "They had," he said, "committed one grievous fault in not, at the commencement of these disorders, steadily resisting the rebels;" he added, "that having, nevertheless, humbly submitted themselves to his clemency, be would grant them all the King's merciful pardon." He then commanded them to provide themselves with armour and

* Holinshed.

weapons, and appointed them to march forth with his army. There were in this army, under the Earl of Warwick, many persons of high rank and character, lords, knights, esquires, and gentlemen in great numbers. Among them were Ambrose Dudley, and Robert Dudley, the Earl's son and brother, the Marquis of Northampton, and many of his former associates, desirous to be revenged of their late repulse, and the Lords Willoughby, Powis, and Bray.

The Earl of Warwick marched from Cambridge towards Norwich, and came to Wimondham, where he was joined by all the gentlemen of Norfolk and the adjacent parts, who had not fallen into the hands of the rebels. On the day after his arrival, he showed himself on the plain betwixt the city of Norwich and Eiton wood, and took up his own quarters at Intwood, a house belonging to a knight of the name of Tresham, which was about two miles distant from Norwich. Thence he sent a herald to the rebels in the city, to summon them either to open the gates that he might quietly enter, or else to look for war at his hands, and such reward as rebels, who wilfully withstand their sovereign, ought to receive.

When Ket understood that the herald had arrived at the gates, he appointed the Mayor's deputy, Augustine Steward, and two of the principal citizens, to go to him and demand the nature of his errand. They having heard the herald's message, answered that they were the most unhappy men in existence, since, having endured so many calamities, they were not now at liberty to declare the loyal duty which they bore, and ought to bear, to the King; that they accounted themselves most unfortunate, since their hard hap was to live in times when they must put either their lives or their reputations, as good and loyal subjects, in jeopardy: that they trusted that the King would be gracious to them, since they had given no consent to the wicked rebellion which had been raised against him; that so far as in them lay, they had endeavoured to keep the citizens in good order and dutiful obedience, and that they humbly desired of the Earl of Warwick one thing, since there were in Ket's army many unarmed persons who were

weary of the work which they had been compelled to undertake, that the Earl would once again offer them the King's pardon, which they strongly hoped would be gladly accepted, and the insurrection quelled without more bloodshed. The herald returned to the Earl of Warwick, and communicated to him the answer which he had received from the citizens. The Earl, alike desirous to terminate the contest peaceably, and to deliver the prisoners who were in the hands of the rebels from the perilous situation in which they stood, sent Norroy King-at-Arms to offer a general pardon. The King-at-arms accordingly entered the city, and the trumpeter who proceeded him sounding his instrument, a great multitude immediately surrounded him. They, however, with acclamations and shouts, made room for him by standing on each side of the way, and then pulling off their caps cried "God save King Edward!"

Norroy then proceeded to address them. He reminded them how often, since they had first taken arms, the King had by offers of pardon endeavoured to reclaim them from their unlawful and rebellious courses, and that nevertheless they had shown themselves wilful and stubborn, in refusing his mercy freely offered to them, and despised the messengers whom he had sent to pronounce their pardons. Then he proceeded to sum up the outrages of which they had been guilty; reminded them of the punishment to which they had exposed themselves, and assured them that the King was determined no longer to suffer such lawless acts to be committed in the very centre of his realm; "for," he added, "he has appointed the Right Honourable Earl of Warwick, a man of noble fame and approved valiance, to be his General Lieutenant of this his royal army, to persecute you with fire and sword, and not to desist until he has utterly dispersed and scattered your wicked and abominable assembly. Such, nevertheless, is the exceeding greatness of the King's bountiful mercy and clemency, that he who was appointed by him to be a revenger of your heinous treasons committed against his Majesty, if you continue in your obstinate wilfulness, is also the interpreter and minister of his gracious and free pardon to so many as will accept

of it. Unless you now embrace the mercy which is offered you, the Earl has made a solemn vow that you shall never have it offered to you again, but that he will persecute you until he has punished every one of you, according to your just deserts."*

The herald's address seemed to soften many of the multitude, who began to be fearful of the consequences of revolt, and their eyes glistened at the prospect of pardon and mercy. The greater part, however, were highly offended at his discourse, and some cried out that he was not the King's herald, but some one tricked out by the gentlemen of the county in a gay coat, patched together with vestments and church stuff, being sent only to deceive them in offering them pardon, which would prove nought else but halters; and that therefore it were well done to thrust an arrow into him, or to hang him up immediately. Others, however, who served in Scotland and at Boulogne, and had seen Norroy there, recognised him, and assured their fellows that he was indeed the King's herald. This assurance had the effect of preventing them from offering him any injury; but the pardon which he tendered them they utterly refused, saying, as before, that they had been guilty of no crime, and therefore needed no pardon.

The Earl of Warwick, on hearing from the King-at-arms, that his offers of pardon had been rejected, and receiving a secret intimation from the Mayor's deputy, that if he presented himself at Westwick Gate with his forces, it would be thrown open to him, proceeded to that gate, and in a very short time the Deputy redeemed his promise.

Warwick and his army immediately rushed into the city, and, finding no resistance, proceeded to the market-place. There they made about three score of the rebels prisoners, whom they immediately put to death. Shortly afterwards the carriages belonging to the army were brought into the city by the same gate at which the Earl had entered, and passing through Norwich, were, by negligence and want of proper instructions being given to those who had the charge of them, passed through the city and carried

* Holinshed. Hayward.

out at the opposite gate. The rebels immediately poured down from Mount Surrey, possessed themselves of this booty, and drove away the carts laden with artillery, powder, and other ammunition, to their camp, where they were received with great joy, Ket being much in want of such things. Although the Earl had entered the city, he found that the rebels were too strong for him to make them prisoners, and therefore his efforts were chiefly exerted with a view to drive them to their camp. Many of them placed themselves in the cross-streets, and assailed the soldiers and committed great slaughter. The Earl, however, succeeded in driving them out of the city, after a great loss had been sustained on both sides. He then ordered all the gates to be closed up, with the exception of one or two which stood towards the enemy's camp, where he planted several great pieces of artillery.

The rebels understanding that the Earl of Warwick wanted ammunition, and perceiving that the persons appointed to guard the great pieces of artillery were not very numerous, and therefore not able to resist any great force, came suddenly down the hill in vast numbers. The first shot which they fired slew one of the Earl's principal gunners, whose death infusing fresh courage into the rebels, they made a fierce onset, drove back those who guarded the artillery, which they seized upon, and bore away in triumph to their camp. This success was a matter of no small importance, since they were in great want of artillery. The next day they crossed the river, and contrived to set a part of the city on fire, and to consume nearly the whole of two parishes. So great was the rage of the fire, that catching hold upon a house in which were laid up such goods as were brought by the merchants of Norwich to their city from Yarmouth, the house, with a great store of wheat and other riches, was speedily consumed.

Fortune thus seeming to crown every effort of the rebels, some of the Earl of Warwick's followers, despairing of the whole success of their expedition, represented to him that since the city was large, and their company small, (for the whole appointed numbers had not yet arrived,) it was impossible to defend it against such a huge multitude as were assembled in Ket's camp, and therefore

besought him to regard his own safety, to leave the city, and not to hazard the lives of so many gallant men upon so uncertain an issue.

The Earl answered, "Do your hearts fail you so soon? do you think that, while any life rests in me, I will consent to such dishonour? Rather than leave the city, and heap shame on myself and on you, I will suffer whatsoever fire and sword can work against me." Having uttered these words in a determined tone, he drew his sword. The weapons of all who stood around him immediately flew from their scabbards, and all the soldiers present made a solemn vow, that they would not abandon their enterprise till they had vanquished their enemies, or lost their lives in the attempt. Shortly afterwards, the Earl was joined by a reinforcement of 1400 men. The rebels were nevertheless not discouraged, for they relied upon the fulfilment of certain prophecies, in which they had great faith. The principal of these was the following:—

> "The country gnuffes, Hob, Dick, and Hick,
> With clubs and clouted shoone,
> Shall fill up Dussindale with blood
> Of slaughtered bodies soon."

Upon the faith of this prophecy they determined to remove to the place pointed out by it. They accordingly set fire to their camp, and marched down to the valley called Dussindale.

The Earl of Warwick, perceiving that they had abandoned their stronghold on the hill, marched with all his forces against them. Before he came in sight of them, he sent Sir Edward Knevet, Sir Thomas Palmer, and others, to ask them whether they would even now submit themselves and receive the King's pardon, which he offered to the whole multitude with the exception of Ket and a few others. This offer they unanimously refused, and the Earl in consequence commenced the attack. The rebels put themselves in such order of battle, that their prisoners, among whom were the chief gentry of the county, were placed in their foremost rank, in order that they might be killed by their own friends who came to effect their deliverance.

The Earl caused a whole volley of artillery to be discharged at

the rebels, and the foot soldiers getting near them, assailed them with their arquebusses, and broke their ranks. The prisoners, for the most part, escaped their danger, as the Earl endeavoured so to direct his fire that it did not touch them; but some were slain by the foreign troops in the Earl's army, who knew not who they were. The Earl's light horsemen at length made so furious a charge on the rebels, that they were obliged to take to flight. The horsemen, following in chase, slew them in heaps, as they overtook them, to the number of above 3500 men, and the prophecy on which they so much relied was literally fulfilled, but not in the way which they expected, being filled up with the slaugh tered bodies, not of their enemies, but of themselves.

The Earl of Warwick, having driven them into their trenches, sent once more the King-at-arms to them, to renew his offers of pardon, if they would throw down their weapons and yield; and to threaten that if they still refused to accept those offers, there should not a man of them escape the deserved punishment. They answered, that if they might be assured that their lives would be saved, they could be contented to yield; but that they could have no trust or confidence that that promise should be kept with them; and that notwithstanding all such fair offers of pardon, they believed that it was only intended to entrap them into the hands of their enemies, and to put them to death.

The Earl of Warwick, seeing the desperate resolution of the rebels to refuse all offers of mercy, reinforced his army by drawing from the city such forces as he left there for its defence, and once more put his troops, both horse and foot, in order of battle. Before, however, he renewed his attack upon the rebels, he sent to them to inquire whether, if he himself came among them and pledged his own word that they should receive a free pardon, they would lay down their arms and disperse. They answered, that they had so much confidence in his honour, that if he would pledge his own word, they would believe him and submit themselves to the King's mercy. He then went immediately to them, and commanded Norroy to read the King's pardon freely granted to all who would yield, with the exception of Ket and a few others; on

which every man threw down his weapon, and a unanimous shout of "God save King Edward!" burst from the vast multitude.

Thus were the Norfolk rebels at length subdued by the high prowess, wisdom, and policy of the Earl of Warwick, but not until after the sacrifice of many lives.

The next day, the Earl was informed that Ket, having crept into a barn to hide himself, had been discovered and made prisoner. He was immediately brought to Norwich, and after undergoing a very summary examination or trial, was hanged, together with several of his most flagitious associates, upon the branches of the Oak of Reformation.

The above details of the Norfolk insurrection, strange and improbable as they may appear, are faithfully drawn from the ancient chronicles, and are unalloyed with the slightest intermixture of fiction.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

MARY.

1553.—The death of Edward was kept secret for some time by Northumberland, who hoped to get the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth into his power; but Mary, on her way to London, being made acquainted with the event by Lord Arundel, fled to Framlingham, in Suffolk; on which the Duke ordered Lady Jane Grey to be proclaimed Queen, much to her own dissatisfaction.

Mary raised troops in Suffolk, which the Duke went to oppose; but being deserted by his soldiers, he was taken prisoner, and, on Mary's arrival in London, condemned to death. Thus ended Lady Jane's reign of ten days.

Mary released from the Tower the Duke of Norfolk (who had been condemned at the end of Henry the Eighth's reign), and many prelates confined there on account of religion. The latter she reinstated in their benefices, and issued a proclamation to prevent every person from preaching who had not her licence.

Mary sent Cardinal Pole to Pope Julius III. to assure him of her wish to reconcile her kingdom to the Holy See.

The Emperor was very unsuccessful against France; but he entered into measures with Mary to marry her to his son Philip, then a widower.

1554.—The mass was everywhere performed, and the established religion totally changed.

Mary was married by proxy to Philip II. An insurrection, headed by Sir Thomas Wyatt, broke out in Kent and other counties, but was in a short time suppressed, and Wyatt was taken and executed.

The Queen treated her sister Elizabeth with great harshness and severity; and, on her refusing to marry the Duke of Savoy, confined her under a strong guard at Woodstock.

Lady Jane Grey, her father (the Duke of Suffolk), and her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, were beheaded.

Philip landed at Southampton. Mary was married to him at Winchester; after which, they proceeded to London. He disgusted the nobles very much by his formal and supercilious behaviour.

Pole arrived in England, as legate, and absolved the kingdom on its return to the subjection of the Pope.

1555.—Violent persecutions and cruelties were practised on the Protestants by Philip and Mary, and their Chancellor, Bishop Gardiner.

Philip went over to Flanders.

1556.—The Emperor Charles resigned all his dominions to his son Philip, and retired to the monastery of St. Just.

Archbishop Cranmer was burnt.

1557.—Philip, being at war with France, went to England, to prevail on that kingdom to enter into the war ; and the Queen obtained the consent of the Parliament to that effect, and sent 10,000 men to the Low Countries.

1558.—The French, under the Duke of Guise, took Calais from the English.

Queen Mary died on the 17th of November.

Nuptials at Sark.

Ruffian, let go that rude, uncivil touch!
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

IN the latter part of the reign of Queen Mary the government of the little island of Sark was committed to Sir Robert Dudley, a very valiant knight, of an ancient and honourable family, who was equally distinguished by the accomplishments of his mind and person, and by the brilliancy of his military achievements. He did not find the duties of his government very arduous. The island was defended by a fortress which was impregnable, except in one part, where the ascent was steep and difficult, and so narrow that only two persons could walk abreast. The place, too, being very barren, and the inhabitants zealously loyal to the Queen of England, there was nothing in it, with the exception of its commodious harbour, to tempt the approach of an invader. With a little garrison, therefore, of only twenty men, Sir Robert Dudley found himself sufficiently strong to bid defiance to any enemy, and sufficiently at leisure to seek such pleasure as so lonely and barren a rock as the island of Sark could offer. At first, the knight murmured much at what he called his banishment. His reputation as a chivalrous warrior, and his alliance with several noble houses, seemed to justify the hope which he had entertained of being appointed to a much more distinguished and profitable command. In time, however, letters of complaint were much less frequently received from him by his friends in London; and the rest of the garrison in the island imagined that the symptoms of

disappointment and dissatisfaction which usually clouded his countenance were becoming every day more faintly visible. Its barren soil, its rugged rocks, and the boisterous waves which roared around it had not been able to banish love from the Isle of Sark.

Annette Dalbret, a young and beautiful orphan, was the heiress of the only family of anything like wealth or importance in the island. Slender as was the revenue which she derived from the few productive acres which the isle produced, still it raised her so far above the condition of her neighbours, that she was familiarly known by the appellation of the Queen of Sark. She was descended from an ancient and illustrious family, which had held large possessions in Normandy; but as her ancestors had always adhered to the fortunes of the sovereigns of England, the conquest of that province by the French (who had recently taken from Queen Mary the last remnant of her transmarine dominions, Calais), deprived them of all their ancient patrimony, except what they held in the Isle of Sark. Annette had been educated in England; and although her straitened fortunes obliged her to hide her head on a rock in the British Channel, yet her high spirit, her well-stored mind, and her beautiful person, would have graced the proudest and most polished court in Europe. She was about the middle height, slightly but gracefully formed, with large, bright, grey eyes, a complexion of the most dazzling fairness, and long, shining, auburn locks, which streamed in rich profusion down her shoulders. Her charms were such, that there was not a heart in the island which had not, in a greater or less degree, felt their influence; but there was only one who was presumptuous enough to aspire to the possession of the hand of the Queen of Sark. This was her own cousin, Clement Amiot, the son of a deceased sister of her father's. This young man had been born after the death of his father, and his mother terminated her existence a few hours after his birth. His destitute condition had induced the Sieur Dalbret to send for him from Rouen, the place of his nativity, and to take him under his own protection at Sark. As the youth advanced in years, he exhibited great courage, address, and intre-

pidity, mingled, however, with a brutal and sanguinary disposition, a violent temper, and a contempt of all restraint and control. The charms of his beautiful cousin were alone able to soften his obduracy, and for her he soon entertained a violent passion, which was not looked upon with the slightest degree of favour, either by the object of it, or her father. The mild and gentle spirit of Annette shuddered at the violence and impetuosity of Clement; and Dalbret, who saw how ill assorted an union between two such persons would be, was anxious that Amiot should be removed from Sark. An attempt which the young man made to carry off Annette from the island, soon afforded Dalbret a favourable pretext for sending him back to his father's relatives at Rouen. There he distinguished himself only by his violent conduct and wild debaucheries; but in a short time he obtained a commission in the service of the King of France, where his fiery and impetuous spirit found itself in its proper element. He soon obtained advancement and honour by acts of daring and romantic valour, and, for a time at least, appeared to forget the Isle of Sark, and the bewitching being who had been the occasion of his banishment from its shores. She, in the meantime, who was a stranger to the passion of love, congratulated herself on her escape from a troublesome and importunate suitor, whose solicitations she could not flatter with any prospect of success, and found herself sufficiently happy in the affection of her father, who doated upon his beautiful child. His death, however, which happened at the siege of Calais, deeply saddened her naturally joyous and cheerful temperament, and the tears which streamed down the fair cheeks of Annette Dalbret were regarded with a more than ordinary sympathy; because, like the weeds which Yorick plucked from the grave of the courteous monk, they seemed "to have no business there."

Spirits, the lightest and gayest, have been known to feel the influence of misfortune more deeply than those of habitual gloom and melancholy, as the shadow of the thunder cloud is more intensely visible on the waters of the calm, bright, summer sea, than on the turbulent and storm-tossed wave. So fared it with Annette.

The death of her father was the first and most fearful interruption to the simple, quiet current of her thoughts. She had often before taken her leave of him on his departure for battle, but she had as often welcomed him back crowned with honour and glory. The probability of his death was a thought that had never intruded itself on her mind. The last time, however, that he left the island, an ominous sadness weighed down her spirits. "Father! dear father!" she said, as she wrung his hand at parting; but her sobs rendered the rest of the sentence inaudible.

"Weep not, my fair child!" said the Sieur Dalbret, "but hope that I shall soon return to clasp you in my victorious arms."

"Have not those arms, my father," she said, "been already sufficiently victorious? Remain with me, and my unwearied love shall find them employment enough in returning the affection of your daughter's heart."

"Sweetest, it must not be," said her father, smiling, and kissing away her tears. "This once, once only, must I again face the enemy, who threatens to deprive the Queen of the last poor remnant of her ancestors' splendid heritage in France. I will soon return, if Heaven pleases, alive and well; but if not, I shall have earned an honourable grave. My royal mistress will not bury the remembrance of my long services in my tomb. No, no; my coffin may prove more serviceable to my daughter than my life."

"Talk not of thy coffin, brave old soldier," said Sir Robert Dudley; "and for thy daughter, trust her to my protection. Would that we could find," he added in a lower tone, "a bridegroom worthy of her."

The old man pressed the Governor's hand and smiled, while the lady hung down her head and blushed. Dudley then gently led her from the place of her father's embarkation, and Dalbret was speedily on board the vessel which was to convey him to Calais.

At the period at which this narrative commences, neither the grey-headed warrior nor his coffin had arrived at Sark; but the fatal intelligence had been received, that he had been killed while making a sally on the besieging forces, and had been buried on

the ramparts of Calais. Dudley, since his departure, had decidedly become what he had for some time suspected himself to be, the passionate admirer of the Queen of Sark, and had flattered himself that he was gaining some ground in her affection, when the arrival of the news of her father's death rendered the further prosecution of his suit indecorous, and compelled him to exchange the language of love and compliment for that of sympathy and consolation. Love, however, is a dexterous manœuvrer, and can carry on his assaults as well in the sable habiliments of sorrow, as when crowned with roses. The knight, as he checked her sighs and wiped away her tears, awakened emotions in her heart, compared with which the paroxysms of grief seemed to be tranquillity and peace; and while he plucked away from it the arrows of sorrow, he planted those of a still more potent deity there. Although a decorous period elapsed after her father's death before Annette admitted that she understood the meaning of her lover's attentions, yet their result may be narrated in a single sentence. The knight was indefatigable and importunate, but delicate and respectful in his solicitations. The lady sighed, and blushed, and wept, and smiled, and at length consented; and finally a day was fixed for the celebration of the nuptials of the enamoured pair in the chapel attached to the fortress of Sark.

All was joy and gladness in the hearts of the three or four hundred inhabitants of the island when the glad news was published that Sir Robert Dudley was about to wed the beautiful Queen of Sark. The gloom which had hung on the spirits of all since the death of the Sieur Dalbret was immediately dissipated; the merry peal of bells and the joyful report of the cannon of the fortress proclaimed a day of jubilee, and young, old, and poor (for there were no rich in the island) hastened to the chapel to be witnesses of the celebration of this auspicious union. The chapel was a small, neat, Gothic edifice, of great antiquity, and capable of holding nearly two hundred persons, so that it was fully adequate to the supply of the spiritual wants of the island. At the altar stood the pastor of this insular flock, a venerable man, on whose forehead time had planted innumerable wrinkles, and whose

long, white beard swept the volume from which he pronounced the marriage rites. The bride stood on his right hand, closely veiled; the bridegroom on his left, wearing his military dress, but without his sword. The rest of the garrison (with the exception of one sentinel, who remained to guard the ascent from the sea of which we have already spoken) also were present, and had laid aside their weapons before joining in the celebration of so holy and peaceful a ceremony. They, as well as a few male and female domestics attached to the fortress, stood near the altar, while the area of the sacred edifice was occupied by the rustic inhabitants of the island, who had crowded in to witness an event which excited universal interest. At length the priest joined the hands of the youthful pair together, and was about to pronounce the words which pledged them to the irrevocable compact, when a loud tumult was heard at the chapel door, shouting, and the clash of weapons; and a party of soldiers, wearing the French uniform, and carrying drawn swords in their hands, rushed into the chapel.

"Forbear!" said their leader, advancing to the altar, and pointing his sword at the priest's breast; "in the name of King Henry, I command you to forbear!"

Dudley and the rest of the garrison instinctively put themselves in attitudes of defence; but they were totally unarmed, and could only oppose their naked breasts to the swords of the Frenchmen. An appalling silence for a minute pervaded the assembly, which was broken by Annette, who, clinging to her lover, and with a look of horror hiding her face in his bosom, exclaimed, "'Tis Clement Amiot! Save me, save me!"

"Who, and what are you, sir?" asked Dudley, advancing towards the leader of the intruders; "and by what authority do you justify this intrusion?"

"Fair sir," said the other bowing courteously, "methinks that Sir Robert Dudley should not have yet to learn that in time of war strength and numbers form an authority sufficient for taking possession of an unguarded fortress of the enemy. My name is Clement Amiot, a captain in the service of the Most Christian King, and by virtue of the good swords in the hands of myself

and comrades, and of sundry pieces of gold drawn across the itching palm of your solitary sentinel, we have, while you have been dreaming of love and beauty, made ourselves masters of the Isle of Sark, and of the persons of its garrison."

"The perjured traitor! the base-minded, mercenary scoundrel!" exclaimed Dudley in an agony of surprise and indignation.

"Nay, nay, gentle Governor," said Amiot, "wrong not the honest man with your injurious language, who has now become a soldier of King Henry. He stipulated for the lives and freedom of all the garrison before he consented to deliver up the fortress; and there is now a vessel in the harbour, in which you are all at liberty to embark for Guernsey."

"Sir," said Dudley, "the terms which you offer us are frank and honourable; and were they otherwise, we have no choice left us but to accept them. We must to Guernsey, gentlemen," he added, addressing his comrades; "and mine must be the task of excusing, as well as I can, to our Sovereign, the unfortunate circumstances under which this capture has been made. In the meantime, Captain Amiot, suffer the ceremony which your presence has interrupted, to be solemnized ere this fair lady and I take our departure from the Isle of Sark."

"Pardon me, fair sir," said Amiot; "I said nought touching the departure of the lady; my promise only extended to the persons of the garrison. The lady is a native of this island, and therefore owes allegiance to King Henry. She is, moreover, my affianced bride; and fortune has now put it in my power to compel the performance of those solemn and numerous promises which she has made me."

"Thy words are as false as thy conduct is base and wicked," said Annette; "no promise to thee ever passed my lips, except that as long as the blood flowed in my veins I would despise and hate thee."

"Gentle madam," said Amiot, "your memory is somewhat treacherous. Mine, thank Heaven! is more faithful to me. That fair hand must instantly be linked with mine, unless you would be provided with a lodging in one of the dungeons of the fortress."

"Villain!" exclaimed Dudley, snatching a sword from the hand of one of the French soldiers who stood near him, and rushing towards Amiot. His blow, however, was coolly parried by the latter, and he was instantly surrounded by above a dozen Frenchmen, who beat the weapon from his hand, and being assaulted on all sides, he sunk, faint with the loss of blood, to the ground. "He is disabled from doing farther mischief for the present," said Amiot; "see to his wounds and bind them up, that he may be able to undertake the journey to Guernsey instantly. Ye, I presume, gentlemen," he added, turning to the officers of the garrison, "are content to accept the terms which I offer, and to retire from the island without loss of time?"

"We are content, Captain Amiot," said one who was second in command to Sir Robert Dudley: "our commander is exhausted from the loss of blood, but his hurts do not seem to be of a critical or dangerous nature."

"For the love of Heaven, Clement," said Annette, rushing towards him, "let me depart with them."

"For the love of thee, fair cousin," said Amiot, "I answer, No."

"Then thus——" she said, taking up the sword which had been stricken out of the hand of Dudley, and pointing it at her bosom.

"Thus," interrupted Amiot, snatching the weapon from her hand,—"thus do you make an exhibition of folly and madness, which would justify my resorting to the severest measures to bring you back to reason, but that as your kinsman and your lover,"—(here his features assumed an expression of tenderness from which she turned away with abhorrence and disgust)—"I must take but too much delight in pardoning whatever fault you may commit.—Farewell, Gentlemen, farewell! commend me to the gallant knight who now rules in Guernsey, and tell him that Clement Amiot hopes shortly to pay him a visit."

The Englishmen bowed slightly to their victor, and, supporting the insensible form of Dudley in their arms, departed from the chapel.—"See them fairly out of the harbour, good Eustace," said Amiot; "and should they evince any disposition to linger near the island, point the guns of the fortress at them:—And now,

Madam," he added, turning to Annette, who, pale and trembling leaned her head against a pillar, while the tears streamed dowr her cheeks, and fell upon her heaving bosom, "now is Clement Amiot once more at your feet to prefer his suit. No longer your father's humble protégé, but a soldier (and not one of the least renowned) of King Henry of France, he is still your passionate admirer, and offers his hand and heart for your acceptance."

"And that hand," said the lady, "red with the blood of the gallant Dudley, and that heart which has prompted you to offer violence to the daughter of your deceased patron and protector, do I reject with scorn and indignation."

Amiot's lip moved convulsively, and his dark eye shot fire as he listened to Annette's answer to his addresses.—"Girl," said he, in a hollow, suppressed tone of voice, and approaching his lips so close to her ear that his words were inaudible to all present but herself,—"trifle not with me! I love thee with a passionate—a desperate,—ay, it may be, with a deadly fervour. Thou art in my power. For thee have I resigned an honourable and lucrative command, in order to lead the attack on this barren rock, hearing that this day thou wert to wed yon wittol Englishman. Torture, imprisonment, death—all these it is in my power to inflict on thee—and by Heaven!——"

"Away, ingrate and blasphemer!" said Annette; "call not Heaven to bear witness to thy atrocious intentions. Torture, imprisonment, death; all, all will Annette Dalbret suffer, ere Clement Amiot shall call her wife."

"Bethink thee, Annette," said Amiot in a low and calm, but firm and decided tone.

"I have bethought me," she exclaimed. "Traitor and parricide, who, while yet the ashes of my father and thy benefactor are scarcely cold, offerest insult and violence to his daughter, how can I think of thee but with hatred and scorn?"

The shadow of his demon spirit mounted to Amiot's face as he unsheathed his sword, and rushed upon Annette. One of his own comrades, however, rushed between them, and turned aside his weapon. "Gallant Captain," he said, "are there not stout Eng-

lish hearts enough on which to exercise thy sword? or, tell me, art thou mad?"

"It may be, it may be!" said Amiot, as he smote his forehead with his hand, and quietly suffered the interference of his comrade. "Eustace, I have loved her with a constancy and truth which she has only requited with contumely and scorn. She was the morning star of my life; the being on whom my youth was spent in fond and passionate gazing. I could not touch the lute or the harp to please her ear; I could not weave a garland of wild flowers for her brow; I could not tread a light lavolta to charm her eye; but I could hunt the wild wolf to his lair, and lay his yet warm and panting heart at her feet; I could and did rush into the wave and snatch her fragile form from what seemed an inevitable death. I would have devoted all that I possessed; health and youth, and life itself, to win a smile from her, and she spurned me, she hated me, she despised me!"

Beating his forehead with his clenched hand, and pacing hurriedly backwards and forwards, while the big drops poured down his temples, he uttered these incoherent words. The horror and dismay which his attempted violence had at first excited in the bosoms of all present, now gave way to a general feeling of sympathy, in which even Annette appeared to participate. "Clement," she said, "I ever knew you to be bold and daring as the lion, and I had hoped as generous and noble-hearted too. He, it is said, will not prey upon a defenceless maiden, but will exert his resistless strength in her defence."

"Sweet Annette!" said Amiot in a beseeching tone, and apparently somewhat soothed by the mildness and gentleness with which she spake; "say but the word, bid yon reverend man unite us in those holy bonds——"

"Never, never!" interrupted Annette: "my heart is Robert Dudley's, and with him only shall this hand be united in those holy bonds."

"Your bolts, your bolts, good heavens!" exclaimed Amiot, tear his hair, and pacing about the little chapel with frantic gestures; "why fall they not on my head—on hers, on both? Away with

her, away with her! I dare not trust my heart or my hand in her presence. The love which lives in the one, prompts the violence of the other. Annette, if you will not be my bride, you must for the present be my prisoner. Time and solitude, and consideration, may sway you from your cruel determination: your captivity shall be a gentle one, and happier, far happier, than the freedom of him who dooms you to it."

"But less, far less happy," said Annette, "than that grave in which my father sleeps.—Thanks, thanks, ye pitying heavens!" she added, falling on her knees, "that he has not lived to see this day."

"Name not thy father, girl!" said Amiot sternly.

"Does his name appal thee?" exclaimed Annette. "Well it may! Ha! now I do remember that when last he parted from me, he said that his coffin might prove more serviceable to his daughter than his life. Surely he meant that his memory, when dead, would be more revered by thee than his presence while living. Then, by my dead father's ashes, Clement Amiot, I do conjure thee, spare his daughter. Suffer me to depart and join my affianced husband, and, in requital of thy kindness, possess thyself, if thou wilt, of whatsoever in this island poor Annette Dalbret can call her own."

"Thyself, thyself! Annette, art all that I would possess," said Amiot. "Take her away from me—let not my eyes at present encounter hers. See that she be committed into safe, but kind and gentle keeping."

Shut up in a lonely chamber, in the fortress of Sark, Annette spent a week in utter solitude, which was unbroken, except by the occasional presence of a French soldier, who placed her meals before her. Amiot hoped thus to tame down her obdurate spirit, and that the prospect of a restoration to liberty and society would induce her to favour his addresses. Her spirit, however, only grew stronger and prouder from the efforts that were made to subdue it, and the replies which she sent to several notes addressed to her by her persecutor, breathed only the most unconquerable firmness and determination. "The memory of my

father,—my plighted troth to my affianced bridegroom,—my scorn for the base and malignant spirit which wars upon a fatherless and unprotected female,—and my determination to endure captivity and death, rather than cease to cherish that memory,—than break that troth,—than mitigate that scorn, render the further addresses of Clement Amiot needless." Such were the brief but emphatic terms of the last answer which she condescended to return to Amiot's letters. The Frenchman's resentment was exasperated to a degree that bordered upon madness. He swore by all the saints in the calendar to have her hand, or her heart's blood, and sent a peremptory message to her, bidding her meet him in the chapel of the fortress on the ensuing day, at the hour of noon, when the priest would be ready to unite her to him in the holy bonds of matrimony.

The chapel of the fortress of Sark, therefore, on the following day, presented a scene very similar to that which we have already described. The same bride, the same priest, and, for the most part, the same spectators, were there; but the men who composed the garrison, and who were also present, wore the uniform of the French instead of the English monarch; and in the countenance of the bridegroom, instead of the frank, open, and joyous features of Sir Robert Dudley, were traced the fierce, gloomy glance, the lowering brow, the quivering lip, and the pallid complexion which denoted the mingled anxiety, malignity, fear, and conscious guilt by which the bosom of Clement Amiot was agitated. Annette stood at the right hand of the priest, as on the former occasion; but instead of having her features closely shrouded as they were then, she had thrown back her veil, and exhibited to the gaze of the assembled multitude a face, pale indeed and sorrowful, but still surpassingly beautiful, and her features wore an expression of insulted dignity and unshaken resolution. Amiot held out his hand towards her, in the hope that she would take it into her own; but she stood silent and immovable as a statue, and as often did his unclasped hand seek his sword, which he half drew from his scabbard, while he gnashed his teeth, stamped violently on the ground, and darted on Annette a glance of fire.

"'Tis strange, reverend father," said Amiot, addressing the trembling priest, "that a maiden, on whom I wish to bestow the highest mark of favour and esteem that is in my power to confer, should thus contumaciously resist my kind intentions in her favour. The heart of Clement Amiot, however, can nurse resentment as well as affection, and within one half hour, unless Annette Dalbret consents to become his bride, she shall taste the bitterness of the vengeance which she has provoked.—Here," he added, fixing the point of his sword on the ground, and resting on its hilt, "will I for that period await her determination."

A solemn silence succeeded this address. The spectators gazed anxiously, sometimes on the features of Amiot, and sometimes on those of Annette, but in neither could they discover any relaxation of the unyielding determination which was expressed in both. Annette's bosom heaved, it is true, more and more as the minutes wore away, but she betrayed not the slightest indication of an intention to yield to the wishes of her persecutor. Before, however, the time limited by Amiot had half expired, a soldier approached him, and informed him that there was a Flemish vessel in the harbour, some of the passengers of which craved permission to land on the island.

"Who and what are they, fellow, and wherefore would they land?" asked Amiot, angrily.

"They are English soldiers, Sir," answered the soldier, "who bring the dead body of the Sieur Dalbret from Calais, whose last wish was that his bones might be interred by those of his wife, in the chapel of the fortress of Sark."

"Away with thee, fellow!" said Amiot, "it cannot be. No English soldier must land here while I am governor of the island."

"My father's coffin!" exclaimed Annette.—"And wouldst thou, ingrate, spurn his bones from his native shore, in which they only crave a place of sepulture?"

"They have agreed," said the soldier, "that before they are permitted to land with the coffin, they will submit to the strictest search for the purpose of ascertaining that no weapons are concealed upon their persons. They have promised a present of

one hundred marks in money, and of goods now in their ship, to the value of two hundred marks more, if their friend may be buried in the spot in which, with his dying breath, he requested that he might be laid, and if twenty of his ancient comrades may follow his remains to the grave."

"Grant them their request, Amiot," said Annette, "so mayest thou in some slight degree, expiate thy offences to God and me."

Amiot's heart, although principally occupied by ambition and love (if the furious passion which he entertained for Annette deserved that name), had still room in it for avarice. The stern rigidity of his features relaxed when mention was made of the three hundred marks.

"One hundred marks in money, sayest thou, Eustace?"

"Even so, Sir," answered the soldier, producing a bag, "which I am authorized to place in your hands, and farther to conduct so many persons as you shall appoint to the vessel for the purpose of taking possession of the goods."

"My garrison consists but of twenty men, Eustace, of whom four must proceed to the vessel to secure the treasure: and twenty Englishmen are to land. Nevertheless, methinks that fourteen well armed Frenchmen will be a match for twenty men who will have nothing but their clenched hands to oppose to our sabres and pistols. Let them land, Eustace, and do thou with three comrades proceed to the vessel. Be sure, however, that the rogues have not so much as a knife about them, and that the goods are of the full value which they assign to them. We will hold the mourners as hostages until your safe return."

Eustace, with three other soldiers, having left the chapel, Amiot flashed another of those glances, which sometimes lighted up his stern, repulsive features to an almost demoniacal expression, upon Annette: "Prepare to share your father's coffin, unless, after the solemnization of these funeral rites, you join your hand with mine."

"I am prepared," she said, lifting up her eyes to Heaven. "Holy Virgin, pray for me! My father predicted, that by his coffin I should be released from my sorrows. He meant that they and I should alike be consigned in it to repose."

As she thus spake, the mourners entered the sacred edifice. Four of them bore the coffin of the old man upon their shoulders, and the others followed it. They wore long black cloaks, which instantly attracted the jealous gaze of Clement Amiot.

"Search them once more!" he exclaimed. "My knaves, perchance, have been negligent in the execution of their duty. Those cloaks may hide something more than the forms of these lachrymose mourners beneath them."

A very strict search was then immediately made upon the persons of the Englishmen, but not even a knife could be found upon them. "All is safe," said Amiot; "they may proceed, but stand, soldiers of King Henry, to your arms."

The Englishmen then descended with their mournful burthen to the vault which held the ashes of a long line of ancestors of the Dalbret family. Annette would have joined them, but Amiot, in a stern, harsh tone, commanded her to remain by his side. She sunk, however, on her knees, joined her hands in the attitude of prayer, and mentally supplicated Heaven for the repose of her father's soul.

"Have they dispatched their work so quickly?" said Amiot, as after an unusually short interval, he heard the mourners reascending the steps which led them into the body of the chapel. "Well, well, soldiers, make brief work of these mummeries.—Ha! by St. Denis!" he added, "betrayed, betrayed!"

These last words were uttered, as, having divested themselves of their cloaks, with pistols stuck in their belts, and drawn swords in their hands, the twenty Englishmen showed themselves at the entrance of the vault, and rushed upon Amiot.

The Frenchman stood upon his guard manfully, cut a passage through his assailants, and made his way to the other end of the chapel, where his own comrades had stood panic-struck for a moment, but immediately afterwards joined him in endeavouring to beat back their enemies. Although the Englishmen mustered only four more than their opponents, yet that was a fearful disproportion where the numbers on both sides were so small, added to the sudden and unexpected nature of their attack, which gave

them an overwhelming advantage. Two Frenchmen were struck to the ground almost at the moment that the attack commenced. Amiot, however, contrived to rally his little party, and stood boldly on the defensive, until a thrust from the sword of the English leader pierced him to the heart, and he fell lifeless to the ground.

"Quarter! quarter!" cried the surviving Frenchmen, throwing down their arms. "Soldiers of England, the citadel is yours."

"And a richer prize," said the English leader, walking up to Annette, who had already recognised in her preserver the features of Sir Robert Dudley—"a richer prize than the citadel is mine, —the hand and heart of Annette Dalbret."

Annette, overwhelmed with surprise and joy, leaned her face upon her lover's bosom, while tears, but not of bitterness, coursed each other down her cheek, and her beating heart throbbed audibly.

"Thy father's coffin has saved thee, Annette," said Dudley; "it contained not the lifeless relics of the brave old soldier, but these good swords which have rescued thee from the power of the tyrant. Wilt thou be mine, sweet Annette?"

"Thine—thine for ever!" she exclaimed, grasping his hand. The lovers approached the altar, the priest pronounced the marriage rites, and the Nuptials at Sark, after having been subjected to so fearful an interruption as that which has been narrated in these pages, were at length happily solemnized.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

ELIZABETH.

Of the events of this long and important reign, our historical summary must, of necessity, be unsatisfactorily brief. In 1558 Elizabeth was proclaimed Queen.

1559.—The Protestant religion was re-established.

The Dauphin, and his wife Mary, Queen of Scots, assumed the titles of King and Queen of England.

1560.—Civil dissensions raging in Scotland, a French army landed there for the purpose of putting them down. Elizabeth sent troops to the assistance of the malcontents. A treaty was signed at Edinburgh, by which it was stipulated that the French troops should evacuate Scotland, and that Francis and Mary should cease to assume the titles of King and Queen of England.

The Presbyterian form of religion was established in Scotland.

1561.—Mary, Queen of Scots, on the death of her husband, Francis the Second, King of France, returned to her own kingdom.

1562.—Elizabeth assisted the Huguenots in France, who put Havre de Grace into her hands.

1563.—Elizabeth concluded a peace with France.

1564.—Mary married Lord Darnley, the Earl of Lenox's son.

James, Prince of Scotland, who afterwards became King of Great Britain, was born.

1567.—Darnley was assassinated, and Mary was generally believed to be an accomplice in the murder.

1568.—Mary being deposed by the Scots, and her son James proclaimed King, sought refuge in England. Elizabeth sent her to Jedburgh Castle, and afterwards to Coventry, where she was kept in close confinement. Elizabeth refused to see her until she had cleared herself from the charge of being concerned in her husband's murder.

1569.—Elizabeth entered into a treaty with the Czar of Muscovy, who granted many privileges to English merchants.

1570.—Murray, the Regent of Scotland, was assassinated, and the Earl of Lenox appointed his successor.

1571-2.—A plot being discovered for the release of Mary, and the subversion

of Elizabeth's Government, in which the Duke of Norfolk was implicated, the Duke was tried, condemned, and beheaded.

1574.—Elizabeth privately assisted the Huguenots of France and the Netherlands with money.

1577.—The Seven United Provinces having offered the sovereignty over them to Elizabeth, she refused it; but assisted them with money, and entered into an alliance with them against Spain.

1580.—The Spaniards invaded Ireland, but were defeated.

Drake returned from a voyage round the world. The Queen dined on board his ship, and knighted him.

1582.—Elizabeth carried on negociations of marriage with the Duke of Anjou, but suddenly broke off the match.

1584.—A conspiracy against the Queen's life was discovered; on which the Spanish Ambassador was ordered immediately to leave the kingdom.

1585.—The Queen formed a treaty with the States, and sent them 500 men, under the command of the Earl of Leicester, and a fleet under Sir Francis Drake, against the Spanish West Indies.

1586.—A conspiracy was discovered, carried on by Babington and others, to murder Elizabeth, and totally overturn the religion of the nation, in which Mary, Queen of Scots, was supposed to be implicated. The Council determined to try Mary for treason; she was accordingly removed to Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire, where she was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death.

1587.—On the 8th of February Mary was beheaded.

Philip, King of Spain, preparing great fleets to invade England, Drake was sent to the Spanish coasts and did them much mischief.

1588.—Philip determined to make a serious attack on England, and employed three years in equipping a more formidable fleet than had ever before appeared, which was called the Invincible Armada. In July, this fleet, under the command of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, appeared off the English coast; but storms and hurricanes, and the prowess and vigilance of Lord Howard, who commanded the English fleet, destroyed it.

1590.—The United States were very successful against Philip. Elizabeth assisted Henry IV. King of France, against the League and Philip.

1593.—Several expeditions against the Spanish coast, at the expense of individuals, were carried on.

Henry IV. embraced the Catholic religion; on which Elizabeth wrote him a very angry letter; but she accepted his apology, finding it necessary to enter into an offensive and defensive treaty with him against the League and the King of Spain.

1597.—This year Lord Effingham and the Earl of Essex took and plundered the town of Cadiz, and destroyed a vast number of ships.

1599.—A rebellion, under Tyrone, having broken out in Ireland, Essex was sent thither; but instead of acting with vigour against Tyrone, he at last

granted him a truce, for which the Queen wrote him a very angry letter, which made him return to England without leave, when he was put under arrest in his own house.

1601.—Essex, being of a violent temper and exceedingly ambitious, entered deeply into very dangerous designs, and, amongst others, into one for seizing the Queen's person. His treason being discovered, he was sent to the Tower, and at last beheaded.

Philip III. sent some Spanish troops to Ireland; but Lord Mountford, who commanded there, entirely defeated Tyrone, and compelled the Spanish troops to evacuate Ireland by a treaty, as he besieged them in Kinsale. He then harassed Tyrone in such a manner as obliged him to submit to the Queen's clemency.

1602.—To keep the Spaniards employed at home, Elizabeth sent a fleet on their coast, under Levison and Monson, who made some rich captures.

1603.—The Queen died on the 24th March. She named the King of Scotland as her successor.

Catherine Gray.

Cover her face—mine eyes dazzle—
She died young.

WEBSTER.

CATHERINE GRAY was the second surviving sister of the unhappy Lady Jane, who perished on a scaffold in the beginning of the reign of Queen Mary. She was heir not only to the talents and the virtues, but to the misfortunes of her sister; for she inherited the same pretensions to the English crown, and consequently became an object of fear and jealousy to the reigning sovereign, although her quiet and unambitious character could not furnish the slenderest pretext for subjecting her to violence or restraint. Mary too found that the system of terror which she pursued, and her matrimonial alliance with the King of Spain, had established her throne on the firm foundation, not indeed of the love, but of the fear and obedience of her subjects. She was consequently satisfied with the contempt and oblivion into which the pretensions of the House of Suffolk had fallen, and did not think it necessary to resort to any farther measures of severity against the members of that unhappy family. It was not, therefore, until after the ascension of Queen Elizabeth, that the Lady Catherine Gray became fully aware of the misery which was entailed upon her by the fact of her being the child of her own parents. She was also guilty of the same crime for which the Queen of Scots afterwards forfeited her head—that of being in the graces of form and feature infinitely Elizabeth's superior. The Queen nevertheless saw that her rival,

or rather the phantom of a rival which her imagination had conjured up, was of all persons, in temper and disposition, the least likely to disturb her by her pretensions to the English crown, but she dreaded the event of those pretensions being transferred by her to a husband or a child. She therefore determined to prevent Catherine from entering into any matrimonial engagement, and resolved at first to banish her to a distance from the court, and to place her under the surveillance of her spies. The latter part of this resolution, however, she subsequently altered; and thinking that the mistress would keep a more vigilant watch than the most zealous hirelings, she kept her about her own person in a state of exalted, but strict captivity.

This measure, however, defeated its object; for the Queen served but as a foil to the beautiful Catherine Gray, who attracted the admiration and won the hearts of all the courtiers. Among others, the gallant and accomplished Edward Seymour, the son of the unfortunate Duke of Somerset who was beheaded in the reign of Edward the Sixth, became captivated by her charms. Of this person it was believed that the Queen was herself enamoured. She, although very chary of conferring honours and dignities, had restored Seymour to the forfeited estates of his father, and created him first a knight, afterwards Baron Seymour, and at length Earl of Hertford.

The young Earl repaid his sovereign's benefactions by manifesting the utmost zeal and devotion in her service. So chivalrous and delicate in those days were the attentions paid by the courtiers to their Queen, that she often mistook the manifestations of respect and loyalty for those of tenderness and love. Believing that the latter were the feelings which the Earl of Hertford entertained towards her, her vanity and her affection became both too deeply interested to enable her to exert her ordinary watchfulness over the movements of Catherine Gray. That lady, of a naturally delicate and feeble constitution, having latterly discovered symptoms of an alarming illness, obtained more easily than she expected, the Queen's permission to retire to her country-house in Hertfordshire. Indeed, her royal cousin was so much pleased

with the appearance of her decaying health, that she did not feel the least inclination to refuse her request. Catherine, therefore, was suffered to remain in retirement for nearly twelve months, undisturbed by the fears and petty jealousies of Elizabeth.

The Queen, however, soon discovered a new source of annoyance. She saw, or fancied she saw, that the young Earl of Hertford came less often to her court than usual; and that when there, he was no longer the same gay and light-hearted cavalier that he was wont to be, but was moody and reserved, and seemed anxious to make his escape as quickly as possible. In a paroxysm of hasty displeasure, she appointed him to a very subordinate situation in the embassy to Paris, and ordered his immediate departure. The visible reluctance which Hertford showed to undertake this mission, only confirmed Elizabeth in the determination at which she had arrived; and uttering threats of the most signal marks of her displeasure if he delayed his departure for a single week, she dismissed him from her presence.

Near twelve months had, as we have already informed the reader, elapsed before Elizabeth's attention was again directed to Catherine Gray, and then the intelligence sounded in her ears like a thunderpeal, that that lady had given birth to a son. Astonished, and for a long time incredulous, she at length received the confirmation of this report, with a mingled feeling of satisfaction and contempt. "The wittol harlot!" she exclaimed; "she has at length eased me of all my fears. The high-born and virtuous Catherine Gray might, by intermarrying with some powerful nobleman, have rendered my throne insecure; but who will now link his hand with the lewd leman who has listened to the blandishments of some obscure paramour? Her gallant is unknown; 'tis perchance, some low-born groom, who, when discovered, will yet farther overwhelm her with infamy and disgrace."

Elizabeth considered that this opportune discovery would furnish her with a pretext for doing that which she had long desired, committing the Lady Catherine to safe custody, and so placing it utterly out of her power to disturb her on the throne. Catherine, however, being so nearly her kinswoman, she resolved, in the first

instance, to grant her a private audience, as well to show her own apparent graciousness and condescension, as to gratify the real malice and tyranny of her nature. She was holding her court in the Tower of London at the time that her unfortunate cousin was again introduced to her ; and seated on a chair of state in a small private chamber, and surrounded by a few of her most confidential counsellors and maids of honour, she received the trembling culprit, who (followed by a single female attendant, bearing the new-born infant in her arms) entered, and threw herself at the Queen's feet.

"Pardon ! gracious Madam, pardon !" said the Lady Catherine.

"Pardon, woman !" reiterated Elizabeth ; "darest thou offend the ears of a virgin Queen with a petition for pardon for a crime of so odious and black a dye ? By God's head ! we could have sooner pardoned an offence against our own crown and dignity than the crime of dishonouring the royal blood in thy veins. Thou must to the dungeons of this fortress, Madam, and there learn to cool your hot blood, and by prayer and penitence, and the perusal of such holy works as I shall take care abundantly to supply you with, know how to bear that life of captivity to which you are now irrevocably doomed."

"Say not so, great Queen," said the Lady Catherine ; "the Princess Elizabeth once passed some months of wearisome captivity at Woodstock.—Let her think of the horrors which will attend a life so spent in the Tower of London."

"Peace, saucy Madam !" said the Queen ; "when Elizabeth commits your crimes, she must learn to bear your punishment.—Away with her to her dungeon ! and let her congratulate herself that, instead of her limbs being confined in the Tower, her guilty head is not exhibited on its walls."

"It cannot be," said Catherine, breaking from those who had laid hands on her, "that my royal cousin means to execute her threats.—Here, here, great Queen," she added, taking her infant in her arms, and approaching Elizabeth, "is one whose beauty and innocence will plead my cause with an eloquence to which thy kind and princely heart will not fail to listen."

"Away with her!" shouted the Queen in a voice of thunder, as with an expression of disgust she turned away from the child.—"Yet, ah!" she added, as the smile upon the infant's features caught her eye, and her lip quivered, and her cheek turned pale, "surely I have seen features that resemble these.—Tell me, I charge thee, woman, ere I revoke that mercy which declared that thy life should be spared," (as she spake these words, she rose from her seat, and extended her clenched hands towards Catherine,) "who is the father of thy child?"

"And wherefore," said Catherine—"wherefore should I conceal his name, when that name designates all that is good, and brave, and generous,—Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford."

"God of my fathers!" exclaimed Elizabeth, lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven, and compressing her lips, while her cheek grew pale as marble, and large, heavy drops poured down from her brow.—"Said I, my Lords, that her life should not be forfeited?"

"Even so, Madam," said Walsingham, bowing reverently, "your royal word is pledged."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Elizabeth; "could not thine own vile passions be gratified without corrupting the noblest and most accomplished cavalier in my court? Could none but Seymour be made the accomplice of thy infamy?"

"Madam," said the Lady Catherine proudly, "although a Queen speaks, the names neither of Seymour nor of Grey must be branded with infamy."

"Ha! say'st thou? impudent harlot!" ejaculated the Queen.

"Neither a harlot, nor a harlot's daughter, Queen of England!" said Catherine significantly, "is now addressing your Majesty. I am the child of Frances Brandon, and am the lawful wedded wife of the Earl of Hertford."

Queen Elizabeth gazed on her for a moment with unutterable wonder and rage. Every syllable of her exculpation, and the successive discoveries that Catherine Gray was delivered of a child, that the child was the offspring of the Earl of Hertford, and, at length, that it was born in wedlock, had only more and more ex-

asperated the royal mind. Elizabeth's schemes of policy and of love were alike baffled, and the scene which she had got up for the purpose of exhibiting Catherine as "a mark for the finger of scorn" to point at, had ended in her own mortification and dismay. The changing features of the Queen were watched with the utmost anxiety by all present. Walsingham, who was profoundly read in the royal physiognomy, discovered the most fatal and desperate resolution there; but as often as her eye met his, she read with equal ease his disapproval of the violent measures to which she wished to resort. Elizabeth seldom acted in opposition to the counsels of that statesman; and fearing, as she did on this occasion, to lay open to him the secret weakness of her heart, she did not seek any private conference with him for the purpose of endeavouring to win him over to her scheme. After standing, therefore, for some minutes silent, while the struggle in her mind was visibly depicted in her features, she put an end to the suspense of her attendants with an effort of clemency which evidently cost her much, and exclaimed, "Away with the harlot to her dungeon!"

The unhappy Catherine, who had been in momentary expectation of hearing a sentence of decapitation pronounced upon her, then walked unresistingly out of the presence-chamber, and was soon afterwards, with her infant, consigned to one of the gloomy apartments of that fortress, which had been so often familiarised with the presence of royal and noble prisoners.

The captivity of the Lady Catherine was followed by a royal mandate to the Earl of Hertford, requiring his immediate presence in London. The news of his wife's being confined in the Tower having previously been received by him, he had left Paris before the Queen's command reached him; and Elizabeth, who had feared that he would endeavour to flee from her authority, received, with some surprise, the intimation that he was already in her capital. The Earl vainly petitioned for an interview with his royal mistress, in which he hoped to be able to place the whole history of his courtship and marriage with the Lady Catherine Gray before her, in such a light that she would extend her pardon to both. The Queen, however, was inexorable, refused to admit

him to her presence, affected to laugh at his allegation that Catherine and he were actually married, and finally committed him to the Tower, and gave strict injunctions that his lady should not be permitted to visit the apartment in which he was confined. Sir Edward Warner, the Lieutenant of the Tower, promised the most implicit obedience to his sovereign's commands; and although of a naturally compassionate disposition, he resisted the prayers of both his captives, who incessantly assailed him with their solicitations, that he would grant them but one single interview. Elizabeth, in the meantime, felt uneasy at the existence of the issue of this unhappy amour, and instituted proceedings in the Star Chamber, before the Archbishop of Canterbury, to inquire into the validity of the marriage between Catherine and the Earl. These proceedings were conducted with the greatest appearance of justice and equity. A day was appointed, before which time the prisoners were to produce proofs of the alleged matrimonial union between them. When that day arrived, they were not able to bring forward the necessary witnesses, and by an unusual stretch of indulgence the inquiry was remitted to a future time. The second period also expired, and also a third, to which the final settlement of the inquiry had been still farther postponed, yet neither the captives nor their friends could discover the minister or any of the other persons whom Catherine and Hertford asserted to have been present at their marriage. The judgment of the Star Chamber was then pronounced, declaring the connexion between the Earl of Hertford and the Lady Catherine Gray adulterous and traitorous, condemning both the offending persons to perpetual imprisonment in the Tower of London, and fining the Earl, moreover, a sum of fifteen thousand pounds, he being considered the greater criminal in having debauched a princess of the blood royal.

The bitterness of their doom was yet farther aggravated to the wretched prisoners, by the fact that, on the day after the sentence was pronounced, the witnesses, whose testimony would have restored them to love and liberty, were seen publicly in the streets of London. The sentence of the Star Chamber was, however, ir-

revocable, and the public were only left to their own conjectures as to the reason of the sudden disappearance, and the as sudden reappearance, of these much sought after witnesses. Some believed that by bribes and threats, Elizabeth had kept them out of the way; and others, that Hertford and Catherine, conscious that the evidence of these people could not benefit them, had resolved to appeal to their testimony, when they knew that it could not be procured; having themselves taken care that they should not be forthcoming when called upon.

In the meantime, Elizabeth could not entirely stifle either her love for Seymour or her fears of Catherine. The hope that the confinement of the former, and his separation from the latter, might in time alienate his affections from her, and, combined with the hope of regaining the Queen's favour, might prevail upon him at length to disown his alleged marriage, induced the Queen still to retain him in custody; although her heart, as well as her conscience, often smote her when she recalled to her mind the graceful form and manly features of her prisoner, and reflected on the injustice which she was committing. Still the reports which the Lieutenant of the Tower made to her of the state and conduct of the Earl of Hertford, evinced neither change nor coldness in his affection. He was continually soliciting Sir Edward Warner to grant him an interview with his wife, and as often received the Lieutenant's assurance that the extension of such an indulgence towards him was impossible. For his liberty he expressed not the slightest anxiety, but said that the whole world would be but one gloomy prison to him if deprived of the society of Catherine. The Queen, who held her court in the same building which contained his dungeon, sometimes made inquiry twice or thrice in the course of the day as to Hertford's behaviour, and the only reply which the gaoler could make, was to the effect which we have stated. The Queen's love and hatred were alike goaded almost to madness by this information. Sometimes she determined to sacrifice the life of the Lady Catherine Gray secretly; but from this she was as often deterred by the obvious impolicy of such an act, and often, very often, did she resolve to visit her ingrate

favourite in his prison, to unbosom her secret soul to him, and to adjure him by his duty, his loyalty, ay, even his love to his Queen, to spurn Lady Catherine from his heart, and to enthrone there a far more illustrious being in her place.

Catherine continued incessantly to assail the Lieutenant with importunities that she might be allowed to visit her husband, or that he might be permitted to see her in her place of confinement. The lady was, as the reader has already been informed, young and beautiful; she was also eloquent, at least her suppliant posture, her streaming eyes, the thrilling tones of her voice, and the mild, pale, beseeching expression of her countenance, had the effect of eloquence upon Sir Edward Warner.

"Sweet Madam," he at length exclaimed, "your suit is granted. It is a fearful responsibility which I am incurring, yet surely even Queen Elizabeth may pardon that so slight a boon should have been extorted from me, by the charms of that face whose beauty makes her tremble on her throne."

"Sayest thou my suit is granted?" said Catherine, falling on her knees before him, and pressing his hand to her lips. "Now, may the blessing of the distressed and of the captive light upon your head!"

"Cease, cease these transports, gracious Madam. Even stone walls and iron bars have betrayed the most important secrets in these gloomy vaults. Stay thy fluttering heart for a short season, and thou shalt clasp the Earl of Hertford in thy arms."

Short was the period which elapsed between the Lieutenant's departure from Catherine's apartment and his return, leading the Earl of Hertford in his hand; but that short period seemed to the lady to be an age of longer duration than the entire term of her captivity which had preceded it. No newly imprisoned bird ever fluttered more wildly in its cage, than did the Lady Catherine Gray hurriedly and impatiently pace up and down the low-roofed and narrow apartment in which she was imprisoned, whose small dimensions seemed painfully to confine the beatings of her heart. At length, however, the door of her dungeon flew open, and the Earl of Hertford rushed into her arms.

We will not attempt to describe the rapture of that meeting, to enumerate the caresses, nor to repeat the passionate exclamations of joy and love which accompanied so unexpected, though so long sought, an interview. We will therefore accompany Sir Edward Warner, who, after beseeching the lovers not to make the expression of their delight too vociferous, and to expect a very speedy separation, proceeded to the presence-chamber of the Queen, from whom he had just received a summons, commanding his immediate attendance upon her. He found Elizabeth alone, moody and agitated, and he thought that he could even trace the marks of tears upon her eyelids.

"Master Lieutenant," she said, "I am about to take a step that might probably expose me to the censorious prattle of impertinent curiosity were it necessary to reveal it to any one but yourself, on whose discretion and prudence I can rely."

The Lieutenant bowed profoundly, and then assumed the attitude of a respectful and attentive listener.

"Heaven knows, good Sir Edward," resumed the Queen, "that in the government of my kingdom I have endeavoured to temper justice with mercy, and even in the case of the unhappy persons who have lately been committed to your custody, I would rather bring them to a conviction of their guilt by persuasion and remonstrance, than by the measures of severity which have been already pursued towards them."

"Persuasion and remonstrance, gracious Madam," said the Lieutenant, somewhat alarmed at the course which the Queen's conversation seemed to be taking, "have been already tried and found unavailing."

"With my infatuated cousin," said the Queen, "I believe that every attempt to induce her to acknowledge her crimes, and to throw herself on my mercy, will be without effect. The young Earl of Hertford, however, will not, I think, continue to sully his fair fame, and to shut himself up in the gloomy dungeons of this place, for the love of one who is so unworthy of him."

"Would your Majesty commission me," said Warner, "to reason

with the Earl, and to inform him of your Majesty's gracious intentions towards him?"

"Nay, Master Lieutenant," said the Queen; "I would reason with him myself, and will visit him in his dungeon, to see if his proud spirit can be tamed down by the condescension of a Queen. This very moment shalt thou lead me to him. With my features enveloped in my hood, I shall be unknown to all but you. Thus, good Sir Edward, do I entrust you with a state secret, to which neither Cecil nor Walsingham is privy."

The blood faded from Warner's cheek, his knees knocked against each other, and so violent was the agitation of his whole frame, that he was for some time unable to utter a syllable in reply to the Queen's address.

"How now, Master Lieutenant!" asked Elizabeth; "what means this? My resolution is perhaps a somewhat singular one; but surely there is in it nothing so appalling that it should banish the blood from your cheek, and prevent your limbs from performing their functions.—Lead on, I say——"

"Gracious Madam!" said Warner, "pause a moment ere you take this step."

"Not an instant, Sir Edward," said the Queen. "How! do you dispute the commands of your Sovereign?"

"Then, most dread Sovereign," said the Lieutenant, seeing that it was impossible to preserve his secret, and throwing himself at the Queen's feet, "pardon, pardon, for the most guilty of your Majesty's subjects."

"Ha!" said the Queen, using the favourite interjection of her father, while his own proud spirit flashed in her kindled eye and lowered in her darkening brow; "what dost thou mean?"

"The Earl of Hertford is not in his dungeon."

"What, escaped! Traitor—slave—hast thou suffered him to escape?"

Warner grovelled on the ground in the most abject posture at the Queen's feet, and his frame trembled in every fibre as he said, "He is in the Lady Catherine's apartment."

"What, ho there!" shouted the Queen, as the white foam

gathered on her lip, and her whole frame became agitated, though not with fear, but with uncontrollable anger.—"Guards, seize the traitor!"

Several yeomen of the guard immediately entered the apartment, and seized the Lieutenant of the Tower, binding his arms behind him, but not depriving him of his weapons. The Queen, acting on the impulse of the moment, commanded one of the guards to conduct her to the dungeon of the Lady Catherine Gray, and ordered the others to follow her with Sir Edward Warner in their custody. Anger, hatred, fear, jealousy,—all lent wings to her steps. The dungeon door was soon before her; the bolts were withdrawn, and with little of the appearance of a Queen in her gait and gestures, excepting that majesty which belongs to the expression of highly wrought feelings, she rushed into the dungeon, and found Catherine Gray in the arms of Hertford, who was kissing away the tears that had gathered on her cheek.

"Seize him—away with him to instant execution!" said the Queen.

The guards gazed for a moment wistfully on each other, and seemed as if they did not understand the command.

"Seize him! I say," exclaimed the Queen. "I have myself taken the precaution to be present, that I may be assured that he is in your custody, and led away to the death that he has taken so much pains to merit."

The guards immediately surrounded the Earl, but they yet paused a moment ere they led him out of the dungeon, when they saw the Lady Catherine throw herself on her knees before Elizabeth, and seize the skirt of her robe.

"Have pity, gracious Queen!" she cried,—"have pity!"

"Away, minion!" said the Queen; "he had no pity on himself when he ventured to break prison, even in the precincts of our royal palace. His doom is fixed."

"Not yet, great Queen,—not yet!" said Catherine, still grasping Elizabeth's robe. "Can nought save him?"

"Nought, save my death," said the Queen; and then she added in an under-tone, which she did not seem to intend should be audible, while a dark smile played on her lip, "or perchance thine."

Catherine's ear caught the last part of the Queen's sentence, and

with the quickness of lightning she exclaimed, "Thy death or mine, oh Queen!—then thus," she added, plucking from the belt of Sir Edward Warner, who stood by her side with his hands bound behind him, a dagger, and brandishing it aloft, "thus may his life be spared!"

A cry of "Treason! treason!" pervaded the dungeon, and the guards advanced between Catherine and the Queen, whose life she seemed to threaten; but ere they could wrest the dagger from her hand, she had buried it in her own bosom.

"Now, now do I claim thy promise, oh Queen!" she said, as she sunk to the earth, while the blood poured in a torrent from the wound. "Catherine Gray can no longer disturb thee—spare the life of the princely Seymour."

Her last breath was spent on these words—her last gaze was fixed upon the Queen—and pressing the hand of her husband, who was permitted to approach her, in her dying grasp, the spirit of Catherine Gray was released from all its sorrows.

The sacrifice of the unhappy lady's life preserved that for which it had been offered up. The Queen, touched with the melancholy termination of her kinswoman's existence, revoked the despotic and illegal order which she had given for the execution of Hertford, but ordered him to be conducted back to his dungeon, where he remained in close custody for a period of more than nine years. The death of Elizabeth at the expiration of that period, released him from his captivity; and then, although he was unable to restore the Lady Catherine to life, he took immediate steps to re-establish her fair fame. In these efforts he was perfectly successful: he proved before the proper tribunals the validity of his marriage, and transmitted his inheritance to his son, who was the issue of that ill-fated union.

The catastrophe of this tale is purely fictitious, and, in fact, it varies in many points from historical truth. At the period that Catherine Gray married Lord Hertford, Robert Dudley (the Earl of Leicester) was in the height of the Queen's favour. No known partiality on her side existed towards Seymour; her objection was to Catherine's marriage with any person, as she was in the direct line of succession to the throne. Catherine lived with Hertford in the Tower, and had a second son born there; moreover her death was caused by decline, and took place at the house of Sir Owen Hopton, (Lieutenant of the Tower,) Cockfield Hall, Suffolk. She was buried in the chancel of Yoxford church.—[Edit.]

THE UNION OF THE TWO CROWNS.

The world the temple was, the sea the ring,
The spousèd pair two realms, the priest a king.
BEN JONSON.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

JAMES THE FIRST.

1603.—JAMES the Sixth, King of Scotland, was proclaimed King of England, by the title of James I.

The Queen arrived in England with her three children, Henry, Elizabeth, and Charles.

A conspiracy was detected against the Government in favour of the Lady Arabella Stuart, for which many suffered; amongst others, Sir Walter Raleigh was condemned, but reprieved, though not pardoned; he was confined in the Tower for many years.

The King entered into a treaty with France, to support the United States of Holland against Spain.

1604.—Great disputes arose among the Episcopalians and Puritans; but James adhered to the former, and continued to uphold the Church of England.

James took the title of King of Great Britain; and English and Scotch Commissioners were appointed to inquire on what terms an union between the two nations might be effected.

A peace was concluded with Spain.

The United States lost Ostend after a siege of above three years, and a sacrifice of 120,000 lives.

1605.—The Gunpowder Plot was detected on the 4th November, the day previous to that on which it was to be executed.

1606.—All the conspirators who were apprehended were executed; and

the Parliament ordered the 5th of November to be kept as a day of thanksgiving.

1607.—The House of Commons opposed the King in all his attempts to stretch his prerogative, and issued an order for the regular printing of their journals.

1609.—The Spaniards, after a war of half a century's duration with the United States, agreed to a truce with them for twelve years, and negotiated with them as an independent people.

1610.—James created his son Henry, who was very much esteemed by the English, Prince of Wales.

Henry IV. of France was assassinated, by Ravaillac, in his own coach, in the streets of Paris.

1613.—Prince Henry died, to the great regret of the whole English nation.

Frederick V., the Elector Palatine, arrived in England, and was married to the Princess Elizabeth.

Robert Carre became a great favourite with the King, who created him Viscount Rochester, and afterwards Earl of Somerset. He fell in love with the Countess of Essex; and after living with her some time, caused her to procure a divorce from her husband and marry him. Sir Thomas Overbury, having remonstrated with the latter on his connexion with the Countess, was thrown into the Tower, and afterwards poisoned. The Earl and Countess were tried and found guilty of the murder. The King spared their lives and granted them a small pension; but they languished out the remainder of their days in obscurity and infamy.

James and his Parliament disagreeing, and the latter refusing to grant the King money, he created the order of baronets, and raised two hundred persons to that rank, from each of whom he received a considerable sum of money.

1615.—George Villiers rose high in the King's favour, and in the course of a few years was created Viscount Villiers, Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Buckingham.

Mr. Hugh Middleton, a citizen and goldsmith, having obtained a patent, brought water by means of pipes into all the streets of London.

1616.—James being in great want of money, and not choosing to call a Parliament, gave up to the Dutch, for £250,000, the towns which they had placed in the hands of Queen Elizabeth, to secure to her the repayment of a loan from her of three times that amount.

1617—Sir Walter Raleigh, who had been confined in the Tower for twelve years, asserting that he had discovered, on a former voyage to the coast of Guiana, a gold mine, was at last released, but not pardoned; and undertook this voyage, with many other adventurers: but finding no mine, and plundering St. Thomas, a Spanish settlement, he was on his return committed to the Tower.

1618.—The Spanish Ambassador, Gondemar, complaining of Raleigh's con-

duct, in committing aggressions on the Spanish ships and colonies, the King, to please the Spanish court, with whom he wished to ingratiate himself, ordered Sir Walter to be beheaded on his former sentence.

1619.—The Protestant States of Bohemia, who had taken up arms against the Emperor Matthias, in defence of their religion, still persevered against his successor, Ferdinand II., and declaring their kingdom elective, chose Frederick V., the Elector Palatine, their King; who, pleased with his new title, marched his troops there, without consulting either the King of England, his father-in-law, or the Prince of Orange, his uncle. James so highly disapproved of this step, that he would not allow him to be prayed for in the churches by the title of King of Bohemia.

1620.—Ferdinand raised a great army, and gained an important victory at Prague; and Frederick and his family were forced to retire to Holland.

1621.—The Parliament granted the King two subsidies to assist the Elector Palatine; and then, among other grievances which they preferred, they accused the Lord Chancellor Bacon of having taken bribes. They sent him to the Tower, and declared him incapable of ever being employed again.

1623.—A marriage was negotiated between the Prince of Wales and a daughter of the King of Spain, which was delayed for some time by the death of the Pope. Buckingham, having ingratiated himself with Prince Charles, persuaded him to go over to Spain to bring home the Infanta. They wrung a very unwilling consent from the King, and departed for Spain, where they were received with great attention and cordiality; but the proper dispensation from the Pope was delayed by the death of Gregory XV. They both left Spain without having concluded the marriage.

1624.—The Parliament granted the King money to carry on a war with Spain, and to recover the Palatinate.

A league was concluded with Louis XIII. of France against the whole House of Austria; and a treaty of marriage set on foot betwixt Prince Charles and Henrietta Maria, Louis's sister, whom he had seen on his way to Spain.

1625.—The King was seized with a Tertian fever, which proved fatal to him on the 27th March.

The Captives.

"A grave, a grave," Lord Barnard cried,
"To putt these lovers in;
But lay my lady on the upper hand,
For she comes of the better kin."

LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD.

IN the year 1611, Highgate, which is now almost a suburb of the metropolis, was a remote and secluded village, far from the hum of business and the toils of state, and separated from the great city by numerous fair and smiling meadows and cornfields, many a gentle elevation and fertile valley, and a few scattered cottages and farm-houses, presenting an appearance of as perfect and simple rusticity as is now to be found in the most distant provinces of the island. On the brow of Highgate Hill, surrounded by extensive pleasure grounds, and commanding a noble view of London and the adjacent country, stood a stately mansion, the dwelling-house of Sir James Croft. This knight was a naval officer, whose achievements had raised him to a high place in the favour of King James the First, but who, having grown old in the service of his country, and having a taste for rural life and the fine arts, had retired to his house in Highgate, where he spent the evening of his days in tranquillity and seclusion. His house and grounds were decorated with the utmost taste and refinement. The art of landscape-gardening was then beginning to emancipate itself from the fetters of formality with which it had been so long loaded and disgraced; and although the grounds of Sir James

Croft could not vie with the enchanting landscapes which the magic wands of Brown and Kent afterwards called into existence, yet they presented a scene with which, for taste and beauty, few of the residences of the most exalted and opulent in the nation could compete. The genius of Inigo Jones, then at the summit of royal and popular favour, had been employed upon the mansion, and the numerous discoveries which were daily being made in the New World, had filled the knight's museum with rare gems, shells, plants, and other curiosities, which excited the admiration and delight of all who gazed upon them. One day in the week the good knight allowed his house and grounds to be viewed by strangers, to whom he had much satisfaction in pointing out the beauties and rarities with which they abounded.

It was on one of these days, a bright and balmy afternoon of June, when the grounds were unusually crowded with visitors, that a poor pedlar appeared at the gates, apparently attracted thither by the hope of finding some purchasers for his goods. He seemed very old and infirm. His long, grey beard swept his breast, and his bent form appeared scarcely able to sustain the pack which he carried on his back. With one hand he grasped a long staff, and with the other he shaded his eyes as he peered anxiously through the gate, and seemed to be in search of a customer from amongst the motley multitude.

"I am weary of watching and waiting," he said; "yet my enterprise must not be lightly abandoned. Hist! gentle damsel, hist!" he added, as a female domestic passed near the gate, and within hearing of his voice.

"What would you have with me, old man?" asked the Abigail.

"I have rare commodities to sell," said the pedlar; "silks and satins of the finest quality, tapes and laces, all kinds of head-gear, bugle bracelets and amber necklaces, lawns and cambrics; moreover, I can furnish a lady who is about to travel with everything that it is fitting she should be provided with ere she undertakes her journey."

"But I am not about to travel, neither do I want any of your wares."

"But thy fair mistress, the Lady Arabella, travels on the morrow to Durham. 'Tis a long and weary journey, gentle damsel. Lead me to her, that I may supply her wants, and I warrant that she will thank thee heartily."

"Lead thee to the Lady Arabella!" said the damsel, with a stare of indignation and surprise. "How knowest thou that she departs on the morrow for Durham? or what fiend of impudence prompted thee to think that thou mightest be admitted to her presence? Away with thee! I must begone."

She was about to return into the mansion, but the pedlar called after her in a tone of so much earnestness, and so different from the feeble and tremulous manner in which he had before addressed her, that she stopped, and once more asked, "What would you with me, old man?"

"I would beg of thee to bear this ring to thy lady, and tell her that he to whom it belongs waits to be admitted to her presence."

"Not for the wealth of England dare I grant your request. I am placed to watch as well as to wait upon my lady; and Sir James Croft has strictly charged me to take care that she holds no communication with any one beyond these walls."

"Didst ever see, fair damsel," said the pedlar, pulling a pair of bracelets out of his pack, "aught so beautiful as these? They belonged to the Princess of El Dorado, and were given by her to Sir Walter Raleigh, who brought them to England. The Queen of England might be proud to wear them."

The Abigail's eyes glistened, and she gazed wistfully at the old man as he displayed the Princess of El Dorado's bracelets before her.

"They are rare, and doubtless costly, good man," she said, in an inquiring tone.

"They are not so costly, fair damsel," said the pedlar, "but that they may be thine at a very easy rate."

"Mine!" said the damsel—"that is impossible."

"Lead me to thy lady, and they are thine."

"I dare not—must not. My lady has retired to her chamber to avoid the company with which the house and grounds are this day filled. The poor lady's sole consolation in her sorrows is to

sit and weep alone. I dare not permit any one to intrude on her privacy."

"Then bear her this ring with the message which I have already spoken."

"There cannot be much harm," said the damsel, "in that, and the poor lady has, doubtless, sadly neglected the adornment of her fair person. She can scarcely be provided with sufficient gear for her journey to Durham. Give me the bracelets and the ring, old man. I will do thy bidding."

The pedlar placed the trinkets in her hand; and then, light of heart and foot, she tripped away, and was soon lost to his sight in the windings of the garden grounds.

The person so often mentioned in the course of the above conversation was the Lady Arabella Stuart. This lady was first cousin to King James I., being the daughter of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lenox, the younger brother of Lord Darnley, King James's father, and was by many supposed to have a better title to the crown than the reigning monarch, whose legitimacy they disputed. In the year 1603, the conspiracy which was called "Raleigh's Plot," and at the head of which were Lord Cobham, Lord Grey, Sir Griffith Markham, and Sir Walter Raleigh, was formed for the purpose of deposing James and setting Arabella on the throne. This plot was detected and frustrated, and the conspirators were sentenced, according to their respective shares in it, to various degrees of punishment. The Lady Arabella, who was of a retired and pensive disposition, and attached to literature, had no participation in this plot, although the conspirators made use of her name. She immediately, however, became an object of suspicion and jealousy to the King, who determined that whatever pretensions she had to the crown should die with her. He therefore affected to believe that she was an accomplice in Raleigh's plot, and committed her for a time to close custody; but at length released and pardoned her, on condition that she should never marry, so that her claims to sovereignty might not descend to her posterity.

Poor Arabella was indeed guiltless of having cherished any ambitious thoughts, but her heart was not insensible to the

influence of love. William Seymour, the grandson of the Earl of Hertford, had from his earliest years, been passionately attached to the Lady Arabella. The affection was mutual; and the lady no sooner regained her liberty, than she made use of it to break the condition upon which it was granted. Seymour and Arabella were speedily, and, as they hoped secretly married, and were concerting a scheme for effecting their escape into France, where they might openly live in the relation of man and wife, when they were arrested and carried for examination before the Privy Council. By what means the King became acquainted with their marriage the annalists of that period do not state; but so general and well-regulated was then the system of *espionage* throughout the country, that the ears of the monarch soon heard the faintest whisper that was uttered against him, and his eye detected the slightest motion that was prejudicial to his interests. The lovers, on appearing before the Council, instead of affecting to deny the crime with which they were charged, boldly avowed that they were man and wife, denied the right of any one to prevent them from living in that relation, and claimed the protection of the laws in their behalf. The President of the Council having vainly endeavoured to convince them of the heinousness of their crime, and to extort from them a confession that their marriage was illegal, and that the connexion between them was unlawful and adulterous, committed Seymour to close custody in the Tower of London, and ordered the Lady Arabella Stuart to be confined in Sir Thomas Parry's house at Lambeth. The latter, being shortly afterwards detected in carrying on a correspondence with her husband, was removed from Lambeth to Highgate, and placed under the surveillance of Sir James Croft. The knight pitied her misfortunes; but so devoted was he to the service of his sovereign, and so paramount did he consider the interests of the state to all private considerations, that he would not have hesitated to sacrifice her ease, her happiness, or even her life, if he could be convinced that they stood in the way of the public welfare.

The Lady Arabella bore the restraint upon her own personal

freedom patiently, but she shuddered as she thought of the perils to which Seymour was exposed. In the reign of James the First, few on whom the gates of the Tower of London once closed, ever recrossed that fatal threshold. This monarch was not so fond as his predecessors of exhibiting his victims on the public scaffold; but the work of death, although more secretly, was not less certainly accomplished than heretofore.

"I shall never see him more," thought the Lady Arabella, and wept as she sat alone in her chamber, and cast a melancholy glance on the preparations which had been made for her morrow's journey to Durham. "Alas, alas! what have I done to be thus early consigned to misery and despair? Fortune smiled on my birth. I was born a princess. Sages prophesied that I should live long and happily. Lovers surrounded me—numerous lovers—from among whom my heart told me whom to select. Love and Death are (doubtless) nearly allied; for ever since the moment that I plighted the nuptial vow, I seem to have been travelling rapidly to the grave."

As she thus spoke, she took up her lute, and touched upon it a few sad querulous notes, which appeared to be in unison with the state of her feelings. A thousand painful recollections seemed to be awakened in her mind, tears streamed down her face, and then once more touching her lute, she drew from it notes of the most ravishing harmony, to which she warbled the following lines:*

"I stood by the towers of Ardenveile,
And the bells rang forth a jocund peal;
Loudly and merrily rang they then
O'er field and valley and sylvan glen,
And each cheek look'd bright as the blush of morn,
And each voice sounded gay as the huntsman's horn,
And each heart was glad—for an heiress was born.

"I stood by those time-worn towers again—
And prancing forth came a gallant train;
And there was the priest in his robes of white,
And there was a lady youthful and bright,

* This ballad has already appeared in print, but it was originally intended for the situation which it occupies in these pages.

And a gallant knight rode by her side,
And the sounds of joy echoed far and wide,—
For the heiress was Rudolph de Courcy's bride.

"And again by those portals proud did I stand,
And again came forth a gallant band;
And I saw that same priest, but sad was his pace;
And I saw that same knight, but he shrouded his face,
And I saw not that maiden in beauty's bloom,
But a pall and a bier and a sable plume,—
For the heiress was borne to her forefathers' tomb.

"And such is human life at best,
A mother's, a lover's, the green earth's breast,—
A wreath that is formed of flow'rets three,
Primrose, and myrtle, and rosemary,—
A hopeful, a joyful, a sorrowful stave,—
A launch, a voyage, a whelming wave,—
The cradle, the bridal-bed, and the grave."

As the lady concluded her strain, she lifted up her eyes and saw her faithful attendant, Alicia, standing before her. Arabella's eyes were suffused with tears, and her face so wan and woe-begone, that the tender-hearted Abigail could not disguise the sympathy which she felt for her sorrows.

"Gentle mistress," she said, "be of good cheer! I had hoped to find you in better health and spirits, for I have a message for you."

"A message, Alicia! What! has my kind royal cousin altered his purpose, and determined that instead of being banished to Durham, I shall lay my head upon the block? I am ready, I am ready!"

"Nay, nay, sweet lady! I am commissioned to present you with this ring, and to tell you, that he to whom it belongs waits to be admitted to your presence."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Lady Arabella, "'tis my husband's ring,—the ring which on that happy day (yes, I will still call it happy!) I exchanged for that which I now wear.—Where is he from whom you received it?"

"He waits your pleasure, Madam, at the garden gate."

"Is he young, handsome, stately as the pine?"

"Nay, Madam; old, decrepit, and twisted like the fibres of the time-worn oak."

"Alas!" said the Lady Arabella, "down, down, my sanguine heart!—But lead him to me, Alicia; I would fain see him,—for the token which he has sent me is a precious memorial of the bliss which I possessed for so short a time, and have now lost for ever!"

Alicia, with a duly grateful remembrance of the Princess of El Dorado's bracelet, hastened to obey her mistress's injunctions. She found the old pedlar overjoyed at the narration which she gave of her mistress's reception of the ring, and hastened to lead him to the lady's chamber.

"If thy presence," she said, "produce an effect proportioned to that produced by thy message, thou art a made man; for, though the Lady Arabella is a prisoner, she is rich and generous, and well able to reward those who are fortunate enough to secure her favour."

The pedlar did not seem to heed the prattle of Alicia, but followed her in silence, and at a quicker pace than could have been expected from one afflicted as he was by age and infirmity, until he arrived in the chamber of the Lady Arabella. The latter gazed for a moment, silently and in a bewildered manner, in the old man's face; then an exclamation of wonder and delight burst from her lips; and then to the utter astonishment of Alicia, she threw herself into the pedlar's arms.

"Seymour,—my own!—my best beloved!" she cried, "how is it that we meet thus?"

"Sweetest, calm these transports," said the pedlar, throwing down his pack, and starting up neither old nor decrepit, but youthful and stalwart; while his white beard dropped from his chin, and his long raven locks escaped from under the artificial scalp which covered his head. "Heaven has enabled me to escape from my gloomy prison. In this disguise did I quietly and without suspicion walk out of the great western gate of the Tower, following a cart that had brought me billets. Thence did I walk to the Tower-wharf, and by the warders of the south gate to the

iron gate, where I found our faithful servant, Rodney, who was acquainted with my scheme, in waiting for me. He has a boat there ready to convey us to Gravesend, where we shall find a French bark waiting to carry us to Calais. You must away with me, sweet Arabella, instantly!"

"Alas, Seymour!" said the lady, clinging to his neck, "escape is for me hopeless; so suspicious and vigilant is Sir James Croft. But do thou ensure thy own safety. Yet to part thus soon, after so long-wished—but little hoped for—an interview; my heart will break!"

She was sinking on the ground, but Seymour supported her in his arms. "Listen to me, Arabella, listen! This fair damsel"—as he thus spake, he placed a rich necklace round Alicia's neck—"will not, I am sure, interpose to prevent the escape of two lovers, who have shown her no ill-will, and whose present guerdon is but a faint earnest of what they mean to do in reward of her connivance and assistance.—Behold!" he added, unloosing his packet, and displaying a pair of great French-fashioned hose, a man's doublet, and peruke with long flowing flocks, a black hat, black coat, russet boots with red tops, a rapier,—in short, the complete accoutrements proper for a young gentleman of wit and fashion about town;—"shroud thy fair face and form, Arabella, in this disguise, and not even the lynx-eyes of old Croft himself will be able to detect the cheat. Then slip into the garden, mix for a short time with the gallants who are in the grounds promenading, and then thou mayest walk unquestioned out at the gate. Meet me there, therefore, in half an hour. I have two horses, fleet as the wind, ready to bear us to the water-side; and soon, very soon! I trust that we shall both land in peace and safety on the coast of France."

"'Tis a rare scheme!" said Alicia, in whom the passion for plotting and intriguing natural to a waiting-woman, added to the influence of the trinkets presented to her by Seymour, and also, it must be confessed, to her sympathy and affection for the Lady Arabella, overbalanced her loyalty to Sir James Croft—"'tis a rare scheme, and in its furtherance my assistance shall not be wanting."

Seymour then picked up his discarded pack, adjusted his fictitious beard and scalp, resumed his staff, and crawling out of the chamber at the same pace at which he had entered it, left Alicia to assist her mistress at her unusual toilet.

The Lady Arabella had been reduced by anxiety and sickness to a state of great weakness; and although the unexpected meeting with her husband had infused a momentary strength into her frame, she soon relapsed into her former feebleness and lassitude, and it was with great difficulty that she was able to complete her disguise. Equipped, however, at length, in the habiliments of a young gallant, she (to use a theatrical technicality) looked the character passably well, except that her very pale cheeks were not calculated to win her a formidable reputation for strength and valour. Nevertheless, encouraged by Alicia, and sensible of the critical position in which she was placed, she managed, like Rosalind, to

> "Have a swashing and a martial outside,
> As many other mannish cowards have,
> That do outface it with their semblances;"

and sending Alicia before her to perform the office of a scout, she passed unobserved from her chamber into the gardens, where, mingling with the numerous visitors who were admiring the taste and liberality of Sir James Croft, she attracted no notice. She loitered for a short time in the grounds, appearing to take the same interest with the other visitors in the plants and waterfalls, the temples and statues, with which they abounded; and then summoning all the courage within her, she strode boldly down the grand avenue, and passed through the gate which opened into the London road.

There she found Seymour waiting for her in a new disguise, that of a groom, and holding two horses, one of which he assisted her to mount. She then took the road to the metropolis, and her husband followed her on the other horse, as her attendant. As soon as they had proceeded such a distance from the house that their movements could not be observed by the inmates, he rode up to her, and found that his attentions were much wanted to sup-

port and encourage the lady, and to enable her to sustain her part in this adventure. Her feebleness and weariness appeared to increase every moment, and compelled them to travel at so slow a pace, that Seymour began to fear that ere they should be able to reach London, their plot would be detected and prevented. He knew that his own escape from the Tower must by this time be discovered, and that the flight of the Lady Arabella could not be kept concealed for more than a very few hours. The increasing illness of the lady, however, obliged them, after they had scarcely travelled a mile and a half, to stop and put up at a little public-house on the road-side. Here the pale face and trembling form of Arabella so much attracted the notice of the ostler who tended their steeds, that he told Seymour, with whom, in consequence of his assumed character, he felt himself entitled to converse on terms of familiarity, that the young gentleman would scarcely reach London. An hour's resting, however, seemed to re-invigorate Arabella, and to show that her illness was rather the result of fatigue and anxiety than of absolute disease. Being once more mounted, the stirring of the horse brought the blood into her cheek; and cheered by the converse of Seymour, and the hopes of ultimate safety, which grew stronger as the distance between them and the water side diminished, she arrived safely, and not very seriously fatigued, at Blackwall, at about six o'clock in the evening. Here they found two male and two female attendants waiting for them, and two boats lying in the river, one of which was filled with their trunks, and the other was ready to convey them to Gravesend, where the French vessel which was to take them to Calais was at anchor. The tide was strongly against them; but the watermen, for a double fare, engaged to row them thither.

Slowly, therefore, and tediously did they pull against the stream, the boatmen frequently urging that the farther prosecution of the voyage should be postponed till the morning, and Seymour and Arabella conscious that every hour's delay might be fatal to their hopes. Arrived at Gravesend, they learned to their inexpressible dismay, that the French vessel had gone on to Lee, and was there

waiting for a fair wind, which was every hour expected to spring up, to proceed to Calais. Seymour used the most pressing entreaties, and promised the most liberal rewards to the boatmen, to induce them to carry them to Lee, but for a long time unsuccessfully. At length, however, for a treble fare, and after a delay of an hour at Gravesend, for the purpose of resting and refreshing themselves, they agreed to row them to Lee, at which place they arrived, and placed their passengers on board the vessel at about the hour of daybreak.*

"Sweetest Arabella!" exclaimed Seymour, clasping her in his arms, "we have at length escaped our perils! Did the cold-hearted, short-sighted tyrants think that aught but death could separate two hearts which have loved so long and fervently as ours?"

The lady sunk on his breast, overcome alike by anxiety and joy. The excitement of the flight had enabled her to bear up against the sickness and weariness that oppressed her; but now, being in a state of comparative safety, and her mind partially relieved, her weary frame required repose and tranquillity. She therefore retired to the cabin of the vessel, and soon forgot her fatigues and her cares in the enjoyment of a profound slumber.

Some writers of the period imagine that the King of France was privy to the flight of Mr. Seymour and the Lady Arabella, and that he hoped to place the latter on the British throne, and so to restore the Catholic religion, to which she was supposed to be attached. The devotedness which the captain of the French vessel evinced to their cause, and the zeal and anxiety which he showed to land them speedily at Calais, gave rise to such a conjecture; but perhaps these may be sufficiently accounted for by the fact that he had been long and intimately acquainted with Seymour, who, during the reign of Elizabeth, had served on board the French navy in the war against Spain. Whatever was his inducement, however, M. de Ligny no sooner received the fugitives on board, than, although the wind was adverse, and his

* Winwood's Memorials.

crew wished him to wait until it was broad daylight, he steered immediately towards Calais. For two hours they crept lazily along; and when the morning was sufficiently advanced to enable them to discern objects at a distance, they had not entered the Channel. At this time, Seymour, whose naturally keen eye was sharpened by the anxiety and peril of his situation, was the first to see that which overwhelmed him with dismay, and seizing the Captain's arm, he exclaimed: "De Ligny, crowd all sail! An armed pinnace is in chase, and gaining upon us rapidly."

De Ligny gazed in the direction to which Seymour pointed, and saw too certain a confirmation of his intelligence. "We will try, Seymour," he said, "what superior sailing can effect; and if in that game we are beaten, we must e'en stick to our guns."

The superior sailing, was however, on the part of the pursuers, or rather the followers: for as yet it did not appear that any hostility was intended against the French ship, and the pinnace might perhaps be only in search of pirates, great numbers of whom then infested the Channel. It, however, continued to gain upon De Ligny; and when arrived within reach of the guns, a shot was fired as a signal for him to bring to. The pinnace was of a vastly superior size and weight to his own, and seemed to have at least thrice its complement of men. He therefore, stood on, crowding all sail, towards Calais; but the pinnace at length came alongside of him; and the commander, in whom Seymour immediately recognised Sir James Croft, exclaimed, "Deliver up the persons of the Lady Arabella Stewart and William Seymour, or I will sink your vessel!"

De Ligny immediately poured a broadside into the pinnace, which was answered by another that did far more certain and terrible execution than his own; and Croft and his crew proceeded to board the French bark. Their attack was irresistible, and carrying all before them, they poured into the enemy's vessel, at the moment that the Lady Arabella, roused by the noise of the engagement, rushed, full of anxiety and terror, on the deck. She arrived just in time to see her husband receive a thrust from a sword in

his breast, and sink lifeless on the pile of dead bodies beside him.* She uttered a piercing shriek, threw herself upon his corpse, and closed her eyes in that sleep which it was fondly hoped by those who beheld her, could only be disturbed by the trumpet of the archangel.

The sequel of this melancholy history may be speedily told. The Lady Arabella was recovered from the death-like swoon into which she had fallen, and consigned to the same gloomy apartments that had been so recently occupied by her husband in the Tower of London. It was soon discovered that, although her life was restored, her reason had fled for ever. Four long years did that part of the dismal fortress in which she resided resound with the incoherent ravings of the lovely maniac, and then she sunk into the grave, not without some suspicion being excited of her end having been hastened by the care which her royal cousin took of the quality of her diet.

---

* In this tale also historical truth has not been preserved. The Lady Arabella's escape differed in many particulars from the relation here given of it. She escaped with two servants disguised as a man, but Seymour was not with her. He was to have joined her on board the French vessel engaged for her escape, but missed the time, and the captain, in spite of her entreaties, sailed without him. The vessel was overtaken by the *Adventure*, the King's ship, and Arabella brought back and sent a prisoner to the Tower, where she remained till her death, partially insane. But Seymour survived her for forty-five years. He was Governor of Charles I. when Prince of Wales, and was created by him, after he became King, Marquis of Hertford.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

1625.—THE first act of Charles's reign was to call a Parliament at Oxford; but he soon dissolved it, as, instead of granting him supplies, it presented him with petitions for the redress of grievances.

1626.—The Parliament exhibited articles of impeachment against Buckingham, whom they petitioned the King to remove from his councils. Charles dissolved this Parliament; and soon afterwards, for the purpose of assisting the King of Denmark, levied ship-money on his subjects by his own authority.

1627.—Charles declared war against France.

1628.—The King called a Parliament, which voted him five subsidies; but would not pass the grant into a law, until the King assented to the Petition of Right.

Buckingham was murdered by Felton.

1629.—Peace was concluded with France and Spain.

1629 to 1636.—During all these years Charles never called a Parliament, but raised money by his own authority.

1638.—The Scots abolished episcopacy, raised an army to defend themselves against the King's violence, and appointed Leslie their General.

1640.—The King raised an army, which marched to the North; but the Scots entering England, defeated Lord Conway at Newburn, and proceeded to Newcastle; shortly after which, Charles agreed to a treaty with them. He also was obliged to call a Parliament.

The Commons impeached Lord Strafford and Archbishop Laud, of attempts to subvert the constitution of the Government, and introduce arbitrary power. Strafford was beheaded in the next year, and Laud in 1645.

1641.—The King granted all the demands of the Scots, and went into Scotland to conclude the negotiations. During his absence in that kingdom, a rebellion broke out in Ireland, and more than 40,000 Protestants were massacred. The King was accused of having given orders for this slaughter.

1642.—Charles impeached and endeavoured to seize Lord Kimbolton, Hollis, Hasting, Pym, Hampden, and Strode. The Parliament protected them as their leaders, and voted that the King had infringed their privileges. Charles went to York, taking with him the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, and prepared for what was unavoidable, a civil war.

The King and the Parliament both levied forces, and the battle of Edge Hill was fought, in which both parties claimed the victory.

1643.—The civil war raged with various success; but no decisive advantage was gained on either side.

1644.—The King constituted a Parliament of his adherents at Oxford, and ordered the Parliament assembled at Westminster not to be obeyed as such.

The Scotch army, under the Earl of Leven, entered England and joined Fairfax, the Parliamentary General, in Northumberland.

Prince Rupert was totally defeated by Fairfax and Cromwell, at Marston Moor.

The King defeated the Earl of Essex at Lostwithiel, and prepared to march to London; but being himself defeated at Newbury, he retreated to Oxford.

Parliament abolished the use of the Book of Common Prayer.

1645.—The King was totally defeated by Fairfax and Cromwell, at the Battle of Naseby.

He shut himself up in Oxford during the winter. The Scotch army took Carlisle, and advanced towards the South, while Fairfax conquered all the West.

1646.—Fairfax advanced to besiege Oxford. The King fled from that city, and placed himself in the hands of the Scotch army before Newark.

The Scots, on being paid £400,000 in lieu of all their arrears, agreed to deliver up the King to English Commissioners.

1647.—The King, being delivered to the Earl of Pembroke, was removed to Holdenby, in Northamptonshire. He was afterwards conveyed to the army at Taplow Heath, near Cambridge.

The army advanced to St. Alban's, by which the Parliament was so much awed, that the Independents secured the entire authority in that assembly. The army afterwards retired to Reading, taking the King with them.

On a tumult happening in London, the army took that opportunity of advancing to the metropolis. They lodged the King at Hampton Court, whence he made his escape; but found himself obliged to trust to Colonel Hammond, Governor of the Isle of Wight, a creature of Cromwell's, who, with much outward respect, made him, in reality, a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle.

1648.—The House of Commons voted that no more addresses or messages should be received from the King: all his servants were dismissed, and himself made a close prisoner, and in fact dethroned.

The Scots, finding that the Independents meant to destroy the Presbytery, levied troops in favour of the King, with which they entered England under the Duke of Hamilton, to assist the Royalists, who were combining together in many parts of the country. The Presbyterians now got the lead in Parliament, and immediately entered into negotiations with the King at Newport, which were never concluded upon, as Charles would not give up episcopacy. In the mean time, Cromwell defeated Langdale, near Preston, and afterwards Hamilton,

whom he took prisoner. He then entered Scotland, and put everything into the hands of Argyle, the head of the rigid Presbyterians, who would not assist the King until he signed the League and Covenant.

During these troubles, part of the fleet declared for the King, and sailed to Holland. The Prince of Wales went from Paris, and took the command of it.

The Duke of York escaped from St. James's and reached Holland.

The army remonstrated with the Parliament for treating with the King. Their remonstrance not being received with much respect, they seized on the King at Newport, and conveyed him to Hurst Castle. They then marched into London, and purged the House of Commons, turning out every member who was not a determined Independent. The House then voted that the King should be brought to a public trial for having made war on the Parliament. They also instituted a High Court of Justice. The Peers rejected the vote, and adjourned.

1649.—Colonel Harrison was sent to bring the King to London, who being produced three times before the High Court of Justice in Westminster Hall, as often rejected its jurisdiction. On the 27th of January he was sentenced to be beheaded; which sentence was accordingly executed on the 30th, on a scaffold erected in the street before the Palace of Whitehall.

Goodrich Castle.

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,
Through brazen trumpets send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver———

RICHARD THE SECOND.

THE beautiful valley of the Wye is a spot with which most probably few of the readers of these tales are unacquainted. The country between Ross and Chepstow presents a succession of fine scenery, which for variety and beauty is perhaps nowhere to be equalled within the same distance. Tourists have been much divided as to the spot which is entitled to claim the superiority. Some have decided in favour of the steeps of Windcliff with their coronet of richly variegated wood, and the extensive prospect which they command of the fertile valley at their feet, the junction of the Wye with the Severn in the middle distance, and the boundless ocean itself terminating the horizon. Others prefer the seclusion and solemnity of Tintern; the grey but graceful pillars of the monastic ruin, seeming to hallow the lovely scenery in the midst of which it stands; the woods which embosom it, the hills which screen it from the wind, and the river which murmurs at its feet, reflecting its mouldering and ivy-mantled form from its unruffled bosom. Perhaps, however, if we examine the subject impartially, we shall come to the conclusion that the vicinity of Goodrich Castle is to be preferred to all its sister beauties on the banks of the Wye. The artist probably would not agree in this estimate, but the artist (with reverence be it spoken,) too seldom

yields up his mind to the uncontrolled influence of the scene, to be the best judge on such a subject. He is thinking, not how the landscape looks before him, but how far it can be made available for the purposes of his art. Painting, with all its divine attributes, is the most limited of all the arts. There are many splendid landscapes to which the powers of a Lorraine would be inadequate, and which could not be transferred to the canvas; but which, nevertheless, awaken in the mind more intense sensations of admiration than other celebrated scenes which have been selected and immortalized by the artist. One of these is the spot to which we have alluded. We have said that the pencil cannot delineate, and we therefore shall not attempt to describe it: but it is an exquisite assemblage of all that is most fascinating to the eye and to the mind,—of rock, wood, water, ruin, meadow, mountain, and wild heath.

But time

> "Has moulded into beauty many a tow'r,
> Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
> Was only terrible."

At the period to which the following narrative refers, this place presented an appearance very different from what it does at present. The now mouldering turrets of the castle were then manned with many an intrepid warrior; cannon were pointed from the walls, where now the ivy clings and the bat builds undisturbed; and the deep moat, at present choked up with forest trees, was then filled with water, and guarded by a drawbridge, which was lowered but seldom, and with extreme caution.

The castle was at this time obstinately defended by the Governor, Sir Henry Lingen, at the head of a small but gallant body of cavaliers, against the attacks of the Parliamentary army commanded by Colonel Birch. The determined valour of the besieged, and the almost impregnable strength of the fortress, had already cost the assailants, in men and ammunition, more than, in the opinion of the best informed military judges, the place was worth; and Birch at length determined to sit down quietly before the castle, and trust to the power of that slow but omnipotent ally—Famine,

to subdue the resolution of the garrison, whose provisions were known to be nearly exhausted. Some feeling of compassion, mixed, doubtless, with no small portion of apprehension as to the consequences to themselves of this protracted siege, prompted the Parliamentary leaders to send various messages to the Governor, offering advantageous terms of capitulation, all of which were, however, indignantly rejected by Lingen. On one occasion, a cavalier on the ramparts called to the pioneers at work in the mines, and said they cared not for being blown up; they could from the sky laugh at the flourishing of the Roundheads.

This state of things had continued for some time, when, on the morning of a fine day in July, 1646, a person armed from top to toe, and well mounted, was seen, preceded by a flag of truce, and followed by three horsemen, to issue from the Warren of Walford, belonging to the noted Colonel Kyrle, a fortified mansion, where Birch had fixed his head-quarters, and take the road which led to Goodrich Castle.

It was not long ere they arrived before the gate and sounded a parley. A few signals passed between the warder and the interior guard, the portcullis was drawn up, and the party entered the castle. They were speedily assisted from their saddles, and ushered into a great hall, where they found themselves in the presence of the Governor, surrounded by about twenty of the superior officers of the garrison. The leader of the visiting party raised his visor, and was immediately recognised as the son of the commander of the besieging army.

"Captain Birch," said the Governor, as he bowed to his guest with that courtesy for which he was celebrated, "I heartily bid you welcome; but if your object in coming here to-day be similar to that which procured me the honour of your last visit, you will pardon me for saying that you might have spared yourself an unnecessary journey."

"Sir Henry Lingen," answered Birch, "it is true that my errand is now somewhat different from that which last led me hither; but being here, I cannot avoid once more pressing upon your attention the impropriety, and indeed the absurdity, of wasting the lives of

brave men in a fruitless struggle, which cannot be protracted at the farthest beyond a few days."

"You talk, Captain Birch," returned Lingen, "in a way which proves how ignorant you and the persons from whom you came are, as to the resources of the castle, and the gallantry and resolution of the gentlemen by whom I am surrounded (turning to his officers), who are determined to defend it to the uttermost."

As Sir Henry Lingen spoke, his faltering voice and emaciated features too plainly indicated the resistless agency of famine; and the keen apprehension of Birch detected in the gloomy silence of most, and the but half-suppressed murmurs of many, to whom the Governor's appeal had been addressed, that the resources of the castle were in a very different state from that which Lingen would induce him to believe. A few swords, however, flew from their scabbards, in token of the determination of those who wielded them to act up to the spirit of their leader's declaration.

"Sir Henry," said Birch, as a smile, in which, however, there was more of compassion than of scorn, played over his dark features, "I perceive as plainly as yourself what will be the result of our late interviews. We are at present, however, simply instructed by our commander, Colonel Birch, to claim from you the person of his ward and niece, who has eloped from his charge, and, as he is informed, taken refuge in the fortress at present under your orders. Although the unhappy circumstances of the times have compelled two brave and honourable men to range under hostile banners, he presumes that Sir Henry Lingen is the last man in the three kingdoms to encourage the tearing asunder of domestic ties, or the violation of natural duties."

"Colonel Birch," answered the Governor, "knows enough of Sir Henry Lingen, to feel well assured of the truth of the assertion which you have just made, and so insidiously applied. Tell him, however, that during the long period in which I enjoyed the friendship of the late Mr. Birch, although he died before these unhappy troubles broke out, I never found him, by word or deed betray a sentiment which could be construed into an accordance with such principles as his brother has lately chosen to adopt; and

that, in rescuing his daughter, who has voluntarily put herself under my protection, from the authority of a person professing such principles, and who, moreover, would force her into a match to which she has an invincible repugnance, however estimable (bowing as he spake these words) the object of his choice may be in other respects—I do not conceive that I encourage either the tearing asunder of domestic ties, or the violation of natural duties."

"Your friend, as you term him," said Birch, "on his death-bed left his daughter to the guardianship of his brother."

"That brother," retorted Lingen, "was then a loyal subject of King Charles, and had not made war upon his countrymen."

"You are an ingenious casuist, Sir Henry; but you will pardon me if, without impeaching your veracity, I venture to say that you may probably mistake for an attachment to certain principles, a predilection for the interests of your own kinsman!"

The Captain's eye, as he uttered these words, glanced with a peculiar expression upon a young man to the right of Lingen, who had been among the few who had so ardently supported the defiance of the Governor. The object of this glance was not slow in acknowledging its reference to himself.

"Nay, sir," he exclaimed, as he checked the ready reply of the Governor, "this quarrel is my own. Captain Birch, although the blood in your veins is the last which I would wish to shed—notwithstanding your alliance with those unhappy men who are the cause of all our country's misery—yet your presumptuous pretensions to the hand of a lady who rejects, who scorns you, and the calumnious aspersion which you have just now cast upon the motives of my honoured kinsman, call for immediate chastisement. There is my glove; and if you dare take it up, here (drawing his sword) is that which shall make you repent your insolence!"

The features of Birch, except that they were lightened for a moment by a contemptuous smile, remained perfectly unchanged, as with one hand he took up the challenger's gage, and with the other unsheathed his weapon. Sir Henry Lingen, however, interposed. "Clifford," he said, in a determined tone, "I command you to respect the rights of hospitality and the faith of truce.

Captain Birch, I charge you not to forget the peaceable character in which you presented yourself at these gates, and under the sanction of which you have been admitted. For myself, I can readily pardon your personal insinuations; and as to the object of your embassy, tell your leader, that while Goodrich Castle is under my command, Alice Birch may rely upon finding protection within its walls." Birch bowed slightly as he withdrew from the presence of the Governor. "We shall meet again," whispered Clifford, as he passed him. "Doubt not that," answered Birch, grasping his hand; and that hostile pressure was returned with a fervour which perhaps the grasp of friendship never equalled. Shortly afterwards was heard the tramp of their horses' hoofs crossing the drawbridge, and then the heavy creaking of the chains, as the portcullis was once more lowered to forbid the ingress of hostile visitors.

"It is in vain, Clifford; it is in vain!" said Sir Henry Lingen, when the retirement of his officers had left him alone with his nephew; "our ammunition is nearly exhausted, and our provisions are still more scant; not enough, indeed, to distribute to the garrison anything like even the slender ration which was dealt out to them yesterday. You perceived that, with the exception of yourself, my sons, and the gallant Vaughan, none of my officers are disposed to hold out any longer, and that they could not even conceal their disaffection in the presence of our arch enemy. The refusal to deliver up his niece will, I have no doubt, exasperate Birch, and, combined with the intelligence which his son will communicate, induce him to make an immediate attack, the success of which appears inevitable. I shall stand out as long as I find any one to support me; but if it comes to the worst, I shall be able to make tolerable terms for myself, and for all but you and Alice. A price being set upon your head, in conseqeence of your being implicated in the King's escape to Newark, it would not be in the power even of Birch, were he so inclined, to save you; and Alice would be forced into a marriage with this man, who, with all his plausible exterior, and unquestionably soldier-like qualities, I know to be brutal, sanguinary, and fanatical. My valet, Simpson, who

was for twenty years a servant in this castle, while in the possession of good old Sir Hugh Stanton, will show you a way by which you may escape unobserved, and afterwards meet you at the ferry with means of transporting you across the Wye to Ragland Castle. I will delay the surrender as long as possible, that your escape may not be discovered till you are beyond the reach of pursuit."

"And why not, my noble uncle, seek safety with us?"

"Nay, I must not desert my men. I have still a hope, although indeed a forlorn one, of being able to keep the castle, and at any rate my authority and management will be essential in procuring honourable terms of capitulation for them, while the escape of all, by the means proposed to you, would be impracticable. Find Alice, to whom Simpson has already communicated my design; lose no time in leaving the castle, and God speed you!"

Clifford wrung his uncle's hand in token of gratitude and affection; and with tears in his eyes bade him farewell.

Alice Birch had just entered her nineteenth year, and was endowed with all those perfections, both mental and personal, which have been the property of the heroines of romance from time immemorial. At her father's house she had often met Sir Henry Lingen and his nephew, Charles Clifford; with the former of whom, Mr Birch, a gentleman of family and fortune in Gloucestershire, had been a fellow-collegian.

The merits of Clifford soon made an impression on the susceptible bosom of Alice. He was nearly three years her senior, of approved bravery and personal beauty, and versed in all the learning and accomplishments of the time. A mutual attachment was the consequence, which, although it had not yet been so far avowed as to call upon Mr. Birch for an expression either of dissent or approval, was not, there is every reason to believe, opposed to his wishes. His death, however, soon took place, and Alice was put under the guardianship of her uncle, a sour Puritan, in whose character for honour and integrity his brother, nevertheless, placed the greatest confidence. A short time, however, effectually unmasked him. Desirous of securing his brother's estates in his own family, he was anxious to force upon Alice a

marriage with his son; and when the civil war broke out, and the party to which he attached himself gained the ascendant, he did not scruple either as to the decorum or the legality of the means which he made use of to accomplish his darling project. Alice was dragged in the train of her uncle, whose busy fears would not allow him to leave her behind him, when he went to lay siege to Goodrich Castle. Here she contrived to effect her escape, if such it could be called, into the beleaguered fortress, whose surrender in the course of a few days was deemed a matter of certainty.

Under these circumstances, it will be readily believed that when Clifford entered her apartment, he discovered in her no inclination to oppose the plan which had been laid down for her deliverance. He found her ready equipped for the journey, while Simpson was fortifying himself for it with the best fare which the larder of the castle, in a state so nearly approaching to exhaustion, could supply. Indeed, both the Governor and his nephew had contributed from their own scanty store, in order to furnish out such a meal as should put Simpson in good humour with the service which he had to perform.

"Dearest Charles," said Alice, "behold me ready to encounter all hazards in your company.—Simpson, lead on!"

"Nay, not so fast, young lady! the palfrey is not yet saddled, and it will be ill waiting at the outlet of the subterraneous passage longer than is necessary."

"Well, well! we are at your disposal," said the lady; "but methinks I could echo the wish of Imogen, 'Oh! for a horse with wings!'"

"Trust me, Alice," said Clifford, smiling, "a tight stirrup, and a keen spur, will be of more avail than the pinions of Pegasus himself! But, good Simpson, despatch your meal as quickly as possible. Sir Henry told me that everything was in readiness."

Another and another mouthful were taken, with even more deliberation than would have been necessary under circumstances of much less moment, before the carnivorous serving-man, either by word or deed, showed the least attention to Clifford's importunities.

He then, with a slow and cautious step, moved on, bidding them follow him, which they did with much more alacrity than seemed agreeable to him, on account probably of the number of his years, or the fulness of his meal. Having led them to a remote part of the castle, they arrived at a small door, so concealed by being in a dark part of the passage, that it was scarcely discernible. Here, Simpson, after trying various keys, found that he had left the only one which could be of any service to them, behind him. "Curse on you for a dilatory dotard!" exclaimed Clifford, "hasten for it; and should you not use a little more expedition, though I shall not honour you with the discipline of my sword, do not expect equal immunity from my cudgel!"

The old man left them muttering his discontent. Clifford, vexed and mortified himself, had much to do to support the sinking spirits of Alice. His threats, however, were apparently not without their effect upon Simpson, who returned as soon as they could reasonably expect. The door being unlocked, they descended a flight of steps for a considerable time, and long before they reached the bottom, they had lost the light of day. A faint glimmering induced them to hope that they were approaching the outlet, but it turned out to be only the lantern of one of the sentinels, of whom there were twelve, placed at various intervals within earshot of each other, to guard this secret entrance to the Castle. The approach of any enemy, should he be able to discover this entrance through accident, or the treachery of any person acquainted with it, could thus be speedily discovered, and communicated to the inhabitants of the Castle, in time to enable them to guard the inner entrance to the passage from surprise, even should the outer one be forced.

In this manner the fugitives traversed the length of nearly half a mile, now ascending, now descending, and now treading a level plain. At length they arrived at a flight of steps which led to a door in the roof, and before which an armed sentinel, furnished with a lamp, was pacing. Here Simpson took his leave, promising to meet them at the ferry, which was near three miles from the mouth of the cavern, but telling them that they need not travel at

the pace with which they had hurried through the passage, unless they could discover any advantage in being there long before him, and that they would find Sir Henry Lingen's page with the palfrey, soon after getting clear of the cavern. The sentinel then unclosed the trap-door, when Clifford and Alice found themselves in a thick wood, which they had entered from the hollow of an enormous oak, in the bottom of which was the trap-door, which had just closed behind them.

By certain marks carved on the bark of the trees, with which Lingen had made him acquainted, Clifford tracked his way through this otherwise pathless forest, and at length found himself at its outskirts. Here he perceived the palfrey held by a young man, who, as soon as he saw them, made eager signs to them to quicken their pace.

"Ye have been long coming, Sir, as though this were a time to toy with a fair lady, when Birch reckons your blood as already red upon his weapon. I set out long after you, and took a much more circuitous route through the windings of the secret passages, for my steed would find the road which you have come but a sorry one, and yet I am here before you."

"That tedious fool, Simpson, delayed us; but let us lose no more time in words."

Clifford and the page assisted Alice to mount the saddle; the former got up before her; and then, after waving his hand to the page, who immediately disappeared in the thickest of the forest, he plunged his spurs into the courser's side, and made the best of his way towards the ferry.

The day had changed from fine to stormy; and the rain, of which they had not felt much while in the forest, was now pouring in torrents; while the swollen Wye, whose banks they were traversing, was foaming furiously as they passed. They had not proceeded far before they were alarmed by the appearance of an armed horseman, who occupied the centre of the road before them. Although he seemed startled and chagrined to see them, he advanced rapidly towards them, while applying a bugle to his mouth, he made the valley ring with its echoes.

"Curse on ye! are ye here so soon, and my tardy villains not arrived?—but this right arm will suffice to do the work."

Thus saying, while with one hand he again applied the bugle to his mouth, with the other, which held his weapon, he made a furious lunge at Clifford, who, however, parried the blow, and retreated a few paces.

"Captain Birch," he said, (for he soon recognised his rival,) "is this honourable, like a highwayman to waylay me, or courteous to assault me while protecting a lady?"

"Talk ye of honour, coward! who are deserting your comrades in their last extremity, and flying from the consequences of your own challenge?—die!"

While uttering these words, he renewed his attack yet more furiously; and rage, as well as the necessity for self-defence, gave redoubled vigour to Clifford. With one arm twined round the almost lifeless form of Alice, and with the other aiming at the heart of Birch, he waged for a long time a very unequal combat. The horse of the latter, however, stumbling, precipitated its rider to the ground. Clifford was on the point of generously waiving this advantage, and dismounting; but his adversary, with the speed of lightning, recovered his legs; then foaming with fury and covered with mire, he advanced, and would have sheathed his sword in the bowels of Clifford's horse. Clifford, perceiving his object, struck him a deadly blow on the head, which cut through his helmet, and made a deep incision on his temple. The unhappy man uttered a dreadful groan, and fell lifeless to the earth.

Clifford, gasping for breath, and covered with the blood both of his opponent and himself, perceived, nevertheless, the necessity for immediately resuming his journey. The consciousness of this necessity also operated upon the weak frame and shattered spirits of Alice more effectually than the utmost skill or care could possibly have done, and they were both speedily remounted, and on their way to the ferry. Clifford now began to doubt the fidelity of Simpson, and to suspect that his hesitation and delay had their origin in a cause less venial than the cravings of his stomach. It was evident that Birch expected them, and that, had they been

much later, they would not have encountered him alone. Still the long-tried fidelity of Simpson, who had been the confidential servant both of his uncle and Sir Hugh Stanton, and who had fought gallantly with the former at Edgehill and Marston, rendered it very difficult to suspect him of treachery.

These thoughts agitated the mind of Clifford, and kept him in a very torturing state of uncertainty, while he impelled his jaded steed towards the ferry. When arrived there, his heart sunk within him at beholding nought but the foaming Wye lashed into fury by the wind, and swollen by the excessive rains, without any trace either of Simpson or his boat.

"Alice," he said, "the Fates make war against us. There is no peace or safety here. The headsman's block will be my portion, and the dungeons of Goodrich or Chepstow will be yours."

"We shall find peace, if not safety, Clifford," returned Alice, "in the bed of yonder Wye."

Clifford grasped her hand fervently. "Nay, one chance remains for us yet. Our steed may bear us to the opposite bank, and then let Birch and his myrmidons howl over their disappointed malignity. But hark! I hear Simpson's voice."

The trampling of horses was indeed heard, and Simpson's voice enforcing the necessity of speed. A light broke on the faces of Clifford and Alice as they turned round to hail their deliverer; but it was changed to the blackness of despair when they saw, at the distance of about fifty yards from them, Simpson and Colonel Birch riding abreast of each other, and followed by six horsemen. Clifford plunged his spurs into his courser's flanks, and impelled him to the water's edge. The horse, however, terrified at the appearance of the foaming river, reared and backed, and had nearly thrown his rider. A yell of savage exultation burst from the lips of Birch, who was now within hearing; but what was his astonishment at seeing the lovers dismount, and after tenderly embracing each other, disappear in the foaming torrent. Once the mounting wave raised them on its bosom towards the skies—then subsided and closed over them for ever!

That evening, 31st July, Goodrich Castle surrendered, and only

four barrels of powder were found left. The lives of Sir Henry Lingen and his officers and soldiers were guaranteed to them; but they were all declared prisoners of war, to be at Colonel Birch's disposal.

It is said that to this day the spirit of Alice and Clifford haunt the ruined towers of Goodrich, and are heard in every storm, shrieking on the swollen waters of the Wye. The vicinity of the fatal spot is carefully shunned on the anniversary of their catastrophe; and a peasant more hardy than his comrades, who once ventured there on that day, is reported to have seen a horseman, with a female behind him, vainly urging his steed to cross the river. The terrified spectator hastened home to his companions, and the tale which he told heightened and confirmed the religious awe with which that spot has been ever since regarded, and which has kept it sacred from the intrusions of mortal footsteps on the day in question.

A Legend of Pontefract.

Come mourn, come mourn for me,
You loyal lovers all,
Lament my loss in weedes of woe
Whom griping griefe doth thrall.

THE BRIDE'S BURIAL.

WHEN the war between the Royalists and the Parliamentarians had been brought to an end, by the subjection of all places and persons that had held for the King, and when the hopes of the partisans of the latter had been rendered desperate by his imprisonment in the Isle of Wight, those officers and gentlemen who had served under his banners, while there was any service to perform, betook themselves generally to their habitations, in the several counties, where they lived quietly and privately, unmolested by the prevailing party. When the Parliament had finished the war, they reduced and slighted the inland garrisons, the maintenance of which was very costly; yet by the influence of some persons interested, or in consideration of the strength and importance of the place, they still kept a garrison in Pontefract Castle, a noble Royalty and palace belonging to the Crown, and then part of the Queen's jointure. The situation in itself was very strong, no part being commanded by any other ground; the mansion very large, with all offices suitable to a princely seat; and though built very near the top of a hill, so that it had the prospect of a great part of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and of Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire, yet it was

plentifully supplied with water. Colonel Cotterell, the governor of the Castle, exercised a very severe jurisdiction over his neighbours of those parts, which were inhabited by many gentlemen and soldiers who had served the King throughout the war, and who were known to retain their old affections, though they lived quietly under the present government. Upon the least jealousy or caprice, these men were frequently sent for, reproached, and sometimes imprisoned by the governor in this fortress. When there appeared some hopes that the Scots would raise an army for the relief and release of the King, Sir Marmaduke Langdale, in his way to Scotland, visited and conferred with some of his old friends and countrymen, who now lived quietly within some distance of Pontefract, concerning the fortress and the garrison, the place being well known. He assured them that it was the determination of the principal persons of the kingdom of Scotland to make an effort for the deliverance of the King; that they had invited him (Sir Marmaduke) to co-operate with them; and that, in consequence of such invitation, he was then going thither. They agreed, that when it should appear that an army was raised in Scotland upon that account, which must draw down the Parliament's army into the other northern counties, and when there should be risings in the other parts of the kingdom (which the general disaffection and discontent, besides some particular designs, made of very probable occurrence,) then those gentlemen should endeavour to surprise the Castle of Pontefract; and after making themselves strong in it, and furnishing it with provisions to endure some restraint, they should draw as formidable a force to their aid as those counties would yield. This scheme being approved, they arranged such a mode of correspondence with Sir Marmaduke as enabled them frequently to give him an account of their proceedings, and to receive his directions relating to them. In this disposition they continued quiet, as they had always been, and the governor of the castle conducted himself towards them with less of his accustomed jealousy and hostility.

Besides maintaining a garrison in Pontefract Castle, Cromwell, who well knew the dissatfected spirit of the inhabitants, kept up

a considerable army in those parts, whose head-quarters were at Doncaster, under the command of Colonel Rainsborough. This officer stood high in the favour of his general; was bold and daring, and fit to be entrusted with the most desperate undertakings, and was the man to whom the Independent party always intended to commit the superintendence of the maritime affairs, when a convenient opportunity should offer for dismissing the Earl of Warwick,—Rainsborough having been bred to the sea-service, and being perfectly acquainted with its duties.

Sir Richard Shirley was a great landowner, and the proprietor of a splendid mansion in the neighbourhood of Pontefract. His family had been greatly distinguished for their loyalty, and he only succeeded to the estates by reason of the deaths of his father and his elder brother, while fighting in the ranks of the Royalists at the battle of Edge Hill. He himself espoused the same cause with the utmost zeal and gallantry, until the fatal battles of Newbury, Marston Moor, and Naseby, and the treacherous surrender of the king's person by the Scots, convinced him that the affairs of the Royalists were desperate, and he retired, chagrined and mortified, to his estate in Yorkshire, where he was permitted to reside unmolested, but under the strict *surveillance* of the Governor of Pontefract, and Colonel Rainsborough. The persons who had entered into the compact, which we have mentioned, with Sir Marmaduke Langdale, were very anxious to get this gentleman to join in their scheme, whom his ancient lineage, large possessions, and personal reputation, as well as the enthusiastic devotion of his numerous tenantry to his fortunes, rendered a very important ally.

"Sir Knight," said the principal mover in the confederacy, a gentleman of Yorkshire, of the name of Cartwright, "the capture of the fortress of Pontefract will form a rallying point for the King's friends, revive the hopes of thousands, and stimulate generous spirits in other parts of the country to follow our example and attempt similar enterprises."

"But know you not," said the knight, smiling, "the dark saying relative to the destinies of our house, which has induced my

ancestors for the last three centuries to avoid all contact with Pontefract or its fortunes?

> "When the heir of Shirley scales Pontefract wall,
> Then shall the race of Shirley fall,
> And the rank grass grow in Pontefract Hall."

"I have heard of such a saying," answered Cartwright, "but I never heard that the enlightened mind of Sir Richard Shirley placed any faith in a ridiculous tradition, which took its rise in an age of superstition and ignorance, and has been handed down to posterity by the folly and credulity of the vulgar."

"Thou art right, Cartwright,—thou art right!" said Shirley; "my mind is, I believe, sufficiently bright to show me my way clearly through the fog and mist of ancient traditions; but, in truth, I cannot see my way quite so clearly through your hopeful scheme for surprising the castle. I have, I fear, already witnessed the total wreck of the King's fortunes, and have had many occasions for observing the large and useless sacrifices of life and property which have been made in enterprises such as that which you have in hand, and must therefore decline becoming a party in it."

A motive, however, which Shirley did not avow was supposed to have no slight influence in determining him. The gallant knight, after escaping the sword of Mars, had been transfixed by the arrow of Cupid. The Lady Isabella Vere was, like himself, the last relic of an ancient and illustrious house. Her father and her brothers had all died in the service of the King, and the family estates, which were declared forfeited to the nation, had been bestowed upon Colonel Rainsborough, as a reward for his services to the Parliament. The Colonel had not yet entered upon his new property, and the Lady Isabella still remained in possession. Rainsborough, however, preferred a claim which was to her still more odious than that to her patrimony. He became her wooer, and offered to settle upon her the inheritance of her forefathers, on condition that along with this boon, she would accept his hand. A more ill-assorted union could scarcely be imagined than

that here proposed. Isabella was scarcely twenty years of age, of a fair and delicate complexion, of a slight and somewhat fragile form, but one which seemed the very personification of grace and elegance: light blue eyes, long flowing flaxen ringlets, and a voice whose softest tone thrilled to the very heart of the hearer; her mind was moreover richly furnished. She was a zealous Royalist, and, like all her family, not only a staunch Episcopalian, but shrewdly suspected of having a secret leaning towards the hated tenets of the Church of Rome.

Rainsborough was of a bulky but strong and well-knit figure, somewhat under the middle size; his features were harsh and stern, but wonderfully expressive of the decision, boldness, and energy of his character; his brows were black and bushy, his complexion of a dark, lurid red; and his eye, small, black, bright, and continually glancing to and fro, seemed the appropriate symbol of the mingled bitterness, malignity, acuteness, and activity of his mind. He was above fifty years of age, and, as the reader will guess from the post which he occupied, one of the most zealous Independents and determined antimonarchists in the nation. He was also a gallant soldier, a strict disciplinarian, and a severe moralist; but at the same time sanguinary and ferocious, a pitiless enemy, and a tyrannical master and commander. With these contrasts of person, character, and age, it is not to be wondered at that the high aristocratical heiress received the proposition of the Roundhead Colonel with abhorrence and disgust. Her heart, too, was devoted to Sir Richard Shirley, and the importunities of Rainsborough only determined her to hasten the period at which she would seal the happiness of her more favoured lover. At length, on one occasion, when the solicitations of the Colonel had been more urgent than ever, and he had even descended to threaten her with beggary and ruin if she did not accede to his proposal, she told him that he might seize on her estates as soon as he pleased, for that tyranny and oppression had made them his; but that her heart was Sir Richard Shirley's, and that in three days her hand would be his also. With malice and fury in his heart and his looks, Rainsborough rushed from her

presence, and bent his steps towards Pontefract Castle, to seek the commiseration and counsel of the Governor.

There remains one more personage to be introduced to the notice of our readers. Colonel John Morice, when a very young man, and at the beginning of the war, had been an officer in some regiment of the King's. He afterwards, "out of the folly and impatience of his youth," according to Clarendon, but, in fact, from a conviction that the civil and religious liberties of the nation were menaced by the arbitrary proceedings of Charles and his favourites, and never anticipating that the opponents of government would go to their subsequent excess of violence and fanaticism, had quitted the royal service, and engaged himself in the army of the Parliament. His courage, talents, and agreeable and engaging manners, not only made him a very acceptable accession to the cause of the revolters, but procured him a colonelcy in their forces; and, being anxious to distinguish himself, he undertook many enterprises of great peril, and performed actions of extraordinary valour. A more intimate acquaintance with his new associates, however, disgusted him, and he began to think that the liberties of the nation stood in even greater peril from their proceedings than from those of the royalists.

After the new modelling of the army—of which Oliver Cromwell became the actual, although Fairfax remained the ostensible, head—and the introduction of a severer discipline, his life of great licence kept not his reputation with the new officers; and being a free speaker and censurer of their affected behaviour, they left him out in their composition of the new army, but with many professions of kindness and respect for his eminent courage, which they assured him that they would find some occasion to employ and reward. He was a gentleman of a competent estate; and as he had grown older, he had heartily detested himself for having quitted the King's service, and had resolved to take some reasonable opportunity to wipe off that blemish, by a service that would redeem him, and so was not troubled at being set aside by the new general, but betook himself to his estate, enjoyed his old

humour, which was cheerful and pleasant, and made himself most acceptable to those who were most trusted by the Parliament, and who thought that they had dismissed one of the best officers that they had, and were sorry for it.

He now, as a country gentleman, frequented the fairs and markets, and conversed with equal freedom with all his neighbours, of what party soever they had been, and renewed the friendship he had formerly held with some of those gentlemen who had served the King.

But no friendship seemed to be so dear to him as that of the Governor of Pontefract Castle, who delighted so much in his company that he made him remain with him sometimes a week and more at a time in the castle, when they always lay together in one bed. Morice, however, knew that the Governor, although he professed, and might even entertain, a great personal attachment to him, had been active in procuring his removal from the army, as one whose carnal and unregenerate spirit did not fit him to hold a command in that saint-like body. Stung, therefore, by the affront offered him, although happy to have an opportunity of once more serving the cause which he had deserted, and prompted by both motives to join in the enterprise for surprising the castle, he entered into communication with Hugh Cartwright, the prime mover of the conspiracy, and told him that he would undertake to surprise that castle whenever they should think the season ripe for it. Cartwright, who knew him very well, believed him so implicitly, that he told his companions that they need not trouble themselves with contriving the means to surprise the place, which, by trusting too many, would be liable to discovery; but that he would take that charge upon himself by a way that they need not inquire into, but which he assured them should not fail. They all very willingly put themselves under his direction, which they knew he would not have assumed unless he felt sufficiently confident of the success of the undertaking. Morice was now more frequently with the Governor, who never thought himself well without him. He always told him that he must have a great care of his garrison, and be assured that he had none but faithful men

in the castle, for that he was confident that some men who lived not far off, and who many times came to visit him, had some designs upon the place. Morice would then, as it were in confidence, mention the names of Cartwright and many other persons to him; some were those very men with whom he communicated, and others were men of another temper and most devoted to the Parliament. "Trouble not yourself, my good Cotterell," he would say to the Governor, "concerning these machinations. I have found out a false brother among them, from whom I am sure to have seasonable advertisement, and I can at any time, within a few hours' notice, bring you forty or fifty good men into the castle to reinforce your garrison when there shall be occasion." He would show the Governor a list of such men as would be always ready, and would sometimes bring some of these men with him, and tell the Governor before them, that those were in the list he had given him of the honest fellows who would stick to him in case of need; others would accidentally tell Cotterell that they had enlisted themselves with Colonel Morice to come to the castle whenever he should call or send for them. All these men, thus enlisted, were persons very notorious for the bitterness and malice which they entertained towards the King, not one of whom did Morice ever intend to make use of.

This wily intriguer made himself very familiar with the soldiers of the castle, and used to play and drink with them; and when he lay there, would often rise in the night and visit the guards, and by that means would sometimes make the Governor dismiss and discharge a soldier whom he did not like, under pretence of his always finding him asleep, or of some other fault that could not be inquired into. Then he would commend some other to him as very fit to be trusted and relied upon, and by this means he had great power and influence in the garrison. The Governor received several letters from his friends in the Parliament, and in the country, warning him to take care of Colonel Morice, who, they informed him, had resolved to betray him, and had been seen in the company of Cartwright and of other persons who were generally esteemed most malignant, and had great intrigues with them. All

this intelligence was, however, previously well known to the Governor; for Morice was never in the company of the confederates, though with all the show of secrecy, in the night, or in places remote from any house, but he always told the Governor of it, and of many particular passages at those meetings; so that, when these letters came to him he showed them to Morice, and then both of them laughed at the intelligence. After this, Morice would frequently call for his horse and return home, telling his friend, that though he had, he was sure, no mistrust of his friendship, and knew him too well to think him capable of such treachery, yet that he should not for his own sake be thought to slight the information, which would make his friends the less careful of him,—that they were right in giving him warning of those meetings, which, if he had not known himself, would have been very worthy of his suspicion. He would therefore forbear coming to the castle again till the jealousy of friends would be over who would know of this and be satisfied with it. No power of the Governor's could ever prevail with him at such times to tarry in the castle, but he would be gone and stay away till he was after some time sent for again with importunity, the Governor desiring his counsel and assistance as much as his company.*

Such was the state of affairs in the castle of Pontefract and its neighbourhood, on the morning that Sir Richard Shirley arrived at the mansion of the De Veres to claim the fair hand of the heiress of that ancient and honourable and once wealthy house. "Believe me, sweet Isabella," he said, "though this is not the time to attempt anything in the cause of our royal master, that the period will arrive when the diadem shall once more sparkle on his brows, and when these fair domains of thy forefathers shall be restored to their rightful heiress."

"Thy love, Sir Knight," said the lady, blushing, "is a dominion extensive enough for the desires of Isabella Vere. The spirits of my forefathers will rest in peace, though the step of the stranger profanes their halls—though the form of the stranger presses their

---

* Clarendon.

pillows—though the laugh of the stranger echoes at their social hearths, and his glass goes round at their festive board."

These words were uttered in such a tone of solemnity and feeling, as convinced the knight that his fair bride suffered more in departing from that venerable mansion which had been occupied by her ancestors for many generations, than she chose to express. "Sweetest!" he said, as he kissed away the falling tear that had gathered in her eye, "let us away to Shirley Priory—the minister of Heaven awaits to link us in those holy bonds which man cannot rend asunder."

At that moment the noise, as of a conflict, was audible from a distant part of the house, and presently the heavy tramp of footsteps was heard distinctly resounding through the hall, and approaching the door of the chamber in which the lovers sat. Soon afterwards the door flew open, and twelve men, armed with swords and pistols, entered the apartment, in the foremost of whom Sir Richard Shirley recognized Colonel Cotterell, the governor of Pontefract Castle.

"What means this intrusion, Colonel?" said the Knight indignantly, while his hand instinctively grasped his sword.

"No intrusion in the world, good Sir Richard," said the Governor coolly; "and as for your bodkin, you may spare yourself the trouble of drawing it, for behold——," pointing his pistol at the knight, while a ferocious grin discomposed the gravity of his own features.

"Ruffian and traitor! crop-eared villain!" exclaimed Shirley.

"Good words, good words, Sir Knight! or again, I say, behold!" returned Cotterell, once more pointing his pistol.

"Gallant men!" said Shirley, approaching the Governor's followers, "may I crave of you an explanation of this uncourteous riddle? You surely know your duties too well, as English citizens and soldiers, to countenance and second this man in any act of lawless violence which he may purpose to commit."

"Sir Richard Shirley," said Cotterell, with the same imperturbable coolness, "you know that I am empowered to administer martial law in this district; and if you attempt to obstruct me in

the execution of my duty, or to seduce my men, knight as you are, your gilt spurs shall not save your heels from dangling from the first tree in Shirley Park. I come hither to take possession of this fair mansion and its demesnes, in the name of that gallant soldier of his country, and that honoured servant of the Lord, Colonel Rainsborough."

"Dear Sir Richard!" exclaimed Isabella, trembling, and clinging to her lover's arms, "obstruct him not; he has authority from persons who, though wicked and barbarous as himself, are far too powerful for us to contend against. Let him possess himself of the ancient heritage of the De Veres; but, may the insulted spirits of its former occupiers haunt his pillow as long as his unhallowed grasp is upon it!"

"Fair lady," said Cotterell, "even curses become your pretty mouth so well, that I must forgive that sin; but it is my duty farther to take such care of you, and place you under such holy and religious teaching, that you will see the error of your ways, and learn to eschew the profanations and vanities in which you have been brought up: I have authority not only to take possession of the heritage of the De Veres, but of the heiress also."

"Man!" exclaimed Shirley, "art thou mad, or is it a part of thy commission to drive me so?"

"Neither, neither," said the Roundhead; "but I am authorized, since madmen are dangerous characters, to take such measures as shall prevent those in whom I discover symptoms of insanity from disturbing the peace of the Commonwealth."

"Insolent varlet!" exclaimed Shirley, unsheathing his sword.

"Beware, Sir Knight!" said the Governor, cocking his pistol; "I see indications of mental aberration in your eye. Take the advice of a physician well skilled in cases such as yours."

"Dunghill! dirt!" said Shirley; "do you mean to persist in attempting to possess yourself of the person of this lady?"

"As sure as God is in Heaven, and as you will shortly be there unless you speedily alter your conduct, I do," said the Governor.

"Then strike at her through my heart!" said Shirley, advancing, and brandishing his sword.

"Amen! amen!" said Cotterell, discharging his pistol; and the ball would certainly have entered the knight's heart, had he not, as he vehemently rushed towards Cotterell, suddenly stumbled and fallen; and, as he brandished his weapon above his head, received it in his sword arm. The sword dropped from his hand, and uttering a dreadful groan, he sunk with his face towards the earth.

"He's slain! he's slain!" shrieked Isabella, as she threw herself upon the body. "Nay, nay, Madam," said Cotterell, "'tis not so; these malignants, I very believe, bear charmed lives. Remove her, fellows,—remove her gently, if you can,—but at any rate, remove her; so, Ezekiel Wellbeloved, hold her arms. These tears will speedily be dried. Good Morice, I leave six of my fellows with you, to take possession of the mansion. Look to this wittol Knight's wound; 'tis but a scratch, I believe. His folly deserved a more complete reward."

Thus saying, the Governor and six of his troop departed with the Lady Isabella in their custody, whose tears and shrieks had as little effect in softening the hearts of her captors, as her feeble strength in resisting their violence. The rest of his followers remained behind with Shirley, one of whom, raising him from the ground, assisted him to a couch. "You are hurt, Sir Knight," said he, "but not dangerously." The ball had struck him in the arm, but had not lodged there, and the blood was flowing copiously. His attendant bound up the wound, and was speedily assisted in his kind offices by the domestics and the family surgeon, who, soon after the departure of Cotterell, entered the apartment. The surgeon prescribed rest and quiet as the specifics most likel to conduce to convalescence. "Rest!" exclaimed the sufferer "how can I enjoy rest, while Isabella is in the hands of thes inhuman ruffians? Whither have they borne her?"

"To Pontefract Castle," said he, who seemed to be the leader of the troopers whom the Governor had left behind.

"To Pontefract Castle!" groaned Shirley; "then are we both indeed lost!"

"Good friends," said the leader, addressing the troopers and

the servants, "give me leave awhile. I would address a few words in private to the Knight." The troopers bowed in respectful acquiescence and retired, having first, by a significant motion of their swords, induced the servants to do the same.

"What say you now, Sir Knight?" asked the leader; "will you assist the Cavaliers in their scheme for gaining possession of the castle?"

"Ha!" said the knight, in a tone of surprise, raising his head, and gazing stedfastly in the face of the querist; "who are you, that ask me such a question?"

"One, Sir Knight," replied the other, "deeply pledged to the same project, and who will never cease his exertions till it is accomplished."

"Away, away!" said Shirley; "thou mockest me, or thou thirstest for my blood, and wouldst lure me into this plot and then betray me. How am I to believe, that one who has even now been so active in the service of the Governor of Pontefract, is in league with his bitterest enemies?"

"The masked battery, Sir Richard, is the most destructive;—read and be satisfied." Thus saying, he put a small billet, directed to Shirley, into his hand, which he recognised as the writing of Cartwright. He opened it and read, "*You may trust him.*"

"And who then are you?" asked Sir Richard, in a tone of anxiety and surprise.

"I am Colonel Morice," returned the other.

"Colonel Morice!" exclaimed Shirley; "the bosom-friend of Cotterell—the sharer of his bed—the counseller of his intrigues—the leader of his excursions: it is not possible!"

"It is as true," said Morice, "as that the Lady Isabella Vere is by this time safely immured within the four strong walls of Pontefract. Will you join those gallant servants of King Charles in that enterprise, by the success of which alone her rescue can be effected?"

"I will! I will!" said the knight, with so much vehemence, that all his remaining strength seemed exhausted in giving utterance to his determination.

"Then remain tranquil for a few days," said Morice. "My power extends to granting you permission to reside here for a short period, until you can with safety be removed. In the meantime, I will communicate to Cartwright and the other Cavaliers, the intelligence of your accession to our plot; and shortly, very shortly, good Sir Richard, I hope to see the Lady Isabella Vere restored to your embrace." Shirley wrung his new friend's hand in token of acquiescence in his arrangement, and then the latter took his departure for Pontefract Castle.

"Ellis," said Colonel Morice, as he crossed the court of guard, to one of the soldiers, "ye know your cue."

"Fear me not, Colonel," said Ellis; "only place me in that post, and my part in the scheme shall be performed to your heart's content."

"Your reward shall be ample, my gallant friend!" said Morice; "and King Charles's livery will be a more becoming covering for such a stalwart frame and loyal heart as thine, than the dishonourable badges of these round-pated traitors. I go to the Governor to concert the necessary arrangements; for he, although unconsciously, must be one of the principal agents in the execution of our plot."

"Thrice welcome, good Morice!" said the Governor, as the Colonel entered his apartment: "yet I was but even now told," he added, smiling, "that I was only working my own destruction in bidding thee welcome. Ezekiel Wellbeloved has just sent me word from De Vere manor, that he was accidentally an auditor of a most traitorous and wicked conversation between you and Sir Richard Shirley, which had for its subject no less a project than that of rescuing the Lady Isabella from my custody, and placing Pontefract Castle in the hands of the Cavaliers."

Morice started at this intimation, for he had not the slightest suspicion that his conversation with the knight had been overheard. The Governor, however, fortunately, did not notice his emotion; and Morice, as soon as he had recovered from his surprise, replied, "It is most true, my dear Cotterell. The train which I have been so long laying, is fired at last. The wittol knight, like a bee-stung

bull-dog, has jumped headlong into the lion's jaws. The abduction of the Lady Isabella has goaded him to madness; and I have persuaded him, as the only means of procuring her rescue, to join in the plot which the Cavaliers have been so long brooding over, for surprising the castle."

"And of which plot," said the Governor, laughing, "thou, Morice, art the great head and instigator?"

"Even so, good Governor!" said Morice, joining in the laugh. "How wilt thou stare, when thou seest me by thy bed-side, holding my pistol to thy head, and shouting 'Thou art my prisoner!' But this Knight has, as I tell thee, rushed into the lion's jaws:—we must let him go on till he has sufficiently committed himself, and then denounce him to the Lord-general. The gates of Shirley Priory will then speedily be decorated with the head of their brainless proprietor, and the broad acres attached to them will be divided between those good servants of the Commonwealth, John Morice, and Charles Cotterell, in recompense for their timely and important intelligence."

"My better angel!" said the Governor, embracing him, "go on and prosper in your scheme, and make such arrangements in the castle, and with the garrison, as you think will best conduce to its successful issue."

"I have but one alteration to propose, Governor, in your arrangements," said Morice; "this Wellbeloved, who seems so eagle-eyed in detecting the treachery of others, is himself, as I am well informed, a traitor of the deepest dye, and has engaged to deliver up the castle to Cartwright and the Cavaliers. This man is one of the sentinels stationed at the outward eastern wall, a post where you require, more than at any other, men on whose fidelity you can depend. Let him be removed to some station in the interior of the castle, and put in his place, Ellis, one of the stoutest and honestest soldiers in the garrison. If this man proves false, then believe that John Morice is as great a traitor as Ezekiel Wellbeloved represents him to be."

"It shall be as thou sayest, Morice," replied Cotterell; "I will but give directions for escorting the Lady Isabella to the quarters

of Colonel Rainsborough at Doncaster, and will then see Ellis placed in the post of Wellbeloved."

"'Sdeath, man!" exclaimed Morice, alarmed at the intimation of the Governor, "thou must not be so hasty. Detain the Lady Isabella in the castle for a month, or at least a week. If you send her to Doncaster to-day, the peasantry, who are now exasperated and indignant at her seizure, will be up in arms, and endeavour to intercept her on the road, when, even should they be unsuccessful, much riot and commotion will be excited, for which the Parliament will not thank us very heartily, when they learn that the cause of all was a love-affair of Colonel Rainsborough's. Guard her closely for a short time, till the discontent of the peasantry is abated and their watchfulness laid asleep, and then we may easily and quietly rid ourselves of her."

"Colonel Rainsborough——" said Cotterell.

"Tut, man!" interrupted Morice, "Colonel Rainsborough's private interests must yield to the general good. Should Sir Richard Shirley hear that his bird is flown, he will not care about getting possession of the cage; and then this goodly scheme that we have been concocting for cutting off an unnecessary head, and dividing between us some hundreds of the fattest acres in Yorkshire, tumbles to pieces like a house of cards."

"I must write, then, to Colonel Rainsborough?" said Cotterell.

"Write, man!—ay, write, and speedily; and tell him," he added, as the Governor left the apartment and closed the door behind him,—"what an ass's head thou wearest upon thy shoulders."

It took a full week after the occurrence of the incidents which have just been narrated, to recover Sir Richard Shirley from the effects of his wound, and to mature the plans of the conspirators. At length a night was fixed upon, on which a body of five hundred men, composed chiefly of the tenantry of Cartwright and Shirley, should approach the castle, on that part of the eastern wall where Ellis was stationed inside as sentinel. Ellis was to provide a ladder of rope, which he was to let down, by which means Cartwright, Shirley, and about a dozen of the most determined of their followers, were to get over the wall, where they were to be joined by

Morice. This part of their scheme accomplished, they were to proceed to the court of guard, overpower the guard, which consisted but of three men, and then open the castle gates to the main body of their companions. Morice had managed to protract the departure of the Lady Isabella from the castle to Doncaster, (a measure which the Governor was very anxious to carry into speedy effect,) until the day after the night on which he hoped to put the Cavaliers in possession of the Castle, and Shirley of his betrothed bride. The only difficulty they had to encounter was the vigilance of Anderson, the other sentinel on the eastern wall, of whose bravery and watchfulness Cotterell had so high an opinion, that Morice found it impossible to induce the Governor to place any other person in his post. He at length, however, succeeded in persuading Cotterell, that as this was the last night of the Lady Isabella's residence in the castle, extraordinary care should be taken to prevent her escape, and that the services of Anderson might be that night much better employed than at the eastern wall, where Ellis was sufficient to perform every duty, by watching outside the chamber of the Lady Isabella. To this arrangement the Governor consented, but on the condition that three or four times in the course of the night, Anderson should repair to his accustomed post at the eastern wall, to see that all was right, and then return to his charge on the outside of the lady's chamber. Morice, therefore, took care that the assault upon the castle should take place at a period as remote as possible from the times stipulated for these visits of Anderson to the scene of the intended operations.

In the meantime, the Lady Isabella was kept closely confined to her chamber; for Cotterell dreaded even the sympathy of the domestics of the castle for the altered fortunes of the heiress of De Vere. "Was it not enough to seize the poor lady's lands," muttered the grey-headed porter, "but that her goodly person must be immured in this gloomy fortress, and then given up to the gloomier custody of Michael Rainsborough?" The huntsman declared that her form was statelier than the noblest deer that he had ever started in the forest; and the falconer, that her eye was brighter than the proudest falcon's that ever soared from the fist

of an emperor. But the person who seemed most deeply to sympathise with the fair captive, was a tender-hearted damsel, who was appointed to wait upon her during her incarceration. Annette, previous to the reception of the Lady Isabella into the castle, had attracted all eyes, and won all hearts that approached the fortress, and now that she felt eclipsed by the more powerful charms of the prisoner, she could even forgive that flagitious female crime, superior beauty, since she knew that one heart—that of John Anderson, the sentinel—remained constant to her. Her compassion for Isabella increased to a tenfold degree when she learned that it was intended to force her into an union with Colonel Rainsborough, with whose person and character she was well acquainted, and for both of which she had an equal abhorrence. It was, therefore, with streaming eyes and a bleeding heart that she informed the lady, after about a fortnight's residence in the castle, that she was on the next day to be removed to Doncaster, for the purpose of being placed under the guardianship of Colonel Rainsborough.

"Is there no hope, Annette; no chance of escaping?" asked Isabella.

"Alas, madam! the walls are high and well guarded; the sentinels are vigilant and active, and there is, moreover, a guard to be placed at your chamber-door this night, in order to cut off the slightest chance of your effecting your escape.—There is yet one hope, nevertheless," she added, hesitatingly.

"Name it, sweet girl!" said Isabella; "enable me but to escape once more the infliction of an interview with this detested Rainsborough, and I will give thee—— At least," she added, after a short pause, and in a desponding tone, "thy reward shall be as rich as the disinherited Isabella Vere can make it."

"Sweet lady!" said Annette, "I will ask for no reward but the joy of knowing that you are safely liberated from the clutches of Rainsborough and his myrmidons. John Anderson, who is to keep guard at your chamber-door this night, is a kind-hearted lad, and is (a deep blush suffused her features as she spoke) not one who is accustomed to look at a pretty face and bright eyes with indifference."

"Haste thee to him, my good girl!" said Isabella, taking a rich chain of pearls from her neck, and thrusting it into Annette's hands; "give him this, and tell him that his reward shall be doubled if he will but aid me in effecting my escape from this horrible place. Tell him that Sir Richard Shirley (here it was the Lady Isabella's turn to blush) will not fail to reward the deed nobly, however limited the means of Isabella Vere may be. Tell him, too, that sooner or later King Charles will come to his own again, and that then the services of those who have helped his loyal followers in their adversity will not be forgotten."

Annette darted from the chamber, holding the lady's precious gift in her hand; and soon after returned, leading in the stout form of John Anderson. The sentinel made a profound bow; and the lady, bending her beautiful eyes upon him, began to explain the cause of her having solicited this interview. The result will be communicated to the reader in a subsequent part of this narrative.

At about an hour before midnight, the Cavaliers started from Shirley Priory, for the purpose of putting into execution their project for surprising the castle. The day, which had been cloudy and tempestuous, was followed by a night of comparative calmness. The heavy rains had ceased to fall; but the trees and the bushes, having been saturated by the moist element, had hoarded the relics of the shower, which they now distilled upon the Cavaliers as they passed. The wind no longer blew with the violence of a hurricane, but made a low, melancholy moaning, which struck on the ear of Shirley as ominous of an unprosperous issue to his enterprise. The clouds were driving rapidly through the sky; and the pale moon, breaking at intervals from behind them, threw a fitful and uncertain light upon the adventurers, and compelled them, by its unwelcome splendour, sometimes to seek the shadow of the trees, which on the left hand skirted the road that led to the eastern wall of the castle. There they crept cautiously along, fearful lest a steel morion or a sword should glisten in the betraying light, until the clouds once more veiled the midnight orb; and then they again emerged into the broad road, and careful only that their footsteps should be, as nearly as possible, inaudible, picked

their way with watchful eyes and ears, firm but cautious steps, and anxious and agitated but undaunted hearts. As the moon gleamed on the castle wall, they beheld the ladder of ropes already placed there for their ascent. They could see, too, their ally, Ellis the sentinel, pacing slowly backwards and forwards on his post; and they also saw with equal satisfaction, that the other sentinel, Anderson, who was not privy to their plot, was absent. Shirley now placed a bugle to his mouth, and blew so low and faint a note that the sound could not have been caught by any but one that was anxiously watching for it. The note was immediately answered by another, equally low and faint, from the sentinel on the walls. "All's right, Shirley," said Cartwright; "I will now therefore wheel round to the great gate of the castle with the main body of our followers; and do you, with these twelve, scale the walls. As soon as you have mastered the guard and opened the gates to us, we shall be prepared to rush in and complete the enterprise which you have begun."

Shirley wrung his friend's hand, and each proceeded in silence to execute his own part of the adventure. The heavens were enveloped in total darkness as the knight approached the wall; and the little party was obliged to pause some minutes, until a gleam of moonlight should once more indicate to them the ladder by which they were to ascend. At length the wished-for blaze illuminated the entire wall. "By Heaven!" exclaimed Shirley, "our friend Morice has been better than his promise. There are two ladders, although I only observed one when we first came in sight of the castle. "Do thou, Capel," he added, addressing one of his followers, "with these six men, mount the first ladder which we beheld; myself with the others will find our way over the wall by the second."

Thus saying, he began to mount the wall, being once more involved in total darkness. A heavy shower of rain, too, now began to fall, and made his footing slippery and uncertain; he, however, clung fast to the ropes, and was rapidly approaching the summit of the wall, when he heard one of the soldiers who preceded him exclaim, "Betrayed, betrayed! Anderson is at his

post!" At that moment the moon again steeped the whole wall in a flood of splendour; and Shirley, looking up, beheld Ellis welcoming Capel and his companions at the top of the other ladder; while on that part of the wall where he was to make his own ascent stood a soldier, whose movements and gestures, although they indicated that he was not privy to their scheme, showed rather a person stricken with alarm at their presence, than one who should himself fill them with apprehension. He appeared to be about to descend the ladder when the moonlight enabled him to recognise the intruders. Uttering a tremendous shout, or rather scream, he darted back as soon as he beheld them, and ran along the wall. "By Heaven!" exclaimed Shirley, rushing past his own soldier, who had preceded him, and pursuing Anderson, "he will alarm the guard! He must be silenced, although it be at the expense of his life." The pursuer gained ground on the pursued, and at length clutched him in his sinewy grasp. "Be silent, or thou diest!" said Shirley. "Ha! Sir Richard Shirley," exclaimed the soldier, in a tone of vociferous surprise. "Knowest thou me?" said the knight; "then thy intelligence has doomed thee, even though thy clamour could have been pardoned. Down, down! to silence and to death!" Thus saying, he seized the soldier in his arms, and with herculean strength flung him over the battlements. One long, loud shriek burst from the unhappy man as he was falling; and after an interval of a few seconds, his body was heard to dash violently upon the pavement of the yard below.

Sir Richard Shirley shuddered, and stopped his ears. "'Twas a fearful necessity," he said, as he joined his comrades: "Heaven have mercy on his soul! Draw in the ladder and let us descend, lest this man's noise should have roused the Governor." They lost no time in descending, and at length reached the ground, but not until they saw lights glancing in various parts of the castle, and heard the sentinels passing the word of alarm from their various posts.

"Hasten, hasten!" exclaimed Morice, whom, together with Ellis, Capel, and their other friends, they found below; "let us

hasten to the court and seize upon the guard! The Governor is roused, but we can yet reach the court of guard before any one else; and if we can open the gates to our friends ere the Governor arrives there, then the castle is our own. What unlucky chance could have brought the ill-fated Anderson to the wall?"

"I knew not that he was there," said Ellis, "or that there was any other ladder than my own on the wall, until a sudden gleam of moonlight showed him to me descending it."

By this time they had reached the court and rushed upon the guard, who, being only three in number, and stupefied by the suddenness of the assault, immediately surrendered. The porter, who sat by them, was then compelled to unbar and unlock the great gate of the castle, and let down the drawbridge, while Morice held his sword to his throat. Cartwright and above five hundred men immediately rushed into the court of guard, almost at the same moment that the Governor and about twenty of the garrison entered it from the interior of the castle. The latter were immediately surrounded and overpowered; and Morice, walking up to the Governor, said: "Colonel Cotterell, you are my prisoner!"

"You jest, friend Morice," said Cotterell; "you cannot be so black a traitor!"

"Traitor! sayest thou, Governor?" returned Morice; "nay, now it is thou that jestest! If I have been a traitor, it has been not to thee, but to my friends here, Sir Richard Shirley and Mr. Cartwright; for I made you acquainted with all the details of the plot, and the names of the parties implicated. Nevertheless, one thing is certain—that the castle is now mine, and that you are my prisoner. I owe you, however, many good offices, and will take care to procure your pardon from the King. Now, Sir Richard Shirley, it is time that you, as a true knight, proceed to set free the fair and oppressed lady whom this foul Paynim has immured in his enchanted castle. Proceed we to her dungeon. I will be your guide."

Thus saying, Morice led the way to the chamber of the Lady Isabella, followed by Sir Richard and two or three of the parties engaged in that night's enterprise; who, being tenants of the De Vere estates, were anxious to be assured of the safety of their

mistress. The tumult appeared to have aroused the lady; for they found her chamber door opened, and herself seated at a small table with her back towards them. Shirley stole softly behind her, and Morice followed him at a distance of a few paces, anxious to participate in the delight of the lovers at being thus restored to each other. The knight gently touched her on the shoulder. She started, and turning round, showed him features to which he was totally a stranger, but in which the astonished Morice recognised the bushy eyebrows, the war-grained cheek, and the black beard of Anderson, the sentinel. Morice started back as though he had seen a spectre. "What am I to understand!" he exclaimed; "can I believe my senses? Shirley, I thought you told me that this man was slain?"

"What mean you?" asked Shirley, his lip quivering and his face turning as pale as ashes.

"'Tis Anderson," said Morice, "whom you told me you had precipitated from the eastern wall."

"Pardon me, noble Colonel," said Anderson, in a tone of mingled gratulation and compunction, "'tis the first act of disobedience that John Anderson ever committed. I can listen unmoved to the roar of artillery, but not to a lady's sighs: I can see, without flinching, the blood of brave men moistening the plain; but I dare not look on the tears streaming down a fair cheek!"

"Cut short thy prating, dotard!" said Morice, in an agony of anxiety. "What means this unseemly metamorphosis?"

"Then you must know, noble Colonel," said Anderson, "that the distress of the young lady at the prospect of being given up on the morrow to Colonel Rainsborough so melted my heart, that I consented to exchange habiliments with her, and sent her to occupy my place as sentinel on the eastern wall; furnished, moreover, with a ladder of ropes, to enable her to make her escape from the castle to Shirley Priory."

"Look to the knight," exclaimed Morice, as he saw the unhappy Shirley falling backwards, with a face bloodless and ghastly as the features of the dead. The attendants rushed forwards, and received his sinking weight in their arms.

The *éclaircissement* was now completed by a party of soldiers,

who entered the apartment bearing the dead body of the person whom Shirley had precipitated from the wall. The corpse was fearfully shattered and mangled by the fall; but, notwithstanding this disfigurement and the soldier's dress which she wore, Morice had no difficulty in recognising the features of Isabella Vere. A convulsive shudder ran through his frame, and a groan burst from his heart, which was echoed by all present as he stooped to gaze on the yet bleeding relics of this ill-starred fair one. "Unhappy Shirley!" he exclaimed; "the ways of Heaven are inscrutable. Just at the moment that thou hadst hoped to clasp thy loved one to thy heart, thou findest thine own hand mysteriously imbrued in her blood. Bear him away, while yet he remains insensible, lest the first object recognised by his reviving eyes should be this fearful spectacle."

The whole of that night Shirley remained in a death-like trance, and indicated only by his low, faint breathing that the vital spark within was not extinct. On the morning he opened his eyes, but they were lustreless and meaningless. His speech was rambling and incoherent, and his once fine and expressive features wore a melancholy look of blank vacuity. Many years rolled over his head before he sunk into his grave; but his mind never returned to its dwelling, and the last gaze from the eyes of the last of the Shirleys, before they were closed for ever, was the wild and wandering stare of a maniac. Long before that event took place, the Castle of Pontefract had been retaken by the Republicans under General Lambert, and its once aspiring towers razed to the ground; so that the ominous prediction which was mentioned in an early part of this narrative was literally fulfilled:—

"When the heir of Shirley scales Pontefract wall,
Then shall the race of Shirley fall,
And the rank grass grow in Pontefract hall."

MERCANTILE LIBRARY

THE END.

OF NEW YORK.

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

N9024289903

"THE CHANDOS CLASSICS."

Over 130 Volumes

PROSPECTUS.

The "Chandos Classics" form a complete and well-selected Library, containing the collected wisdom, wit, imagination, and knowledge of all ages and all countries. Since the Publishers first commenced the issue of this large and ever-increasing Collection, their aim has always been to produce the Standard Works of all Nations having a literature, translated by the best English Authors, as well as all the gems and treasures of English Prose and Poetry.

The Volumes are well printed on good paper and tastefully bound.

The TIMES says:

"Thanks to Messrs. Warne & Co.'s 'Chandos Classics,' it is in the power of any one to become possessed of a very respectable library—respectable both in quantity and quality—for a sum of money that some years ago would hardly have sufficed to place one complete edition of a good writer on the bookshelf."

The WHITEHALL REVIEW says:

"A very high meed of praise is due to the handsome volumes with which Messrs. Warne have enriched that most admirable series, 'The Chandos Classics.' 'The Chandos Classics' began many years ago, when the idea of cheap and good books was stranger to the public mind than it is now, and it has since proved a strong and steadily increasing factor in the solution of the problem of popular education."